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From Hogg's Instructor.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE present is very prominently a criticising age. From the quarterly review, whose writer aims at immortal renown, to the daily newspaper, whose writer aims at saying what will please readers, and gain him the reputation of being a smart and spirited young man, every sort of periodical is more or less critical. And yet it may be questioned, whether the facility of forming a correct, adequate estimate of any marked writer, is, in any material degree, furthered by this vast amount of reviewing. The very facility of having an opinion increases the difficulty of having a correct one. Each reviewer professes impartiality; many honestly endeavor to be fair. But it cannot be doubted that many, whatever their professions, are really and consciously influenced by motives of party or interest; that many more, striving honestly to divest themselves of all such considerations, are yet, unconsciously but fatally, moved thereby; while the utter inability to take the correct measure of a distinguished man, by no means necessarily precludes self-satisfied dogmatism in pronouncing an opinion concerning him. Thus arise

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innumerable errors; and, in each instance of error, the great speaking-trumpet called public opinion (which, almost as much as any other trumpet, utters sounds which are produced by another), is made to give forth uncertain or discordant sounds. Hence it is, that certain literary maxims or cries, analogous to certain watchwords in the political world, become bruited about in society respecting known authors; originating with political opponents, or struck off, more for the sake of their smartness than their truth, by some clever litterateur; and always, in part at least, erroneous. The influence such cries exert is incalculable. They seem so smart, they are so easily retailed, and they so pleasantly save all trouble. Equipped in this manner, every spruce scion of the nobility, whose intellectual furniture consists mainly of certain long-deceased conservative maxims, can pronounce decisively that the great whig essayist and historian, Macaulay, is "a book in breeches;" while every new-fledged politician, who steps along in the "march of intellect," panoplied in ignorance and conceit, feels himself of quite sufficient

ability and importance, to sneer at the king of literary conservatives, Sir Archibald Alison, and sublimely remark that his writings are the "reverse of genius."

In endeavoring to attain a correct opinion respecting any celebrated contemporary, almost all such prepossession must be resolutely and conscientiously laid aside. We say almost, because every cry will be found to contain one small grain of truth, and, while fatal if taken as keynote, to be valuable as a subordinate contribution. With as thorough impartiality as is attainable by any effort of the will, in full sight of encompassing dangers, the author must be studied, must be communed with, as it were, face to face, through the works he has given to his fellow-men; and as great a sympathy as is possible must be attained with him in his views and objects. The grand principle also must never be lost sight of, that God makes nothing in vain; that the moral world is as varied, as vast, and as complex as the physical; and that it is only when, coming out of the little dwelling of our own ideas and maxims, we gaze over all the thousand-fold developments of mind, that we perceive the harmonious grandeur of the whole. In all cases, narrow intensity marks imperfection. The worker of limited power excels in some one particular: the private soldier knows when to put his right foot foremost, and when to draw his trigger; the commissariat officer knows how to arrange the provisioning of a division; the Murat or Lambert can command a body of cavalry, and bring it down with overpowering vigor upon an enemy; but it is only the Napoleon or the Cromwell that can do all in his single person, and so prove himself born to command. The same holds good of writers. The narrow, limited author has one particular idea, by which he thinks he has taken the measure of the universe; he sympathizes with one sort of excellence, he has one formula in politics, he has one dogma in religion; while the king in literature—the Richter, the Goethe, the Shakspeare—displays a countless variety of excellences, sympathizes with every sound human faculty, and at last almost attains the serene and all-embracing tolerance of "contradicting no one." These men can take a comprehensive view of nature in all her forms and all her workings; they know well that, when the magnificent island exalts its head in the main, not the smallest insect that formed it has died in vain.

It is with the earnest desire to attain as

close an approximation as possible, to the impartiality and width of view and sympathy we have indicated, that we approach the literary measurement of Sir A. Alison. Our position, purely literary, precludes political bias; and, though not subscribing to every article of his political creed, we hope to do him some measure of justice.

The fundamental stratum on which Sir Archibald Alison's character, with all its feelings and faculties, is based, is that which is in all cases indispensable, but which in many instances has been wanting. That basis is thorough, fervent, well-applied honesty. He is a man who believes with the whole power of his soul. He is not cold and formal as Robertson; he is not tainted in his whole nature, as was Gibbon, by mistaking a sinewless phantom, called 'philosophy'—evoked, like some Frankenstein, from vacancy, by the literary necromancy of French savans—for an embodiment of celestial truth; friends and foes alike respect the genuine fervor, linked with earth and with heaven, which pervades and animates the writings of Sir Archibald Alison. This it is which must, we think, make his works essentially pleasing to every honest man. In one place, we may question an inference; in another, we may detect an imperfect analogy; here we may smile at the identification of the advocates of organic reform (revolution) with the powers of hell; and there we may think the laws of chaste and correct imagery have been infringed; but we always feel that the company of this man is safe—that his breast holds no malice or guile—that he believes really, and believes in a reality. Such is the base of Sir Archibald's character—it is of adamant.

With this comports well the general tone of his mind. He is always animated; he is always energetic. But here a distinction must be made. Sir Archibald is not one of those men whom a class of modern writers would specially characterize as 'earnest.' We cannot discover that he has undergone any of those fierce internal struggles which figure so largely in modern literature, and which give such a wild and thrilling interest to certain writings of Byron, Goethe, and Carlyle. He seems never to have wrestled in life-and-death struggle with doubt; he seems to have early discerned, with perfect assurance, the great pillars of human belief, and calmly placed his back against them; his mind is essentially opposed to the skeptical order of intellect. Hence it is that his beliefs, though honest and unwavering, are

not intense; that he throws all his energy out upon objective realities; that we have no syllable as to the author's subjective state. We believe that the two latter writers, whom we have referred to as entering largely upon subjective delineation, would declare this to be the more healthy mental state of the two; it is that, indeed, towards which all their efforts tend. We see as little of Sir Archibald Alison when he discusses any question, as we do of Homer when he narrates. But this order of mind may be characterized by various degrees of intellectual power; and, as a general fact, its beliefs will not be held with such intensity as in the other case. When one grasps a precious casket from his burning dwelling, he grasps it more tenaciously, and proclaims his triumph with more intense exultation, than if he had never doubted for a moment his safe possession of it.

Sir Archibald's beliefs, then, are not intense; we must add, that his energy is not concentrated. The stronger the spirit distilled from any substance, the smaller the quantity; a small cannon will do as much as a huge battering-ram. We are often reminded of the fact in perusing the works of Sir Archibald Alison. In one point of view, his energy may be wondered at, and in some measure commended; in another point of view, it must be pronounced defective, and almost to be regretted. That readers may obtain an idea of his powers of working—of the amount which he can perform—we extract the following from a very able article upon Sir Archibald, which appeared, some years since, in the 'Dublin University Magazine':—

'Like all men who have durably left a name in the annals of serious literature, Mr. Alison has immense powers of application. The mere reading he has gone through, exclusive of study and note-taking, appears to an ordinary person incredible. Two thousand volumes, and two-thirds of these in a foreign language, were the basis upon which he reared his great history; and the information on other subjects which he exhibits in his miscellaneous writings is not less extraordinary. Politics and history, novels and poetry, the drama and the arts, alike engage his attention. Every masterpiece of antiquity has been scanned by him; every remarkable Continental work undergoes his scrutiny. The literature of the day, the newspaper press of France and England, of America and the colonies, are ready to illustrate or corroborate his statements; and, in

his hands, trade-circulars, blue-books, and parliamentary returns, become eloquent from the truths they unfold.' To this more may be added. Sir Archibald has all along performed the duties of 'a judicial office of greater labor and responsibility than any other in Scotland.' His collected essays form three large volumes; his great historical work fills twenty considerable volumes; and he has just published the first volume of a new history, containing about six hundred octavo pages. Besides all this, he has published four other works, two of them of great size. That this displays an amazing power of working, no one can deny; but we think the further position must be allowed, that, however we may praise the honest application which it involves, it is to be regretted that it was not condensed, and dealt out more circumspectly. We speak not of the history; we direct our attention to the essays. It must be taken as, in one point of view, quite a satisfactory account of every defect in these able and fascinating performances, that they were written in such haste that revision was impossible; under the circumstances, they could not reasonably have been expected to be better. But our very admiration of the essays, and our profound conviction of the value of the thought they contain, sharpen our regret that haste should have deprived them of any polish or vigor—that in any instance it should be suspected by the reader that the plough is going over the top of the ground, and not into it. It may be said, that these essays were written at particular junctures, when it was important, for national reasons, that they should instantly appear. We acknowledge the force of this; it is perfectly sufficient to excuse every defect which marred the essays as they were issued in the pages of the magazine; but did not their collection in a form adapted to separate publication afford an opportunity for revision and condensation? Is any one more fully aware than Sir Archibald of the value of thought? That one grain of its imperishable gold outweighs whole reams of printed paper? And can any one forget the fact, that men often judge by a slip, or a deficiency, or an imperfection, and obstinately refuse to believe in excellence which is not uniform? We again profess an extreme admiration for many of the essays of which we speak; and we must avow that no feeling more powerfully affected our mind, as we perused them, than a desire that their author had, with the utmost deliberation and earnestness, applied himself to exhibit, in clear

separate form, certain of those views and principles to which he rightly attaches so much importance, and which he has so thoroughly mastered. As we read such essays as those on the 'Indian Question'—on which, in all its aspects, Sir Archibald is admirable—as we discerned great, and true, and important principles slightly obscured, and rendered uncertain of effect, by being connected with certain political crises, and made the basis of certain predictions which could be but partly true—we felt the deepest regret that they should occur in a volume containing such imperfect and temporary productions as the essays on Napoleon or Mirabeau, or that the slightest flaw or obscurity should mar their effect. One Damascus sabre, whose edge is invisible from sharpness, is worth many ill-tempered blades, clumsy in use, and obscured here and there by rust; we wish Sir Archibald had devoted more attention to tempering and sharpening, and comparatively little to indefinite multiplication.

His indefatigable industry has enabled Sir A. Alison to accumulate very extensive stores of knowledge; by continual practice in composition, he has them ever at hand; and he infuses life into all by the sustained animation and fervor of his mind. His judgment, although it cannot be defined as penetrative, or adapted to distinguish very minute shades, is yet of extreme value in those cases where great national characteristics are to be discerned; it is unbiassed either by sentimentality or coldness of heart; and, although it sometimes is led astray by too prevailing a dread of anything like democracy, its decisions, as embodying one important aspect of human affairs, are always deserving of serious attention and deference. In his early days, Sir Archibald was 'an enthusiastic mathematician, obtained the highest prizes in these studies in the University of Edinburgh, and has often lain awake solving problems in conic sections and fluxions in the dark, with the diagram painted in his mind.' This early proficiency in mathematics has characterized very many distinguished men. Milton, Napoleon, Chalmers, Carlyle—men surely of dissimilar, but all of great genius—will rise to the minds of readers. We doubt not that this mathematical study has availed Sir Archibald much, in enabling him to glance over multiplex national and social phenomena, and discern the one truth which connected them all, and which lent them their signification.

Sir Archibald's sympathies are wide, and

give rise at once to versatility of talent, and fairness to opponents. He is certainly Conservative; he is an uncompromising, unquestioning Tory. But we think it must be allowed that he treats his opponents most generously; that here the only conservatism which still attaches to him is that of honor and of chivalry. He would as much scorn to search out, with malignant scrutiny, the pardonable weakness or foible of an opponent, as the true knight of the olden time would have scorned to point his lance just at the spot where he thought the armor of his foe was slightly cracked. He concerns himself with principles; if he overcomes his antagonist, it is by utterly smashing the arms of his trust by the force of historic truth; he disdains to take his foe at a disadvantage, but he neither asks nor gives quarter.

It is somewhat astonishing to find the same enthusiastic, rolling utterance in his critical as in his political essays; we presume in one case it is the enthusiasm of belief—he feels he is speaking to his countrymen and to posterity on matters of vital importance, and he speaks fervently and loud: in the other, we take it to be the enthusiasm of delight; "we have done," he seems to say, "for a time, with the doctrines of currency; we shall let the Manchester school alone, there being room enough in the world for it and us; let us away to hear the ringing of the squadrons around Troy, to weep or sadly smile with Dante, to see celestial softness in the creations of Raphael, or to tremble at the wild passion of Michael Angelo." And in criticism, the same mental characteristics are manifested as elsewhere. He does not, by natural bent, turn all his powers to penetrate into radical laws of beauty or taste. In examining a work of art, he sees great characteristics; he does not remark the particular waving of a curl, he does not measure every angle, he does not refine about rhythm or euphony, but he sees the eye of Homer glancing into the heart of man, and he follows the hand of Angelo as it portrays the big bones and muscles. In all cases, he is wide and fervid, not piercing, lynx-eyed and intense.

In opinion, Sir Archibald Alison, we need scarce remark, is Conservative; this is the foundation of all his system. And we must profess our profound conviction, however much on particular topics we might venture to join issue with Sir Archibald, both that his conservatism is a most honest and venerable conservatism, and that it is of incalculable importance and value to true progress.

His conservatism is one whose object is liberty, and whose watchword is progress. We, of course, cannot condescend upon particular views entertained by him on particular subjects; but, leaving the vexed questions of currency, we think his system may all be shown to branch out from two great stems—

1st, Universality of representation.

2d, National honor.

By the first of these, which is an expression of our own, we by no means intend to represent Sir Archibald as an advocate of universal suffrage; we design it to mean the accordance to every interest in the state of its due representation and influence. Let the aristocracy, he says, be represented, for then you have continually gathered round the national standard those who are bound to defend it by every obligation of honor, descent, and interest: who have inherited education by birth, who have unlimited leisure by the possession of wealth, and who are raised by position above the excessive influence of popular clamors. Let the middle classes be represented, that the interests of commerce be not overlooked, and that the interests of the farmer be not merged in those of the landlord. Let every one who has proved himself of sufficient industry, honesty, and intelligence to rise from the working-classes, and who has a stake in the national welfare, have a vote. But by no means extend the right of voting to all numerically, for then you have destroyed all radical uniformity; you have committed a suicidal act; you have put the sceptre into the hand of that which is so vastly the most numerous body in the state—the populace. Their representation will be indirect, but real. Sir Archibald strongly advocates the extension or continuance of representative rights to the colonies of a mother state.

From the second great branch of Sir Archibald's system, the upholding, at all hazards, of national honor, proceeds his unqualified protest against utilitarianism as the basis of a system of policy; his untiring and eloquent advocacy of colonial interest; his utter disdain of the political creed whose formula is *£ s. d.* National honor, national justice, national religion, national unity—these are his watchwords. And here, again, his views are wide and practical, rather than penetrating or ideal. He takes his stand upon those virtues which characterize a nation as distinguished from an individual—moderation, calmness, general purity of manners. He trusts for the attainment of these to a national church, and has, therefore, an

unmasked distrust and dislike of dissent. The renovation of the nation from an individual starting-point, he regards as chimerical; he looks to national religious institutions, and not to men: for the attainment of national virtue, he must have a national church. And here it is that the outline of his system is most liable to objection. "The contest," he says, "between revolution and conservatism is no other than the contest between the powers of hell and those of heaven. Human pride, adopting the suggestions of the great adversary of mankind, will always seek a remedy for social evils in the spread of earthly knowledge, the change of institutions, the extension of science, and the unaided efforts of worldly wisdom. Religion, following a heavenly guide, will never cease to foretell the entire futility of all such means to eradicate the seeds of evil from humanity, and will loudly proclaim that the only reform that is really likely to be efficacious, either in this world or the next, is the reform of the human heart. . . . Conservative government, as distinguished from despotism, has never yet been re-established in France; and religion has never regained its sway over the influential classes of society.

But religion, be it ever recollected, does not consist merely in abstract theological tenets. Active exertion, strenuous charity, unceasing efforts to spread its blessings among the poor, constitute its essential and most important part. It is by following out these precepts, and making a universal national provision for the great objects of religious instruction, general education, and the relief of suffering, that religion is to take its place as the great director and guide of nations, as it has ever been the only means of salvation to individuals." However true this may be, it surely is not the whole truth; it ignores the fact that dissent may spring from religious earnestness, as well as from scientific skepticism. Such religion as any effort of conservatism could enable to "regain its sway over the influential classes of society," would be pronounced by most earnestly religious men a misnomer. It might be called "respectability," and so shown to be invaluable to a government; if named religion, most rigid limitations would be made. We shall not enter upon this complicated and difficult question; but we take the truth in the matter to be this:—Sound dissent is invariably based upon individual earnestness; so it was with the Waldenses, so with the Puritans, so with the Wesleys; and it were the perfection of

government, when this individual religious earnestness was permitted to diffuse itself harmoniously through the commonwealth, neither arrayed in hostility nor monopolizing regard. Sir Archibald Alison, looking entirely from a national point of view, has, we must think, failed to perceive the value, the power, nay, even the safety, of individual earnest religion in a nation; he sees not that, in the fervor of dissent, there can ever glow the true light from heaven; the iron, the brass, and the clay of false systems cannot, he thinks, be broken, unless the stone is most carefully cut and shaped by the hands of government. The sectary of limited vision, on the other hand, looking entirely from an individual point of view, ignores the vitally important distinction between the individual and national life. In both cases there is error, for in both cases there is narrowness of view: the aim of every government should be to ally to itself by the ties of loyalty every interest in the state—to steady itself by a thousand different anchors.

With this glance at Sir Archibald Alison's conservatism, we conclude our summation of his character; or rather that brief outline thereof, which our space permits. We think his conservatism a truly noble conservatism; based on honesty, patriotism, and extensive knowledge; embracing one great department of truth, which has in all ages to be re-proclaimed. And, in the present age, we think it peculiarly useful. When Socialism, Communism, Chartism, and the rest, are perambulating the world, like so many resuscitations of Guy Fawkes, each with a lighted brand, purporting to have been kindled by reason and truth, and to be able to shed a paradisaal light over all nations, and yet too evidently threatening to fire the world with a very different kind of illumination, such a conservatism takes the link from the red hand, and compels the ruffian to pause and consider, and gradually regain his right mind. The best human system is not all truth—the worst is not all error; but the friend of advancement has little faith in his cause, if he goes out of his way to denounce conservatism.

In addressing ourselves to make a few remarks on Sir Archibald Alison, as historian and essayist, it is scarce necessary for us to premise that we must be concise and fragmentary. The work by which he is best known, and which has attained a world-wide reputation, is his 'History of Europe during the French Revolution.' The origin of that great work, and the preparation for it undergone by its author, are eloquently discoursed of by the

author whom we have already quoted; his words are so beautiful, and his authority so reliable, that we are glad to enrich our columns by their adoption:—'Many illustrious men have neglected their genius in youth—many more do not become aware of possessing it till that fleeting seed-time of future glory is past for ever. 'Amid my vast and lofty aspirations,' says Lamartine, 'the penalty of a wasted youth overtook me. Adieu, then, to the dreams of genius, to the aspirations of intellectual enjoyment!' Many a gifted heart has sighed the same sad sigh; many a noble nature has walked to his grave in sackcloth, for one brief dallying in the bowers of Circe, for one short sleep in the Castle of Indolence. But no such echo of regret can check the aspirations of our author. Brought up at the feet of Gamaliel in all that relates to lofty religious feeling and the admiration of art, and in not a little concerning the grand questions of national politics, his youth was well tended; and almost ere he emerged from that golden, dreamy period, he had embarked on the undertaking which was to be the mission of his life, and his passport to immortal fame. Among the dazzling and dazzled crowds whom, from all parts of Europe, the fall of Napoleon in 1814 attracted to the French metropolis, was a young Englishman, who, hurrying from his paternal roof, arrived in time to witness the magnificent pageants which rendered memorable the residence of the allied sovereigns and armies in Paris. Napoleon had fallen, the last act of the revolutionary drama seemed to have closed; and, in the place of Louis XV., assembled Europe and repentant France joined in the obsequies of its earliest victims and holiest martyrs. It was in the midst of those heart-stirring scenes that the first inspiration of writing a history of the momentous period, then seemingly closed, entered the throbbing heart of that English youth—and that youth was Alison. Ten years of travel, meditation, and research followed, during which the eye and the ear alike gathered materials for his great undertaking, and the mind was expanding its gifted powers preparatory to moulding these materials in a form worthy of the great events to be narrated, and of the high conceptions which the youth longed to realize. Other fifteen years of composition were required ere the history was brought to a close, and the noble genius of its author awakened the admiration of Europe.'

The standard of historic excellence by which Sir Archibald has been regulated, we are able to determine from his own works; w

cannot do better than quote the following :— ‘Passion and reason in equal proportions, it has been well observed, form energy. With equal truth, and for a similar reason, it may be said, that intellect and imagination, in equal proportions, form history. It is the want of the last quality which is in general fatal to the persons who adventure upon that great but difficult branch of composition. It in every age sends ninety-nine hundredths of historical works down the gulf of time. Industry and accuracy are so evidently and indisputably requisite in the outset of historical composition, that men forget that genius and taste are required for its completion. They see that the edifice must be reared of blocks cut out of the quarry; and they fix their attention on the quarriers who loosen them from the rock, without considering that the soul of Phidias or Michael Angelo is required to arrange them in the due proportion in the immortal structure. What makes great and durable works of history so rare is, that they alone, perhaps, of any other production, require for their formation a combination of the most opposite qualities of the human mind—qualities which are found united only in a very few individuals in any age. Industry and genius, passion and perseverance, enthusiasm and caution, vehemence and prudence, ardor and self-control, the fire of poetry, the coldness of prose, the eye of painting, the patience of calculation, dramatic power, philosophic thought—are all called for in the annalist of human events. Mr. Fox had a clear perception of what history should be, when he placed it *next to poetry in the fine arts, and before oratory*. Eloquence is but a fragment of what is enfolded in its mighty arms. Military genius ministers only to its more brilliant scenes. Mere ardor or poetic imagination will prove wholly insufficient; they will be deterred at the very threshold of the undertaking by the toil with which it is attended, and turn aside into the more inviting paths of poetry and romance. The labor of writing the ‘Life of Napoleon’ shortened the days of Sir Walter Scott. Industry and intellectual power, if unaided by more attractive qualities, will equally fail of success; they will produce a respectable work, valuable as a book of reference, which will slumber in forgotten obscurity in our libraries. The combination of the two is requisite to lasting fame, to general and durable success.’

The general voice of his countrymen, and we might almost say of the world, has set the great history we have named in the list of standard national works; it is, as the

Germans would say, a world-historical book. Its ground-tone is of course conservative; its style is vivid, animated, and pictorial; its study is almost a necessary part of a complete modern education. We think its study might be most profitably combined with that of Carlyle’s powerful and original work on the same subject: in the one, the madness of revolutions is denounced and dreaded; in the other, there is the stern sympathy of an old Norseman, who gazes on a weltering battle from afar, and the earnest hailing of truth, though it comes “girt in hell-fire.”

As an essayist, Sir Archibald Alison deserves very great commendation. He does not always excel: in the biographic essay, for instance, he appears immeasurably inferior to certain writers of the day; but, in many instances, and on various subjects, he attains very high excellence. In laying down great principles in political economy, he is manifestly in a congenial element; in historical subjects he is, as might be expected, sagacious and happy; and, in criticism, his vision is wide and his judgment powerful.

In the historical essays, we sometimes come upon paragraphs containing truths of the highest value and the widest application. We were delighted to find the following great fact so clearly stated; its historical worth we deem incalculable; were it once fairly accepted and imbibed by the human race, the gates of Limbo would be choked for three days, so much nonsense would get its mittimus:—“Subjugation by a foreign power is itself a greater calamity than any benefits with which it is accompanied can ever compensate, because, in the very act of receiving them *by force*, there is implied an entire dereliction of all that is valuable in political blessings—a security that they will remain permanent. There is no example, perhaps, to be found in the history of mankind, of political freedom being either effectually conferred by a sovereign in gift, or communicated by the force of foreign arms; but as liberty is the greatest blessing which man can enjoy, so it seems to be the law of nature that it should be the reward of intrepidity and energy alone; and that it is by the labor of his hands and the sweat of his brow that he is to earn his freedom as well as his subsistence.”

The same remark holds good of his critical essays; the principle, for instance, embodied in the following sentences, lies at the foundation of all criticism:—“The human heart is, at bottom, everywhere the same.

There is infinite diversity in the dress he wears, but the naked human figure of one country scarcely differs from another. The writers who have succeeded in reaching this deep substratum, this far-hidden but common source of human action, are understood and admired over all the world. It is the same on the banks of the Simôis as on those of the Avon—on the Sierra Morena as on the Scottish hills. They are understood alike in Europe as in Asia—in ancient as in modern times; one unanimous burst of admiration salutes them from the North Cape to Cape Horn—from the age of Pisistratus to that of Napoleon." Were we to change somewhat the expression of his thought, and substitute "the perennial in man" for certain of its phrases, it would be astonishing how closely it would resemble a leading doctrine of Thomas Carlyle; so nearly do streams approach when traced to their spring.

The extent of information possessed by Sir Archibald; the swift glance which he can cast over it all; his animated, rolling diction; his varied sympathy; his truly British absence of affectation; in a word, every excellence of his style, is exhibited in the following magnificent apostrophic exordium to one of his critical essays:—"There is something inexpressibly striking, it may almost be said awful, in the fame of Homer. Three thousand years have elapsed since the bard of Chios began to pour forth his strains; and their reputation, so far from declining, is on the increase. Successive nations are employed in celebrating his works; generation after generation of men are fascinated by his imagination. Discrepancies of race, of character, of institutions, of religion, of age of the world, are forgotten in the common worship of his genius. In this universal tribute of gratitude, modern Europe vies with remote antiquity, the light Frenchman with the volatile Greek, the impassioned Italian with the enthusiastic German, the sturdy Englishman with the unconquerable Roman, the aspiring Russian with the proud American. Seven cities, in ancient times, competed for the honor of having given him birth, but seventy nations have since been moulded by his productions. He gave a Mythology to the ancients; he has given the fine arts to the modern world. Jupiter, Saturn, Mars, Minerva, are still household words in every tongue; Vulcan is yet the god of fire, Neptune of the ocean, Venus of love. Juno is still our companion on moorland solitudes; Hector the faithful guardian of our flocks

and homes. The highest praise yet bestowed on valor is drawn from a comparison to the god of war; the most grateful compliment to beauty that she is encircled by the cestus of Venus. When Canova sought to embody his conceptions of heroism or loveliness, he portrayed the heroes of the "Iliad." Flaxman's genius was elevated to the highest point in embodying its events. Epic poets, in subsequent times, have done little more than imitate his machinery, copy his characters, adopt his similes, and, in a few instances, improve upon his descriptions. Painting and statuary, for two thousand years, have been employed in striving to portray, by the pencil or the chisel, his yet breathing conceptions; language and thought themselves have been moulded by the influence of his poetry. Images of wrath are still taken from Achilles, of pride from Agamemnon, of astuteness from Ulysses, of patriotism from Hector, of tenderness from Andromache, of age from Nestor. The galleys of Rome were—the line-of-battle ships of France and England still are—called after his heroes. The Agamemnon long bore the flag of Nelson; the Bellerophon combated the gigantic l'Orient at the battle of the Nile; the Polyphemus was the third in the British line which entered the cannonade of Copenhagen; the Ajax perished by the flames within sight of the tomb of the Telamonian hero on the shores of the Hellespont; the Achilles was blown up at the battle of Trafalgar. Alexander the Great ran round the tomb of Achilles before undertaking the conquest of Asia. It was the boast of Napoleon that his mother reclined on tapestry representing the heroes of the "Iliad," when he was brought into the world. The greatest poets, of ancient and modern times, have spent their lives in the study of his genius or the imitation of his works. The Drama of Greece was but an amplification of the disasters of the heroes of the "Iliad" on their return from Troy. The genius of Racine, Voltaire, and Corneille, has been mainly exerted in arraying them in the garb of modern times. Parnassus is still the emblem of poetry; Olympus, of the council-seat of supreme power; Ida and the Cyprian Isle, of the goddess of love. The utmost exertion of all the arts combined on the opera stage is devoted to represent the rival goddesses as they appeared to the son of Priam on the summit of Gargarus. Withdraw from subsequent poetry the images, mythology, and characters of the "Iliad," and what will remain? Petrarch spent his best years in re-

storing his verses. Tasso portrayed the siege of Jerusalem and the shock of Europe and Asia almost exactly as Homer has done the contest of the same forces, on the same shores, 3000 years before. Milton's old age, when blind and poor, was solaced by hearing the verses recited of the poet to whose conceptions his own mighty spirit had been so much indebted; and Pope deemed himself fortunate in devoting his life to the translation of the "Iliad;" and the unanimous voice of ages has confirmed his celebrated lines—

'Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muses upward to their spring.' "

We must draw our remarks at once to a close; our space is already exhausted. We need not say the subject is far from being so. We intended to say a good deal concerning Sir Archibald's style; to show that here, as elsewhere, we had his distinguishing characteristics displayed—wide, not intense thought, giving rise to a flowing and diffuse, rather than a terse mode of expression—diffused, not concentrated energy, producing a constant glow rather than a piercing fire; and to point out a few of its defects. Upon the repetitions, the mistakes in imagery, the sameness, fre-

quently rendered the less pardonable by commonplaceness, of forms of phrase, we could descant, but must cover it all up in this inuendo.

Sir Archibald Alison's writings are a continued protest against modern utilitarianism; his whole life has been an effort to break Mammon's threefold chain of gold, silver, and copper; he has exposed the dishonesty and insanity of political or party cries; occasionally he has confounded the good with the bad, occasionally his scythe has cut down the corn with the weeds. On the whole, we think he will give us his sanction in saying that change is not wrong in itself; that the frivolous restlessness of the child, which breaks one toy and cries for another, is to be despised; that the morbid fickleness of the hypochondriac, who thinks that a change of seat or the obtainment of some dainty would insure health, is to be pitied; but that the calm, reasonable desire to change an old habit or dwelling for a new, entertained by the sagacious and healthy man, is to be respected; and that it is so in the case of nations.

Sir Archibald is the son of the Rev. A. Alison, the celebrated writer on Taste; he became a member of the Scottish bar; and the government of the Earl of Derby conferred upon him the title which he adorns.

From the Quarterly Review.

MEMOIRS OF WORDSWORTH.*

It was a frequent saying of the subject of these memoirs that 'a poet's life is written in his works.' The Canon of Westminster tells us that it is especially just as to his uncle himself, and adds, in language far too magisterial to be spoken out of a school-room, 'Let no other Life of Wordsworth be composed beside what has thus been written with his own hand.' Two volumes in large

octavo are a singular commentary upon this prohibitory ordinance. In fact, the position is abandoned the instant it is taken up. The logical Doctor confesses that the personal incidents in his great kinsman's verse can only be fully understood through a narrative in prose, and that even the sentiments will be better appreciated when they are shown to have been in harmony with the poet's practice. He therefore follows up his absolute decree, 'Let no other Life be composed,' with the counter-declaration that 'a biographical manual to illustrate the poems ought to exist.' He still professes, it is true, to exclude everything relating to the man except what is connected with something in

* 1. *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet-Laureate, D. C. L.* By Christopher Wordsworth, D. D., Canon of Westminster. 2 vols. 8vo. 1851.

2. *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, compiled from authentic sources.* By January Searle, Author of *Life, Character, and Genius of Ebenezer Elliott*, &c. 12mo, pp. 312. 1852.

his works: this, however, is a vague principle, of which he has not attempted to define the limits, and which he has applied so capriciously that it becomes additionally hard to guess what meaning he attaches to it. In the strictest use of the words it might be understood to shut out all that was not explanatory of the actual sense of the poems; in its widest signification it might comprise whatever influenced the genius of the author, whatever related to his mode of conceiving and executing his works, and whatever in his life, habits, or conversation, was either in contrast or in keeping with his verse. The latter latitudinarian interpretation would seem to have found some favor with Dr. Wordsworth, for he has touched upon every branch of the subject, though in most cases, in his fear of plucking forbidden fruit, he has mainly served up the leaves. The volumes comprise not a few interesting letters and memoranda—but they are scattered among many more which have neither life of their own, nor any proper connection with the life of the poet;—while the portion of the text which proceeds from the Canon himself is, almost without exception, as vapid as verbose. His example is ill-calculated to recommend his theory, which we believe to be altogether unmanageable in practice. The perplexity of distinguishing between the author and the man, of deciding whether facts had any bearing upon the writings, would soon induce a biographer, worthy of the name, to break through the cobwebs which fettered his pen, and adopt 'the good old rule, the simple plan' of giving a full-length portrait of the original. If the Wordsworth system were possible, it would, at best, be undesirable:—it would produce a deceptive as well as an imperfect narrative—it would take from biographies what has always been felt to be the larger half of their use and entertainment, and, in a word, would deteriorate and nearly destroy a department of literature which Dr. Johnson pronounced to be the most delightful of any.

The signal failure of Dr. Wordsworth to convey an adequate idea of his uncle's character and career left the stage empty for Mr. January Searle. Again the performer has proved unequal to his part. Mr. Searle—whose *Life of Ebenezer Elliott* we never met with—seems never to have set eyes upon his new and greater hero, nor even to have conversed with any one who had. His 'authentic sources' are the materials already before the public—some of them exceedingly apocryphal—and in the process 'of compilation,

as he may well call it, he has used his scissors more than his pen. 'Instead of vitality,' he says of the official Memoirs, 'we have dry facts—which are the mere bones of biography—and these are often strung together with very indifferent tendons.' Mr. Searle's tendons are likewise indifferent. What narrative belongs to him is feeble to silliness, and his occasional remarks are made doubly absurd by ostentatious accompaniments of which his predecessor had set him no example—most pitiable affectation and most laughable egotism.

A family of Wordsworths were anciently landowners at Penistone, near Doncaster, and from them the poet supposed himself to be descended. The particular branch from which he was inclined to derive his origin was that of William Wordsworth of Falthwaite, in Yorkshire, who, in a will, dated 1665, styles himself *yeoman*, and a year later, *gent.*; but the genealogy was conjectural, and his authentic pedigree terminates with his grandfather. His father was John Wordsworth, an attorney, apparently much esteemed, who superintended part of the Lowther estates, and occupied an old manor-house of that family, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland:—his mother was Anne Cookson, daughter of a mercer at Penrith. The poet, their second child, was born April 7, 1770. Mrs. Wordsworth was not one of those nervous mothers who conjure up dangers ghostly and bodily when their children stray beyond the tether of the apron string. At five years old he was allowed to range at will from dewy morn to dewy eve over the surrounding country, and among other amusements of that tender age, indulged largely in bathing. Porson, who hated water in all its applications, inward and outward, and who used to say that bathing was supposed to be healthy because there were people who survived it, would have looked with wonder upon the infant Laker, whose custom it was to make 'one long bathing of a summer's day,' only leaving the stream to bask, dressed in nature's livery, upon the bank, and then plunging back into the cooling current. His fifth was probably the most amphibious year of his life, for he was soon after put to a school at Cockermouth, kept by a clergyman. The school-house stood by the church; and a woman one week-day being sentenced to do penance in a white sheet, young William was praised by his mother for his virtuous zeal in attending the spectacle. He had been enticed by a rumor that he would be paid a penny for his services in looking on,

and when he proceeded to complain that the fee was not forthcoming, 'Oh,' said Mrs. Wordsworth, 'if that was your motive, you were very properly disappointed.' It is a proof of the fondness with which men dwell upon their earliest recollections, that when the venerable Laureate dictated half-a-dozen pages of autobiographical memoranda for the public eye, he thought this anecdote worthy to be included in so brief a chronicle of his long existence.

At eight years of age he lost his mother, who died from the effects of a cold brought on by sleeping at a friend's house in London, amid the damp dignity of "a best bed room." The only one of her children about whom she was anxious was our worthy William, whose indomitable self-will and violent temper led her to predict that he would be steady in good, or headstrong in evil. Among other wanton freaks to show his courageous contempt of authority, he asked his eldest brother, Richard, as they were whipping tops in the drawing-room of their maternal grandfather, which was hung round with portraits, whether he dare strike his whip through a hooped petticoat of peculiar stiffness. Richard, who considered that the pleasure of insulting the old lady's dignity would be dearly purchased by a flogging to himself, replied, "No, I won't." "Then here goes," said the gallant and ungallant William, and he lashed his whip through the canvas. Revengeful children occasionally commit suicide in the fits of spleen stirred up by punishment—and once, it seems, our future poet-moralist, when smarting from mortification, retired to his grandfather's garret to stab himself with a foil. His courage, or more properly his conscience, failed him, and he continued to brave the slings and arrows produced by his own ill-conditioned temper. He soon acquired a Spartan feeling, and thought the heroism of endurance an ample recompence for the humiliation of chastisement. No one could have detected in the wilful and wayward boy the father of the man, but what was common to the two was the force of character, which, however disorderly it may be shown in childhood, is the real element of future power.

In his ninth year he was sent to a school at Hawkshead, in the most picturesque district of Lancashire, and here is opened to us a scene unlike anything of which most English boys of the present generation have heard or read before, and which will make them look back with envy to the good old times when Wordsworth wore a jacket and carried a satchel. The scholars, instead of being

housed under the same roof with a master, were boarded among the villagers. Bounds were unknown. Out of school-hours they went where they liked and did as they pleased. In the summer they played in Hawkshead market-place, till "heaven waked with all his eyes," and every soul, but themselves, was asleep; or they angled in the pools of the mountain-brooks; or boated on the Lakes of Esthwaite and Windermere; or landed at an excellent tavern on the banks of the latter to recreate themselves with bowls, and strawberries and cream. Picnics were a favorite pastime upon sunny days—and with the verdant ground for their table, a rippling stream at their feet, and a canopy of leaves above their heads, these fortunate youths enjoyed a banquet rendered doubly delicious by the contrast with the frugal cottage fare of their ordinary experience. Riding was too expensive to be frequent, but when they did get into the saddle, they managed, before getting down again, to extract work for a week out of the costly animal—to which end they employed "sly subterfuge with courteous inn-keeper" (*poeta loquitur*), and persuaded him that some *half-way* house was their *goal*. In winter Hawkshead saw another sight. The jovial crew, if it was wild weather, gathered over the peat-fire to play whist and loo; or if it was clear and frosty, buckled on their skates and played hunt-the-hare upon the ice by the glimmer of the stars; or wandered half the night upon the surrounding heights, setting springes for woodcocks. Wordsworth in his retrospect says, that the sun of heaven did not shine upon a band who were richer in joy, or worthier of the beautiful vales they trod. Of the joy there can be little doubt; and a lad who was educated at Hawkshead might very possibly have re-echoed with truth the insincere adage, that school-days are the happiest days of life; but as to the worth, we suppose they had neither more nor less than any other chance-medley of boys whose sole qualification is that their parents can afford to pay at a certain rate per quarter.

The pedagogic government seems to have been nearly as mild within doors as without. But if Wordsworth was little troubled with Greek and Latin, he read English largely for his own amusement. When told by one of his school-fellows that his copy of the *Arabian Nights* was but a meagre abridgment—a block from the quarry—the prospect of obtaining the complete collection seemed to him "a promise scarcely earthly." He immediately entered into a covenant with

a kindred spirit to save up their pocket-money, and make a joint purchase of fairy-land. For several months they persevered in their vow; but, as their hoard increased, so did the temptation to spend it—and, finally, it went to the tavern-keeper or pastry-cook; nor did he ever possess the coveted treasure while his imagination could be led captive by conjuring genii. He found full compensation in the more masculine fictions of Fielding and Swift, of Cervantes and Le Sage, which were among his father's stores. His love of verse he dates from the age of nine or ten, and describes himself as rising early and strolling with a companion for two delightful hours before morning school, repeating rhymes with an ecstasy that bordered upon intoxication. In after days he condemned the "objects of his early love" as mostly "false from their overwrought splendor;" and poems which never failed to entrance him in boyhood seemed in his manhood "dead as a theatre, fresh emptied of spectators." Perchance he too readily took for granted that his latest taste was his best—at all events, among these discarded favorites we find the honored names of Goldsmith, Gray, and Pope. In his fifteenth year he composed a school-exercise, upon the completion of the second centenary of their foundation. "The verses," he says, "were much admired, far more than they deserved, for they were but a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style." In truth, they are a cento from the works of that master. Out of all our prodigies there is not one, we believe, who at the age of fifteen, has fairly written from his own mind. Two years later Wordsworth wrote a long poem on his own adventures and the surrounding scenery, which we may conclude was of no other value than to practise him in his art, since he has only preserved a dozen, and these rather ordinary lines.

The relish for the beauties of creation, to which he mainly owes his place among poets, was early manifested and rapidly developed. A rover by day and night in a romantic country, many a casual and unsought prospect won his attention in the midst of his sports, and extorted a brief, involuntary homage. While yet a little boy, he took an Irish urchin, who served an itinerant conjuror, to a particular spot commanding Esthwaite Lake and its islands, for the sole satisfaction of witnessing the emotion of the lad on first beholding fields and groves intermingled with water. Soon, he tells us, the pleasures of scenery were collaterally attached to every holiday scheme.

A year or two later and rural objects were advanced from a secondary to a primary pursuit. He used to rise before a smoke-wreath issued from a single chimney, or the earliest song of birds could be heard, to sit alone upon some jutting eminence, and meditate the still and lovely landscape. Often on these occasions he became so wrapt in contemplation, that what he saw "appeared like something in himself—a prospect in the mind." His imagination, indeed, never failed to heighten the picture presented to his eyes, bestowing, as he says, "new splendor on the setting sun," and "deepening the darkness of the midnight storm." He was only in his seventeenth year when the intensity of his sympathy with inanimate nature suggested that pervading principle of his poetry which he summed up in the lines—

"And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

Such passionate communion with the wonders of creation is rare at any age—extraordinary, indeed, in boyhood, when all impressions of the kind are mostly transitory and subordinate.

Whatever may have been the usual fruits of the Hawkshead system, we cannot doubt that it was favorable to Wordsworth. Had he been cooped up within the walls of a playground, his dawning sensibility to the aspects of nature must have been checked, and might perhaps have been extinguished. His miscellaneous reading, pursued with an eager and entire mind, made rich amends for the loss of lessons in schoolboy lore, and the stock of English which he then acquired was the more important, that, from combined physical and mental causes, he was in after-life no great student of books. His faults of temper fared at Hawkshead as they would have done amidst any other congregation of the sort:—everybody knows that in all the weaknesses which affect their mutual relations school-lads are the least ceremonious and most untiring of disciplinarians. It was there, too—he is careful to record—that, taught "by competition in athletic sports," he acquired his "diffidence and modesty." To what happy circumstances Parson Adams supposed himself indebted for these virtues we are not informed. We only know that he held vanity to be the worst of vices, and seized the occasion, when it was mentioned, to dwell unctuously upon the excellence of his own sermon against it. But though Wordsworth was not free from the unconscious

inconsistency which beset good Abraham Adams, he justly contended that the system of his day was less provocative of conceit than the modern fashion which attempts, and for all good purposes attempts in vain, to put old heads upon young shoulders. It is with mountainous pride that the sapient stripling adds each fresh grain of learned jargon to his mole-hill heap; but the child who condescends to Jack the Giant Killer, Wordsworth well remarks, has at least this advantage over the philosopher in petticoats—that he forgets himself. In his own vacations he would sometimes lie reading for the better part of a day on the bank of the Derwent, while his rod and line were left neglected at his side, and with such a happy ignorance of studious conceit, that, jumping up suddenly, in very shame of what he deemed his idleness, he betook himself to the nobler occupation of angling!

Wordsworth's father never regained his cheerfulness after the death of his helpmate, and followed her to the grave in 1783, when his celebrated son was only in his fourteenth year. The bulk of his property at his decease consisted of considerable arrears due to him from Sir James Lowther, soon afterwards created Earl of Lonsdale. The life-long eccentricity of that self-willed gentleman took ultimately, it seems, a parsimonious turn, and he refused to liquidate the debt—of which, in fact, not one shilling was paid until after his demise in 1802—a long and cruel interval of nineteen years! In the mean while the care of the orphans devolved on their uncles. One of them, Dr. Cookson, had been a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and thither William was sent in October, 1787, when in the eighteenth year of his age. Hitherto his whole experience of the world was confined to northern villages, and his first impressions on the change were much what would have been produced by the transformations in his favorite Arabian Nights, where men go to sleep in a hut and wake in a palace. He roamed delighted among the imposing buildings and their swarm of students, hardly believing that the enchanting scene was real, and felt that he was clothed in his own person with the dignity of the place. He thought it "an honor" to have "interviews with his tutor and tailor," and, though his attentions to the former quickly ceased, he had extensive dealings with the latter. He condescends to elaborate in blank verse a full-length portraiture of himself as an academical exquisite, airily clad and carefully frizzled and powdered,

which must amuse all, and has surprised many, from the contrast it presents to the rustic tone of his poetry and his subsequent negligence of dress. But the transition is one of every-day occurrence. Sir Matthew Hale equipped himself when at Oxford like the gay gallants of his time, and in his riper years wore such raiment that Baxter, who was himself thought culpably remiss, remonstrated with the homelier Lord Chief Justice of England. Different periods of life have their characteristic vanities, and to a village youth the dazzling novelty of full-blown fashion is peculiarly seducing.

Few dress with the finish of a Brummel to sit down to mathematics, and, in the technical language of the University, our self-painted dandy was not "a reading man." Wine-parties and suppers, riding and boating, lounging and sauntering, were his ordinary occupations. No enjoyment of the kind could have been more complete, for his animal spirits were high, and he never drugged his pleasures with vice. He says that even before the first flush of gratification was past he was disturbed at intervals by compunctious reflections that he had his way to make in the world, and, instead of giving himself up to the recreations of life, ought to be steadily training for its struggles. As often, however, as these shadows flitted across his mind they were chased away by the buoyant levity of youth, and he always professed that his residence at Cambridge was "a gladsome time." Before leaving Hawkshead he had mastered five books of Euclid, and had arrived at quadratic equations in algebra, which in those easy days gave him a twelvemonth's start of his fellow-freshmen; and in advanced age he ascribed his heedlessness at the University to the natural propensity of the hare to sleep while the tortoises were in the distance. In "The Prelude," written when his recollections were fresh, he assigns a different, and manifestly a truer, cause for his neglect to join in the mathematical race. Bred up, he said, amid nature's bounties, free as the wind to range where he listed, he could ill submit to mental restraint and bodily captivity. He loved solitude, but only in lonely places, and if a throng was near he had an irresistible longing to mingle with it. Repulsion and attraction, therefore, both combined to throw him into the circle of merry idlers. But minds such as his are never utterly idle:—and the free hours of unguarded intercourse afforded him valuable lessons in human nature.

Drifted along by the babbling stream of society, he had almost ceased to look for "tongues in trees and sermons in stones." Whenever, as a freshman, he betrayed by involuntary gestures his latent sympathies for the appearances of earth and sky, his boon companions whispered among themselves that there "must be a screw loose." They looked at natural objects after the fashion of men unable to read, who see the form of the letters and have no conception of their meaning. Wordsworth in their prosence kept a veil upon his better mind; and it was only on the rare occasions when he stole away into solitude, that he indulged his propensities. So passed the first academic year, at the end of which he returned to Hawkshead for the summer vacation. He returned unspoilt by the vanities of his Cambridge life to greet with affection his school-boy dame—overjoyed to lodge again beneath her lowly roof and partake her humble fare. Old scenes brought back old recollections, and woods and lakes were again in the ascendant. He nevertheless imported into Hawkshead some of his new Cambridge tastes. His silken hose and brilliant buckles astonished rural eyes. He was much at feasts and dances, and felt "slight shocks of love-liking" for his buxom partners. He afterwards spoke of these companionable evenings as "a heartless chase of trivial pleasures," and wished he had spent the time in study and meditation. We question, in his particular case, the wisdom of the wish. He was too prone, except when in cities, to live upon himself, and it humanized him to mingle in domestic merry-makings.

Upon his return to the university his renewed love of nature showed itself in his giving most of his winter evenings to the college-gardens by the Cam—gazing at the trees, and peopling the walks with visionary fairies, till summoned within walls by the nine o'clock bell. He now broke loose a little from his idle companions, and spent more of his hours among his books. He dipped into the classics, made himself master of Italian, and extended his acquaintance with the English poets. He ascribes to this period the growing belief that he might one day be admitted into that proud choir. He started with the excellent creed that there were four models whom he must have continually before his eyes—Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Shakspeare—and the three first were constantly in his hands. He sat in the hawthorn shade by Trompington Mill, and laughed over Chaucer, and he paid to the

temperate and puritanical Milton the singular homage of getting tipsy in his honor. At a wine-party in that room of Christ's College which tradition reports to have once been tenanted by the author of *Paradise Lost*, young Wordsworth drank libations to his memory; and being late for his own chapel, sailed proudly up the aisle, after service had begun, in a state of vinous and poetic exaltation, fondly dreaming that the mantle of Milton had fallen upon him. What makes this tribute especially memorable is, that in drinking days, and among festive associates, he could charge himself with no other trespass against sobriety. Having now begun to train for his high vocation, he had probably not much reason to regret his Euclid and algebra. Often, in the retrospect of neglected opportunities and wasted hours, a self-reproaching idea is entertained that the appointed studies of the place might easily, after all, have been combined with the pursuits of choice:—but where there is one predominating taste, it is impossible long to serve two masters. If Wordsworth could have lived his Cambridge life again, his diligence would doubtless have been greater, but in all probability it would have been bestowed upon Spenser, Milton, Chaucer, and Shakspeare.

The next long vacation was signalized by the renewal of his intercourse with his admirable sister. The Wordsworths, scattered by the death of their parents, had no common home to which they could gather at intervals. Miss Dorothy chanced to be domesticated for a time with her relations in the neighborhood of Penrith, and in the course of his autumnal ramblings he had frequent opportunities of sharing her society. In one of his poems he speaks of 'the shooting lights of her wild eyes,' and the bright impulsive gleams they sent forth were a true index of her quick genius and fervid sensibility. But with a masculine power of mind she had every womanly virtue, and presented with these blended gifts such a rare combination, that even the enthusiastic strains in which her brother sang her praise borrowed no aid from his poetic imagination. It was she who in childhood moderated the sternness of his moody temper, and she now carried on the work which was then begun. His chief delight had hitherto been in scenes which were distinguished by terror and grandeur, and she taught him the beauty of the humblest products and mildest graces of nature. While she was softening his mind, he was elevating hers, and out of this interchange

of gifts grew an absolute harmony of thought and feeling. It was at the same period that he formed an attachment for his sister's friend, Miss Hutchinson, of Penrith, whom he afterwards married. She became, he says, endeared to him by her radiant look of youth, conjoined to a placidity of expression, the reflection of one of the most benignant tempers that ever diffused peace and cheerfulness through a home.

His third and last long vacation was another epoch in his life. In July, 1790, he started with a brother-under-graduate, Mr. Jones, on a pedestrian tour through France, Switzerland, and the North of Italy. This, common as it is at present, he acknowledges to have been a hardy slight of university studies, and, sensible that his friends would remonstrate, he departed without communicating his design. His college acquaintances, who had nothing to say against his preference of travelling to mathematics, thought the scheme Quixotic, from the difficulties which must beset tourists so little versed in the languages of the Continent, and so scantily provided with funds. But all considerations with Wordsworth were lighter than air compared to his passion for scenery and his sympathy with the French people, then in the early or boisterously merry stage of political intoxication. Jones was an admirable associate for such an expedition, being a sturdy native of Wales, accustomed to climb mountains, and noted not only for quick intelligence, but for a happy, winning disposition. They were absent fourteen weeks, and the money they took allowed them four shillings a day each for all expenses. Their luggage was as light as their purse. They tied up the whole of it in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and carried their bundles on their heads, exciting a smile wherever they went. They reached Calais on the eve of the day when the king was to swear fidelity to the new constitution, and witnessed the festal abandonment which attended the event. They continued their course amidst the roar of what they supposed to be liberated France, and did their best to swell the chorus. In the fervor of their hearts they drank and danced with frantic patriots, who paid them especial honor as natives of a land which had set an example of liberty. Wordsworth's eye, much more practised to scan landscapes than men, nowhere penetrated beneath the surface. He concluded that the zealots of the revolution were as good as they were gay, and that a king and his courtiers were the only Frenchmen by whom power could be abused.

The poet was in his sphere when he got beyond the Swiss frontier, and he passed the remainder of the journey in a perpetual hurry of delight at the succession of sublime and beautiful objects.

After taking his degree in January, 1791, Wordsworth lodged for four months in London, with no other purpose than that personal gratification which had governed all his previous proceedings. He spent his time in seeing every manner of sight, and was often at the House of Commons to hear the debates on the French Revolution. There he listened to the majestic wisdom of Burke with involuntary admiration, but with no present profit—for in the autumn of the year his sympathizing spirit once more carried him across the Channel. Nothing could have been cruder than his political notions, which were mainly founded upon the defects of his personal temperament. His predominant characteristic was a headstrong will, a wild impatience of subordination, which made him even shake off regulations of his own as a tame restraint upon freedom. In this anarchy of a rebellious mind he had not waited for the outbreak of the French commotion to learn his levelling creed. It found him a hater of kings, and sighing for what he calls "a government of equal rights and individual worth!" What he meant by these, how he considered they were to be obtained, and how secured, he has not explained—and indeed the entire narrative which he wrote some years afterwards of his political fever is compounded of fallacies so shallow and transparent, couched in language so vague and obscure, that a want of all clear thinking upon the subject seems to have outlasted the period of rash, refractory youth. It was with very little knowledge of history, and with absolutely none of the science of government, beyond the disjointed notions picked up from pamphlets and newspapers, that he started on his second pilgrimage to France. He remained a few days at Paris, and then moved on to Orleans, that the society of the English might not impede his progress in mastering the language. He lived much with royalist officers, who fretted for the hour to draw the sword, but his principal intimate was a General Beaupuis, who belonged to the opposite faction. They held incessant conversations on patriotic themes, and once meeting a poor and pallid girl, who knitted while a heifer tied to her arm cropped the grass on the bank, the General exclaimed, "It is against *that* we are fighting." Wordsworth adds that he, on his part, equal-

ly believed that they were the apostles of a benevolence which was to banish want from the earth. This is an epitome of the whole of his early political philosophy. It went no deeper than a random confidence that, if existing institutions could be swept away, peace and prosperity would emerge out of the ruin. When every hope had been falsified, he clung resentfully to his tenets, in the endeavor (as he some time afterwards says) "to hide what nothing could heal—the wounds of mortified presumption." It is seldom, however, that the recantation of an error is complete. While penning this penitential confession he speaks with the same scorn of all the proceedings of Mr. Pitt and his party, as though events had refuted *their* predictions and verified *his*.

From Orleans he went to Blois, and while there the king was dethroned and imprisoned. Next came the massacres of September, 1792, and a month afterwards Wordsworth bent his steps towards Paris. The massacres he believed to have been a casual ebullition of fury, till he was left alone on the night of his arrival in the garret of an hotel, when his proximity to the scene of slaughter begot some fears for his safety, and suggested the high probability that there might be a second act to the tragedy. Closer observation confirmed his suspicion, and convinced him that the bloodiest hands had the strongest arms. He revolved in his mind how the crisis might be averted, and taking the measure of himself and of the various factions, he came to the conclusion that he, William Wordsworth, was the proper person to rally the nation, and conduct the revolution to a happy issue. With all the gravity of Don Quixote he sets it down among the justifications of his scheme that

"Objects, even as they are great, thereby
Do come within the reach of humblest eyes."

How far the eyes were humble is needless to be said, and the only palliation is that they were utterly blind. The difficulty is to believe that they could have belonged to a man of genius in his twenty-third year. Had he made the slightest attempt to realize his project, he confesses that he would have paid for his presumption with his head. But what he then thought a harsh necessity, and afterwards acknowledged to be a gracious Providence, compelled him to return to England just in time to save him from the guillotine. No doubt his friends at home had become aware of his peril, and refused to answer any more drafts from Paris.

His mind boiling over with political passions, he had no relish for sylvan solitudes, and fixed his head-quarters in London. To vindicate his talents, which his Cambridge career had brought into question, he, in 1793, produced to the world,—hurriedly, he says, though reluctantly—two little poems, 'The Evening Walk,' and 'Descriptive Sketches.' If the Evening Walk was hastily corrected it had not been hastily composed, for it was begun in 1787, and continued through the two succeeding years. The metre and language are in the school of Pope, but they are the work of a promising scholar and not of a master. There is an incongruous mixture of poverty and richness in the diction, and often, instead of being suggested by the sentiment, it has been culled and adapted to it. The verse does not flow on with easy strength, but is labored, and frequently feeble, and the structure of the sentences is distorted beyond the limits of poetic license to meet the exigencies of rhyme. For the topics of the piece Wordsworth drew upon his individual tastes, but even here he has not been particularly happy. The rural objects he describes are minute and disconnected, neither chosen for their general association with evening, nor possessing, for the most part, an independent interest. Brief as the work is, it leaves a drowsy impression—but the poet breaks out in occasional touches, and the four lines on the swan present a picture he could not have surpassed in the maturity of his powers:—

The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flings
His neck, a varying arch, between his towering
wings:

The eye that marks the gliding creature sees
How graceful pride can be, and how majestic
ease.

The Descriptive Sketches had been penned at Orleans and Blois, in 1791 and 1792. They are the versified recollections of some of the scenes which struck him most in the pedestrian tour with Jones. In spite of the horrors of that season he concludes with an unqualified panegyric on the Revolution, and a prayer that 'every sceptred child of clay' who presumed to withstand it might be swept away by the flood. The execution is of the same school as The Evening Walk, but the language is simpler, and so far superior. Though he had Goldsmith's 'Traveller' much in his mind, and has copied the turn of many of his lines, there is an increasing ascendancy of the original over the imitative element. In one instance he has borrowed both broadly and clumsily from the magnifi-

cent couplet in which Gray depicts the overflowing Nile under the figure of a brooding bird :—

'From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings.'

Wordsworth, speaking of the 'mighty stream' of the French Revolution, asks that it may

'Brood o'er the long-parch'd lands with Nile-like wings.'

Here the comparison is between stream and stream instead of between stream and bird, and there is consequently no propriety in the expressions 'brood' and 'wings.' These involve a prior simile which Wordsworth leaves the reader to supply, and what mind could extemporize for itself the noble image of Gray? The germs of thought in one writer when developed by another, often differ as much as the seed and the flower, but whenever the singular beauty of the passage is the temptation to reproduce it, the effort to vary what is exquisite already, ends in a faded, distorted copy.

Even at the quietest period the Evening Walk and Descriptive Sketches would hardly have attracted much attention—and slender indeed was the chance of their still small voice being heard amid the thunders of national strife. Of the few criticisms in contemporary journals none were at all satisfactory to the author. Some blew too hot and some blew too cold, and the indiscriminating praise, which betrayed a want of real appreciation, pleased him little better than undisguised contempt. In revising these juvenile pieces long afterwards for the collective edition of his works, he altered them enough to destroy their historical, without materially increasing their poetical value.

Disappointed of his ambition to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm abroad, Wordsworth took up his pen to enlighten his countrymen. The compendious method for scattering plenty over a smiling land, which he expounded under the form of 'A Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff,' was to abolish the monarchy and the peerage. No better criticism can be pronounced upon his panacea than his own, in later life, upon the far more moderate views of Mr. Fox :—'It is extraordinary that the naked absurdity of the means did not raise a doubt as to the attainableness of the end.' The proceedings, however, of his French allies, began to teach him the dangers of precipitance. He wrote to a friend that he recoiled from the very idea of a revolution, and that he feared the destruc-

tion of vicious institutions was hastening on too fast. The Letter to Bishop Watson was restored to his desk—and has never been published. Yet he clung tenaciously to his republican tenets, and between love for his abstract theories, and horror at their practical fruits, there was a perpetual conflict in his mind, and not a little inconsistency in his conduct. While he spoke with disgust of the miserable outrages which desolated France, while his sleep was nightly disturbed by ghostly dreams of dungeons and scaffolds, while he constantly pictured himself in these hideous visions as a terror-stricken victim, pleading in vain for life before the Revolutionary Tribunal, he was not the less indignant that England should array herself against the perpetrators of such crimes. Her interposition—though not warlike, as we all know, until the gauntlet was flung in her face—is declared by him to have been the first shock that was ever given to his moral nature! The assassinations had moved him, but what especially scandalized him was the attempt to tie up the hands of the assassins. So fanatical did he grow on the point, that he rejoiced when our soldiers fell by thousands, and mourned when we triumphed, allaying his grief with the treasonable hope that the enemy would hereafter have their day of vengeance. Long after it became apparent even to him that the sword of France was, like her guillotine, the bloody instrument of scoundrels who only talked of liberty to facilitate oppression, he went on asserting that Mr. Pitt was accountable for alienating him from his country. It might be supposed on his own showing that William Wordsworth, who helped, *pro puerili*, to let out the waters, had even more to answer for than William Pitt, who raised a dam to stop the progress of the deluge. In the course of a few years he became, in his own language, 'as active a member of the war party as his industry and abilities would allow.' To vindicate his consistency he then professed to remain persuaded that the war, however identified ultimately with righteous objects, was at the outset one of selfish tyranny and unprincipled ambition. It is needless now to vindicate Mr. Pitt against such perversions of fact and motive. By 1818 Wordsworth himself had come to speak and write in a far different strain.

Meanwhile, one good effect of the war was to set him laboring in his proper vocation. He had strayed to the Isle of Wight in the summer of 1793, and saw with an evil eye the equipment of the fleet. From thence

he turned towards Wales, and while pacing over Salisbury Plain the dreary scene was connected in his imagination with the roving of disbanded sailors and of the widows of the slain. He at once commenced, and in 1794 completed, the story of "Guilt and Sorrow," which did not appear entire till 1842, but of which he published an extract in 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant." In regard to time it is separated from the Descriptive Sketches by a span, but in respect of merit they are parted by a gulf. He had ceased to walk in the train of Pope, and composed in the stanza of his later favorite Spenser. In no other hands has it proved so little cumbrous. It runs on with a light facility—never labored, never harsh, and never cloying. There is an exquisite simplicity and polish in the language, equally removed from the bald prattle of many of the Lyrical Ballads and the turgid verbosity of many pages in *The Excursion*. The landscape-painting has a bright transparency, very unlike the misty crudeness of his earlier efforts; and in the human part of the poem there is a deep and genuine pathos, unalloyed by a taint of morbid exaggeration. The plot is badly contrived, but the interest is in the details. To be appreciated it must be read with patient tranquillity, for its beauties are of that quiet order which escape a hasty eye.

While Wordsworth was thus dissatisfied with public events, his private circumstances were full as gloomy. Of the little available property his father left, part had been expended in the fruitless endeavor to compel Lord Lonsdale to pay his debt, and the remainder devoted to the education of the children. William was designed for the law or the church; but, for the former, he said, he had not strength of constitution, mind, or purse; and the latter must have been incompatible with his present opinions, both political and theological. It was part of his special satisfaction with the French Revolution that it had stripped the clergy of their "guilty splendor." His vagrancy and indolence, his turbulent intermeddling with the affairs of nations, and his total neglect of his own, justly alarmed and displeased his friends. He began to look anxiously for employment, and thought of establishing a monthly journal, to be called "*The Philanthropist*." Finding the scheme impracticable, he contemplated a connection with an opposition newspaper—a department of letters in which, being nowise remarkable either for flexibility of talent or piquancy of style, he could never

have attained much success. The question was pending when an event occurred which changed his destiny. Raisley Calvert, of a Cumberland family, and son of a steward of the Duke of Norfolk, was in a rapid decline, and our roving hero, whose previous acquaintance with him had been but slight, meeting him accidentally towards the close of 1794, and compassionating his solitary position, remained with him till his death, at Penrith, in January, 1795. The benevolence which prompted Wordsworth to give himself up to cheering the last few lonely weeks of a sick youth's life met with an instant and unexpected reward. The invalid imbibed a high opinion of his poetic powers, and to secure him, for a while at least, the free exercise of an unmarketable genius, bequeathed him nine hundred pounds. "Poor fellow!" moralizes Mr. Searle, "he seems to have been born for this special purpose. I would not be thought to speak ungenerously of poor Calvert:—God forbid!—but still I cannot help thinking about Providence, and his dark, inscrutable ways, how he smites one frail child to the grave that another may have leisure to sing songs." We are at a loss to say whether this comment is more ludicrous from its helpless silliness, or offensive from its conceited contempt. If Raisley Calvert was only created that he might leave a legacy to Wordsworth, for what does Mr. Searle suppose that myriads are born into the world who live no longer, accomplish no more, and have not a farthing to bequeath? Immortal beings are of some consideration on their own account, although they may neither sing mortal songs, nor endow the singers with worldly goods.

It was not the least advantage of the legacy that it was the indirect cause of extricating Wordsworth from the maze of speculations into which he had been drawn by the French Revolution. Meeting no government to his mind, he had arrived at the conclusion that every man should be a law to himself. He resolved to spurn the restraints of established rules, and recognize no other ground of action than what his varying circumstances suggested, as they arose, to his individual understanding. The next step in his new path was the endeavor to discover by that understanding, henceforth to be the sole light to his feet, what constituted good and evil, and what was the obligation to perform the one and shun the other. These propositions, however, proved too hard for even his unassisted reason, and the result was his abandoning moral questions in despair. De-

pressed and bewildered, he turned to abstract science, and was beginning to torment his mind with fresh problems, when, after his long voyage through unknown seas in search of Utopia, with sails full set, and without compass or rudder, his sister came to his aid, and conducted him back to the quiet harbor from which he started. His visits to her had latterly been short and far between, until his brightening fortunes enabled them to indulge the wish of their hearts to live together, and then she convinced him that he was born to be a poet, and had no call to lose himself in the endless labyrinth of theoretical puzzles. The calm of a home would alone have done much towards sobering his mind. While he roamed restlessly about the world he was drawn in by every eddy, and obeyed the influence of every wind; but when once he had escaped from the turmoil into the pure and peaceful pleasures of domestic existence, he felt the vanity and vexation of his previous course.

The autumn of 1795 found him and his sister settled in a house at Racedown, in Dorsetshire. It is a remarkable feature of his history, that all the time he was a hot-headed, intractable rover, he had lived a life of Spartan virtue. His Hawkshhead training had inured him to cottage board and lodging, and the temptations of London and Paris had failed to allure him to extravagance or vice. His temperance and economy enabled him to derive more benefit from Calvert's bequest than would have accrued to poets in general from five times the sum. According to the Greek saying, he was rich in all the things he did not want; and it is a memorable fact that he and his sister lived together in happy independence for nearly eight years upon an income—Godsends included—which amounted to barely one hundred a-year. His example—a dangerous one he often in the sequel called it—will not lead many astray if it is followed by none but those who possess the prudence, perseverance, and powers, which were the basis of his prosperity. Some victims there will always be, because there will always be some who mistake ambition for genius, or strong tastes for corresponding talent.

Wordsworth now entered upon his poetical profession by paraphrasing several of the satires of Juvenal and applying them to the abuses which he conceived to reign in high places. The undertaking showed that the cask retained a scent of its late contents, but he soon desisted, and would never publish even a specimen. There is no Juvenalian

vein in his own poetry, and, besides his subsequent objection to the sentiments, he was probably aware that he had failed to transmute the point and energy of the Roman. His second experiment was equally foreign to his genius. He began his Tragedy of 'The Borderers' at the close of 1795, and bestowed upon it an immensity of time and thought for many succeeding months. Coleridge wrote to Cottle that it was 'absolutely wonderful. . . . There are in the piece those profound touches of human heart which I find three or four times in *The Robbers* of Schiller, and often in *Shakspeare*, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities.' It is idle to say that Coleridge often displayed exquisite critical acumen; but he is no safe authority—for to the partiality which is ordinarily engendered by personal affection, he superadded a propensity, which clung to him through life, for lending imaginary perfections to commonplace books. The Wordsworthian drama was kept back for nearly five times the period prescribed by Horace, and when it appeared at last was considered, we believe, by all who read it, an unqualified failure. The plot has neither probability nor ingenuity. We can discover nothing individual in the personages, and no traits or manners in the least distinctive of their age and nation. As to the diction of the piece, a mawkish monotony pervades it, and a beggar-woman is the single character who utters a line or two of worthy verse. The cunning of the hand which penned '*Guilt and Sorrow*' is nowhere apparent. The play was not intended for representation, nor could even excellent poetry have concealed its unsuitness for the stage, since it is destitute of passion, movement, and incident. It was submitted, notwithstanding, to one of the actors at Covent Garden, and he, expressing strong approbation, advised Wordsworth to come up to London. He went with the conviction that it was a bootless journey, and when the managers rejected his MS. he signified a perfect acquiescence in their judgment.

It was in June, 1797, when this tragedy was on the verge of completion, that its first critic arrived at Racedown. Coleridge had met with the *Descriptive Sketches* in 1794, and discerned amid the faults of an immature understanding the promise of an original poetic genius. He, on his part, needed no other voucher for the possession of the richest intellectual gifts than what proceeded from his own most eloquent tongue. His mind, as yet undimmed by the fumes of opium, was now in its fullest and freshest bloom.

Transcendental metaphysics had not monopolized his thoughts. His sympathies had a wider range than afterwards, and, if his discourse sometimes lost itself in clouds, they were clouds which glowed with gorgeous hues. All who saw him in his early prime are agreed that his finest works convey a feeble notion of the profusion of ideas, the brilliancy of imagery, the subtlety of speculation, the sweep of knowledge, which then distinguished his inexhaustible colloquial displays. Each poet had traversed regions of thought to which the other was comparatively a stranger: Wordsworth full of original contemplations upon nature—Coleridge more conversant with systems of philosophy, and all the varieties of general literature. Coleridge was astonished to find a man who, out of the common appearances of the world, could evolve new and unexpected feelings—Wordsworth was dazzled with the splendor of apparently boundless intellectual hoards. There sprang up between them on the instant the strongest sentiments of admiration and affection. 'I feel myself,' writes Coleridge, 'a little man by his side.' Of Miss Wordsworth he speaks with equal enthusiasm. 'His exquisite sister is a woman indeed!—in mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such that, if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary—if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty! Her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly that who saw would say—

"Guilt was a thing impossible in her."

Her information various; her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer—it bends, protrudes, and draws in at subtlest beauties and most recondite faults.' What Wordsworth thought of his guest may be summed up in his well-known saying, that other men of the age had done wonderful things, but Coleridge was the only wonderful man he had ever known. Coleridge then resided at Nether-Stowey, in Somersetshire, where the Wordsworths soon repaid his visit; and a house being to let in the neighboring village of Alfoxden, they hired it forthwith, for the sole purpose of enjoying the daily converse of the 'noticeable man.'

The alliance was soon productive of important consequences. In November, 1797, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his sister started on a pedestrian tour through the surrounding country. Their united funds being

small, the poets resolved that their wits should pay for their pleasure, and they began a joint composition, to be sold for five pounds to the publisher of a Magazine. Thus was commenced the celebrated ballad of *The Ancient Mariner*. A friend of Coleridge had dreamt of a person who labored under a curse for the commission of some crime, and upon this slight hint was built one of the most original and imaginative poems in the language. Wordsworth suggested, from a passage he had recently read in Shelvocke's *Voyages*, that the navigator's offence should be the shooting of the albatross—an incident which Coleridge turned to grand account. His partner in the venture started one or two other ideas, and assisted him here and there to a line, but they struck their notes in different keys, and Wordsworth, perceiving that he was only encumbering him with help, left him to chant by himself the whole of the mariner's 'wild and wondrous song.' Incident gave birth to incident, stanza to stanza, till there was too much verse for the money, and they thought of making up a volume. The result of the Beaumont and Fletcher experiment was sufficient to satisfy them that the natural was the stronghold of the one, and the supernatural of the other. It was therefore agreed that Coleridge should take for his groundwork superstitious agencies, and deduce from them the emotions which would really arise if the events were true; while Wordsworth was to exhibit under fresh aspects the most ordinary characters and the most familiar objects. The essence of the system of Coleridge was to bring unearthly subjects within the range of earthly feelings; and that of Wordsworth to make manifest that lowly things had a high and spiritual significance. Acting in contrary directions, the combined effect was to place two worlds at the command of the reader—the first nearly closed to him, because it lay beyond the range of his daily experience; the second lost upon him, because it had grown too common to invite attention. Coleridge, after a fit of literary exertion, usually paused a long while to take breath, and he did nothing more to advance the scheme than frame a few fragments of *Christabel* and *The Dark Ladie*. While he was dreaming, his brother bard was doing, and there was no day without its line. Cottle, the Bristol Bookseller, had offered, before the tour, to purchase and publish the pieces which Wordsworth had then in stock, but the poet exhibited the utmost reluctance to submit his pretensions to public scrutiny.

He said at the close of his life that all he wrote fell short of his aspirations, and that he questioned if he should ever have given anything to the world unless he had been forced by the pressure of personal necessities. When the vague imaginings of the mind are reduced into shape and substance, there is the same difference as between castles in the air and houses on earth, and the artist is unwilling to be judged by what he considers inadequate specimens of his power. The urgent need for five pounds having passed, it is doubtful whether Wordsworth might not again have postponed the publishing day, if another event had not occurred to quicken his decision.

Coleridge was visited at Stowey by Thelwall, who, though not quite forgotten as a lecturer on elocution, is chiefly remembered from his trial for high treason. He had thrown up the dangerous game of politics, and applied himself to farming. As he sat with Wordsworth and Coleridge in the glen of Alfoxden, the latter exclaimed, 'This is a place to reconcile one to all the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world.' 'Nay,' said the new agriculturist, 'to make one forget them altogether.' The Government, judging Thelwall by his antecedents, had no conception of the pastoral turn he had taken, and conjectured that his business was to hold treasonable counsels with the two minstrels. A spy was sent to dog the pair, and detect their deep designs. He hid behind a bank near their favorite seat by the sea-side, and heard them speak of Spinoza, which to his plebeian ears sounded like *Spy Nosey*. He thought for an instant that they had discovered his mission, and were making merry with his 'human face divine.' Their talk proving innocent, where it was not unintelligible, he joined Coleridge on the road, and feigned himself a revolutionist to draw him out. The 'noticeable' rose up, 'terrible in reasoning,' and demonstrated jacobins to be so silly, as well as wicked, that the spy felt humbled to be even in seeming this contemptible character. His antagonist marked his discomfiture, and congratulated himself on having converted a disaffected democrat into a faithful subject of his sovereign lord the King. The less eloquent bard, however, though he, as it happened, had ceased to care about politics, was the most mistrusted by the villagers. 'As to Coleridge,' said one of them, 'there is not much harm in him, for he is a whirl-brain that talks whatever comes uppermost; but that Wordsworth! he is the dark traitor. You never hear him say a syl-

lable on the subject.' His habits helped to aid the delusion. He was seen prowling about by moonlight in lonely places, and was overheard muttering to himself. At Hawkshead he had enjoyed the advantage of a sagacious dog, who returned to give him notice when any one approached. Rustics know nothing of the fine frenzy of poets, and to the opportunity afforded him of hushing his voice and composing his gait he ascribed his escape at that epoch from the imputation of being crazed. He had no advanced guard to warn him at Alfoxden when the enemy was coming; and the broken murmurs, which in quieter times would have been thought symptomatic of insanity, were understood in 1798 to indicate treason. According to Mr. Cottle's grave narrative—(which reflects, perhaps, *inter alia*, some bardic dreams)—opinion was not altogether unanimous, for a small minority maintained, from his mostly haunting the sea-shore, that W. W. was only a smuggler. The practical effect of the rumors was, that the agent of the landlord at Alfoxden refused to let the house any longer to so dangerous a character, and there was no other residence to be had in the neighborhood. This determined the trio to spend a few months in Germany, and it was to raise cash for the expedition that Wordsworth screwed up his courage to publish the *Lyrical Ballads*.

The first idea was that he and Coleridge should print their respective tragedies, and Cottle was willing to give thirty guineas for each; but a revived expectation of getting them brought upon the stage induced both bards to fall back upon their minor pieces, and the Bristol bibliopole was invited to Alfoxden that he might hear, admire, and purchase. He readily proffered his standing fee of thirty guineas for Wordsworth's part of the volume, and made a separate bargain with Coleridge for the *Ancient Mariner*. The publisher has preserved no memorials of his professional visit; but some particulars he has recorded of a former jaunt afford an amusing glimpse of the simplicity of living, and ignorance of common things, which then distinguished the gifted pair. Cottle drove Wordsworth from Bristol to Alfoxden in a gig, calling at Stowey by the way to summon Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth, who followed swiftly on foot. The Alfoxden pantry was empty—so they carried with them bread and cheese, and a bottle of brandy. A beggar stole the cheese, which set Coleridge expatiating on the superior virtues of brandy. It was he that, with thirst impa-

tience, took out the horse; but, as he let down the shafts, the theme of his eloquence rolled from the seat, and was dashed to pieces on the ground. Coleridge abashed gave the horse up to Cottle, who tried to pull off the collar. It proved too much for the worthy citizen's strength, and he called to Wordsworth to assist. Wordsworth retired baffled, and was relieved by the ever-handly Coleridge. There seemed more likelihood of their pulling off the animal's head than his collar, and they marvelled by what magic it had ever been got on. 'La, master,' said the servant-girl, who was passing by, 'you don't go the right way to work;' and turning round the collar, she slipped it off in an instant, to the utter confusion of the three luminaries. How Silas Comberbatch could have gone through his cavalry training, and W. W. have spent nine-tenths of his life in the country, and neither of them have witnessed the harnessing or unharnessing of a horse, must remain a problem for our betters.

After a preliminary tour on the Wye, the three friends sailed from Yarmouth for Hamburg on the 16th of September 1798, and about the same time the volume of *Lyrical Ballads* was published. The reviewers spoke of it with great severity, and its progress from ridicule to oblivion appeared so certain to Cottle, that he sold the larger part of the impression at a loss to a London brother of the craft, who complained in his turn that he had made a bad bargain. Not long after the Bristol bibliopole retired from business, and disposed of his copyrights to Longman, who, telling him that the valuer had reckoned the *Lyrical Ballads* as *nothing*, the author, at Cottle's request, was complimented with the return of his property in the work. The failure was imputed by Wordsworth to the abuse of the critics and the introduction of the *Ancient Mariner*—long since allowed to have been the gem of the collection—which no one, he said, was able to comprehend. Southey, in a letter to William Taylor, calls it "the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity he ever saw," or we should have thought it impossible that any lover of poetry could have been for an instant insensible to the power of the descriptions, the beauty of the language, and the varied music of the verse, or, above all, to the intensity of human feeling which gives soul and purpose to the supernatural incidents. But Wordsworth was at least mistaken in his supposition that the weight of Coleridge's contribution to the cargo had sunk his own more buoyant ballads. The

subjects he selected, and his manner of treating them, had a full share in the unfavorable result, which nobody can now believe would have been different if the adventures of Peter Bell had been substituted for those of the *Ancient Mariner*.

The matter and manner of Wordsworth's verse were not suggested, as used to be asserted, by the ambition to found, at all hazards, a new school of poetry. It was the honest reflection of his natural feelings as they had been finally formed by the current of events. When he turned at intervals from the distractions of politics to rural wanderings, his mind, accustomed to excitement, required to be fed by stimulating scenes. He could not be satisfied, as formerly, with the ordinary exhibitions of sweet nature's grace. His enjoyment of lesser beauties was marred by his recollection of greater, and the same spot growing stale, he was in perpetual pursuit of novel prospects. The fermentation worked itself off, and in a quieter mood he regarded these cravings as half a sensual passion. He reflected that nature had made nothing in vain, that every object had its appropriate excellence—and concluded that, if the mind exerted its perceptions as perfectly as the eye, the most barren localities would be instinct with meaning. He went further still. Were there, in truth, any deficiency of inherent interest, it ought, he considered, to be supplied out of the artist's intellectual resources. The actual qualities were to be endowed with properties, or associated with circumstances, not strictly belonging to them, though such as would appear to be natural and in keeping. This, in his sense of the word, was the office of the imagination, the highest faculty of the poet, which, not servilely copying mere appearances, modifies and creates, and from the bare materials presented to observation compounds a picture which shall surpass the literal landscape. The notion he had imbibed of the latent capabilities of insignificant objects led him, in the true spirit of system, to select them in preference. Hence sprung some of the merits and many of the defects of his verse. He brought into prominence numerous neglected sources of delight, but—convinced that he possessed that poetic stone the touch of which would turn lead to gold—he not unfrequently adopted trivialities which it was beyond his alchemy to transmute.

It was not the inanimate part of creation alone which he subjected to his principle. At the period when he published the original

volume of Lyrical Ballads the world of humankind was predominant in his contemplations. Here again his choice of materials was directed by the action of circumstances upon himself. Independently of relations and friends, man for him, in his early youth, had little other interest than as a figure in the landscape. The picturesque appearance of the shepherds tending their flocks among his native hills invested them in his mind with exalted attributes, but what they were in actual life he saw, he says, little and cared less. The breaking out of the French Revolution led him to consider the brethren of his race in their social capacities. He expected to see the combatants emerge from the conflict hardly lower than the angels, and when they proved a profane and brutal herd he looked for that worth in the component parts which was wanting in the mass. On settling in the West of England his attention was turned to the villagers around him. It seemed to him improbable that what was best in humanity should be the prerogative of a favored few, and he examined how far the finer feelings were dulled by manual labor and vulgar wants. From daily intercourse with his neighbors he learnt that blunt manners were not incompatible with lively affections, and he lamented that books should mislead the higher classes into thinking that a rude outside was the symptom of a hardened heart. Then he resolved that he would stand forth the champion of the misconceived poor, that to their praise he would dedicate his muse, and endeavor to do them right in the eyes of the world. He fell into precisely the same mistake as before. Because much that deserved admiration had been too commonly overlooked, he went into the opposite error and demanded sympathy for the pettiest traits.

The staple of the author being to an unusual degree identical with that of his everyday observation and reflection as a man, it was upon the feelings themselves, more than upon the mode of expressing them, that he believed his poetry to depend. His aim was not to dazzle by ornate and pointed language, but to bring home the conceptions which filled his own heart to the hearts of others. He might consider that plain words would yield the clearest sense, that a homely style was best adapted for homely topics, and his preference for unadorned English might be increased by his disgust for the tawdry phraseology which was often a substitute for ideas. It was his fate, however, to carry every portion of his system to extremes, and not stopping at the point of strong and sim-

ple English he embraced in his vocabulary the feeblest forms of common talk.

The volume which first attracted the notice of the world to his name contained very few poems. Of these three or four were in Wordsworth's finest manner—about the same number partly good, partly puerile;—and the remainder belonging to a class all but universally condemned. The longest, and, perhaps with the exception of *Goody Blake and Harry Gill*, the absurd-est of the pieces, was *The Idiot Boy*, in which the design was 'to trace the maternal passion through many of its subtlest windings.' No one could have divined the author's purpose from the tale itself, and in his triumphant confidence in his theories he throughout selects the circumstances which are most remote from general sympathy. His model-mother is nearly as silly as the object of her solicitude;—the whole train of adventures are so mean and even grotesque, and the style and metre so grovelling, that the uninitiated might be pardoned for doubting whether he wrote in earnest or in jest. Nevertheless, when he sent a copy of the second edition of the Lyrical Ballads to Charles Fox, out of four pieces which the statesman selected for commendation, two were *Goody Blake* and *The Idiot Boy*. Cottle comes forward with a further testimonial in favor of the first of these rural romances. He read several of the ballads to some ladies at the house of Hannah More, to their 'great amusement,' which is not, to be sure, the emotion that Wordsworth meant to excite, and Hannah herself encored *Goody Blake*, lifting up her hands 'in smiling horror' at the imprecation upon *Harry Gill*,—'Oh, may he never more be warm!' Horror is in a hopeful way when it begins to smile, and we cannot help suspecting that the lively guest of Garrick retained enough of her old fun to divert herself with the simplicity of Wordsworth's rhymes as well as of Cottle's rapture.

The knowledge we now possess of the formation of the poet's opinions enables us in part to understand what beguiled him into stretching his system till it snapped—or at worst we may with Scott, express our surprise that he should sometimes 'choose to crawl upon all fours when God had given him a noble countenance to lift up to heaven'—but the preponderance of childish pieces must inevitably at the outset have reflected suspicion on the few happier accompaniments, lent support to the critics who broadly questioned his capacity, and in short sealed the fate of the publication.

At Hamburgh he had two or three interviews with Klopstock, and made notes of the conversation. Klopstock commended Wieland's *Oberon*, and Wordsworth objected that the interest was based upon the animal appetite instead of the mental passion of love. Klopstock replying that this was the way to please, Wordsworth rejoined that the province of a poet was to raise people up to his own level, and not to descend to theirs. It is the principle by which he always professed to be governed—and the early expression of it, before he was aware of the reception of his Lyrical Ballads, is a proof that it was not an after-thought to solace himself for neglect. It was Klopstock's turn to be critical upon English authors, and he complained of the Fool in Lear—which drew from Wordsworth the acute observation that 'he imparted a terrible wildness to the distress.' The 'German-Milton' rated highly the faculty of drawing tears, but his visitor maintained that nothing was easier, and that the meanest writers did it every day. In England—to say nothing of Germany—attention to this undeniable truth would prevent an immense amount of misplaced admiration. There are certain topics—death-bed scenes especially—which never fail to move, and the more morbid and melodramatic the description, the more the writer is praised for pathetic power.

From Hamburgh Coleridge proceeded to Ratzeburgh and the Wordsworths to Goslar, where they remained till the February of 1799. Their main object was to learn the language, but they chose their abiding city ill. There was no society, and their only opportunities of conversing were with the people of the house, whose casual talk was not very classic. They were both glad to make their way back to England in the spring, and went to pass a few weeks with some old friends at Sockburn-on-Tees. During his residence abroad, Wordsworth had continued the composition of minor pieces, and, according to his sister, hurt his health by over-activity of mind. Having exercised his wings in short preparatory flights, he now felt ambitious to hazard a wider sweep. He had a strong inclination to try an epic, but was beset by the usual difficulty—the choice of a subject—and not being able to hit upon any which united every advantage, he at length determined to take himself for his theme. He mistrusted his present capacity of composing worthily an invented narrative, and here he had only to tell what he had felt and done. *The Pre-*

lude was commenced in consequence in 1799, and completed in May 1805. This metrical autobiography—never published in full till after his death—is valuable because it preserves many facts and opinions which might otherwise have gone unrecorded; but the matter would have been much better said than sung. In such a scheme there must inevitably be a compromise between poetry and prose, which ends in something that is neither. Completeness and perspicuity must bend on the one hand to the constraint of verse, and a concession must be made on the other of many of the elegances of verse to the commonplaces of life. There are a few poetical passages in *The Prelude*, and many poetical lines and expressions, but, upon the whole, it is bald and cumbrous as a poem, and as a narrative it frequently tantalizes by its generalities and perplexes by its obscurity. Upon the artistical execution of his blank verse Wordsworth bestowed unusual pains. He had elaborate ideas of regulating the pauses and cadences of every line for some special effect of harmony and emphasis, and he was equally solicitous that there should be a linked sweetness in the general movement of the paragraph. Yet, strange to say, none of our great poets have in the main written that arduous measure with less felicity. With him it has ordinarily neither majesty nor freedom—neither a full swell nor a mellifluous flow—but there is very often a painful harshness, and almost always a flimsiness of structure, which yields a flat and meagre sound. Many parts of *The Prelude* consist of bare prose cut up into lengths. Nearly the same—in spite of whatever exceptional felicities—may indeed be said of almost all who have encountered the difficulties of our blank verse. Can it be asserted that any besides Shakspeare and Milton—in their widely different uses of it—have entirely triumphed?

In September, 1799, Coleridge and Wordsworth made a tour through Cumberland and Westmoreland, and were specially enchanted with Grasmere. A cottage was vacant in that lovely vale:—it had previously been a public-house, with the sign of The Dove and Olive Bough—Wordsworth hired it—and there he and his sister found rest for the soles of their feet on the 21st of December. When they went to reside they performed most of the journey from Sockburn on foot, and one day accomplished twenty miles over uneven roads frozen into rocks, in the teeth of a keen wind and a driving snow. Once only they got a lift in an empty cart, but

their spirits were as high as the thermometer was low, and Shakspeare tells us that a merry heart can go all the day. They lived at Grasmere in the same simplicity with which they travelled there. When the poet's circumstances were more flourishing his establishment is described as having the air of a comfortable vicarage; at Grasmere it must have been more in the style of the curate. In later life the day began and closed with prayers; and after breakfast the family read the lessons and psalms. They assembled at eight in the morning, dined at two, and drank tea at seven. In every essential respect his habits continued unchanged from his prime to his decline; and the portrait of one period will serve for all. The saying of the great and good Lord Falkland that a house was only for shelter from the rain was improved on by the Wordsworths, who braved all weathers to indulge their love of nature. The poet was not a saunterer, but used on all occasions—sometimes to the dismay of attendant admirers—that bold and sturdy step, in which native vigor and abundant practice had made him indomitable. One day he was showing an Eastern traveller the beauties of the country at a time when the torrents were swollen with rain. "I hope," said he, "you like your companions—these bounding, joyous, foaming streams." "No," replied the pompous guest; "I think they are not to be compared in delightful effect with the silent solitude of the Arabian Desert." The lover of the lakes was indignant at the slight, and resolved to be revenged on the bigoted Orientalist, who to his misfortune was dressed in boots and a thick greatcoat. "I am sorry you don't like this," rejoined W. W.; "perhaps I can show you what will please you more;" and with these words he strode away from crag to vale, from vale to crag, for six consecutive hours, till the vaunting wanderer over the Desert was reduced to perfect submission of body and mind. "I thought," said his host, "I should have had to carry him home."

In his rambles Wordsworth contracted an extensive acquaintance with yeomen and peasants, and mingled much in what he expressively calls their "*slow* and familiar chat." Mr. Justice Coleridge, whose reminiscences are the most valuable portion of the Memoirs, says that it was impossible to go a mile in his company without observing his affectionate interest in simple natures; with what easy, hearty kindness he addressed all he met; and how full was their demean-

or towards him of cordiality and respect, of love and honor. His particular delight was to detect traits in the poor which denoted sensibility of heart. "I like," said a shepherd to him, as they went along the bank of a murmuring stream, "I like to walk where I can hear the sound of a beck." "I cannot but think," comments Wordsworth, always eager to give a worthy sentiment its widest scope, "that this man has had many devout feelings connected with the appearances which have presented themselves to him in his employment, and that the pleasure of his heart at that moment was an acceptable offering to the Divine Being." Mr. Justice Coleridge was with him when they met a humble neighbor with a string of trout, which Wordsworth wished to buy. "Nay," replied the man, "I cannot sell them; the little children at home look for them for supper, and I can't disappoint them;"—an answer which charmed the poet. The juniors had an abundant share of his attention. Mr. Robinson observed him at the Amphitheatre of Nismes absorbed in the least imposing part of the prospect. They were two young children playing with flowers which had captivated his eye, and his fellow-traveller overheard him murmuring, "Oh, you darlings! how I wish I could put you in my pocket and carry you to Rydal Mount!"

It was in the open air that he found the materials for his poems, and it was, he says, in the open air that nine-tenths of them were shaped. A stranger asked permission of the servant at Rydal to see the study. "This," said she, as she showed the room, "is my master's library where he keeps his books, but his study is out of doors." The poor neighbors, on catching the sound of his humming in the act of verse-making after some prolonged absence, were wont to exclaim, "There he is; we are glad to hear him *booming* about again." From the time of his settlement at Grasmere he had a physical infirmity which prevented his composing pen in hand. Before he had been five minutes at the desk his chest became oppressed, and a perspiration started out over his whole body; to which was added, in subsequent years, incessant liability to inflammation in his eyes. Thus, when he had inwardly digested as many lines as his memory could carry, he had usually recourse to some of the inmates of his house to commit them to paper.

The misfortunes which hindered his writing must have been a check upon reading—but in truth he had not the inclination to be a "*helluo librorum*." He cared for no modern

works except travels and records of fact, and he wrote to Archdeacon Wrangham, in 1819, that he had not spent five shillings on new publications in as many years. Even of old books his circumstances allowed him to buy but few—and yet, “small and paltry,” he adds, “as is my collection, I have not read a fifth of it.” Dr. Johnson himself was hardly more careless in his mode of handling a volume:—the neat and careful Southey compared Wordsworth in a library to a bear in a tulip-garden. The Elizabethan dramas were, with a few selected poets, his principal favorites, and what he read at all was perused with thoughtful deliberation. His sister, without any of the airs of learned ladies, had a refined perception of the beauties of literature, and her glowing sympathy and delicate comments cast new light upon the most luminous page. Wordsworth always acknowledged that it was from her and Coleridge that his otherwise very independent intellect had derived the greatest assistance.

Nature, he held, had gifted him with qualifications for two other callings besides that of a poet—landscape gardening and criticism on works of art. His ear was not musical, and smell he may be said to have had none whatever—in both which deficiencies he resembled Scott—but his eye, in compensation, was endowed with the acutest sense of form and color, to which he owed much of his boundless gratification in the ever-varying hues and outlines of nature. He had not only a sensitive feeling for the beautiful, but he knew by what combination of circumstances the beauty was produced. It is a necessary inference that he should pay particular attention to the arrangement of his garden, and that he should be successful in his efforts. The anxiety of his gardener that the grass should be of a shade to harmonize with the shrubs is pleasantly recorded by Sir John Coleridge.—“James and I are in a puzzle here,” said the poet to the judge. “The grass has spots which offend the eye, and I told him we must cover them with soap-lees. That, he says, will make the green there darker than the rest. Then, said I, we must cover the whole. That, he objects, will not do with reference to the adjoining lawn. Cover that, I said; to which he replies, You will have an unpleasant contrast with the surrounding foliage.”—How much the tasteful James was indebted to his instructor may be guessed by the sentence pronounced by a rustic of the class from which he sprung, upon the beautiful mosses, lichens, and ferns which ornamented the rim

of the well at Rydal. “What a nice well that would be,” he said to Wordsworth in person, “if all that *rubbish* was cleared away!”

Walking, reading, and gardening were the recreations of life at the Dove and Olive Bough. The business was to write poetry, and Wordsworth immediately commenced preparing a new volume of Lyrical Ballads, to be joined to a second edition of the first. He has related that all his pieces were founded upon fact, and it is now apparent from the published fragments of his sister's journal that it was she who supplied him with many of his materials—often, indeed, with merely hints which owed their value to his own embellishment, but sometimes, also, with everything except the rhyme. She was a poet by nature, though she wrote her poetry in prose. Wordsworth's pretty stanzas on the Daffodils are only an enfeebled paraphrase of a magical entry in her journal:—“There was a long belt of daffodils close to the water-side. They grew among the mossy stones about them: some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily *laughed* with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing.” Few poets ever lived who could have written a description so simple and original, so vivid and picturesque. Her words are scenes, and something more.

“Fairer than life itself in thy sweet book
Are cowslip bank and shady willow-tree.”

The enlarged edition of the Ballads was published in 1800. Thirty-seven pieces were added to the twenty he contributed to the original collection, and the supplement materially increased the proportion of good to bad. The doubtful lyrics were few and brief, and the humblest in a higher strain than Goody Blake and The Idiot Boy. In their new form they had no contemptible sale, for without lowering the price, as before, to effect a clearance, there was a reprint in 1802 and another in 1805, and Jeffrey speaks of them in the Edinburgh Review of October, 1807, as having been “unquestionably popular.” The author sent a copy to Mr. Fox, with a complimentary letter, in which he told him that if, since his entrance into public life, there had existed a single true poet in England, that poet must have loved him for his sensibility of heart. The true poet in the present instance still continued to be a true Whig, and the sympathy was much more political than poetic. *Michael*

and *The Brothers*, which were written "to show that men can feel deeply who do not wear fine clothes," he particularly recommended to the notice of the statesman, because they had a bearing upon the legislative measures for the relief of the poor. Mr. Fox replied briefly that he had read the poems with the greatest pleasure, but that, disliking blank verse for subjects which are treated with simplicity, *The Brothers* and *Michael* had failed to impress him. A more favorable judgment might have been expected from that sensibility of heart which Wordsworth justly ascribed to him, for both the pieces are extremely touching. A striking novelty in the book was the celebrated preface in which the author laid down his poetical creed. The theories he advanced were not altogether the cause of his practice, but had been devised in part to meet the objections of his critics. The effect was by no means answerable to the design. Even where the poems found favor the principles were repudiated.

The year 1802 was an eventful one to the poet. The stubborn old Lord of Lowther Castle was summoned by a creditor who takes no denial, and the kinsman on whom the estates devolved was conspicuous for every virtue and grace of character which had been wanting in his predecessor. He immediately paid the Wordsworths the original debt of 5000*l.* and 3500*l.* more for interest. There were five children, and the two shares which went to "*The Dove and Olive Bough*" enabled the poet to add, among other domestic comforts, the chiefest of all—an excellent wife. He was married at Brompton, October 4, 1802, to Mary Hutchinson, whom he had known from childhood, for they had learnt to spell together at a dame's school at Penrith. "*Wedlock,*" says Jeremy Taylor, "*hath greater joys and greater sorrows,*" but no marriage could have had more of the first greater, or less of the second.

In the following year he made three notable friendships—with Walter Scott, whom he met in the course of a tour through Scotland; with Southey who was residing with Coleridge at Keswick; and with Sir George Beaumont, who had also fallen in Coleridge's way. The great colloquial orator had set forth with his utmost zeal the high qualities of his friend at Grasmere, and the ardent sympathy, personal and poetical, which existed between them. The glowing picture moved the amiable Baronet before he had seen Wordsworth to purchase him a site for a house in a romantic spot on the confines of

Keswick. It was his ardent desire, he wrote to the stranger, to bring him and Coleridge together, conceiving that their intellectual enjoyments would be invigorated by interchange, and both stimulated to increased exertion. Wordsworth's gratitude was great, but for two months he kept it to himself, without one word of acknowledgment to the donor, content, he says, to "breathe forth solitary thanksgivings." The trait is curiously characteristic. The excess of kindness which would have moved most men to give vent on the instant to the gushing and unstudied impulses of their hearts, was by him considered a reason for performing the duty with elaborate care in "his best, purest, and happiest moments." The mental labor with which he composed a letter, and the physical difficulty with which he wrote it, continued the procrastination, till it grew painful to himself and puzzling to his benefactor. The main design proved abortive, for Coleridge soon went abroad again in search of health, and Wordsworth's money was disposed in ways which made it inconvenient for him to build—but a lasting intimacy with the Beaumonts was the consequence. Besides the bond of worth and intelligence, the poet and painter had a thorough appreciation of each other's art, and a common enthusiasm for landscape gardening and scenery. Wordsworth used to say that unless poverty had prevented it he should have been a ceaseless Rambler. When he had settled down into domestic life, to travel continued to be his principal luxury, and at the death of the gentle and accomplished Sir George, in 1827, he bequeathed his friend an annuity of 100*l.* to enable him to indulge in a yearly tour.

The first serious sorrow which fell upon the circle at Grasmere was the shipwreck in 1805 of Wordsworth's brother John, a captain in the East India Company's naval service. The brothers had only seen each other by glimpses since they were at school together at Hawkshead till they met in the Cumberland and Westmoreland tour of 1799, and then the genius of the Lakes was delighted to find in the navigator of the seas a person whose taste for scenery and poetry was not less acute and refined than his own. "*Your brother John,*" wrote Coleridge to Miss Wordsworth, "*is one of you—a man who hath solitary usings of his own intellect, deep in feeling, with a subtle tact, and swift instinct of truth and beauty.*" He had none of the vices, not even the manners, of his profession, but was meek, shy, and

meditative, and went among his crew by the name of 'The Philosopher.' John admired what William had written, and was thoroughly persuaded that, notwithstanding the clouds which obscured his rising, he was destined to shine among the stars of song. He did not expect his brother's poems to become rapidly popular. He said they required frequent perusal to be fully appreciated, and that the majority of readers were too little interested to look at them twice, but that people of sense would be gradually won, and the thinking few would carry the unthinking many in their train. The Captain's ambition, meanwhile, was to complete what Raisley Calvert had begun, and secure a more bountiful independence for his brother and sister. He would work for *them*, he said, and William should work for the world. With these hopes he made a voyage in 1801, and returned poorer than he went. He tried his luck once more in 1803, and fortune again withheld her favor. In 1805 he sailed for the third time, carrying with him his share of his father's property and 1200*l.* belonging to William and Dorothy, which, if his speculation had been prosperous, would have realized sufficient to put them all at ease. He had a dread of pilots, and used to say that it was a joyful hour when he got rid of them. The catastrophe justified his mistrust. It was an incompetent pilot that ran his ship, the *Abergavenny*, on the shambles of the Bill of Portland, and, though she was got off, she filled with water and sank while they were trying to run her upon Weymouth sands. The Captain, who had remained cool and cheerful to the last, perished with the larger part of the crew. 'A dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortunes of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck.*' The news reached them when they were conjecturing that the vessel must have touched Madeira, and nothing could exceed the bitterness of their grief. The poet, in his letters, exhausted panegyric on the affectionate sailor, and makes it the climax of his praise that he was worthy to be the brother of Dorothy and the friend of Coleridge.

In 1807 Wordsworth published two new volumes, which contained the *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, and many more of his choicest pieces. Here appeared his

first sonnets, and several of them are still ranked among his happiest efforts in that department. He had long admired the sonnets of Milton, but, when his sister read them to him one afternoon, in 1801, he was so profoundly impressed with their dignified simplicity and majestic harmony, that he immediately tried to imitate the soul-animating strains. He held in regard to matter that the excellence of the sonnet consisted in a pervading unity of sense, and in regard to metre that it should have something of the combined effect of rhyme and blank verse—an admirable description, which would enable many to enjoy this species of poetry who are balked from a false expectation of epigrammatic point and a more marked confluence of similar sounds. Intermingled with the wheat were a few tares, such as the unfortunate *Alice Fell* and the lines to *Wilkinson's Spade*—but altogether it will not now be denied that the volumes were equal, if not superior, to their predecessors. Jeffrey, however, maintained that they were miserably inferior, and his Article put an absolute stop to the sale. The paper which worked this sad effect is not an elaborate production. There is little disquisition, and no wicked wit. The censor spoke of the poems with brief and quiet contempt, and left it to the extracts he subjoined to justify his words. How came it, then, that a man of genius could be felled by so faint a blow? Undoubtedly because he persisted in putting forth pieces which were quite unworthy of him, and which, when brought together in a few pages by a dexterous journalist, were sufficient to convince the lazy public that the man who wrote so badly could by no possibility write well. The lances of the critics would have been but straws if he had not perversely doffed his helmet for the barber's bason. As Jeffrey's own judgment was not based upon a partial knowledge of the volumes, contrariety of taste can alone explain the heartiness of his condemnation and the coldness of his praise. In several cases he has set his heel upon a flower. He calls *Yarrow Unvisited*, for instance, 'a very tedious affected performance, of which the drift is that the poet refused to visit this celebrated stream, because he had a vision of his own about it which the reality might undo.' Jeffrey was, as well as Wordsworth, a lover of nature, though he looked upon the world with a less imaginative eye, and he might have been expected to sympathize with a sentiment which, in some form or other, must have been felt by everybody,

* Jeremy Taylor.

and which was never so sweetly expressed before :—

‘ For when we’re there, although ’tis fair,
 ’Twill be another Yarrow.’

The insensibility shown to his poetry led Wordsworth to extol the advantages of a catholic taste. He objected to his detractors that they had never had the patience to enter into the spirit of his works, and he was even intolerant of admirers who took exception to the barren spots in the prospect. Such was his demand upon the perceptions of others, that, when himself and Sir George Beaumont were watching the unsavory undulations of smoke from a blown-out tallow candle, he thought it indicated a defect of imagination in Crabbe that he put on the extinguisher. Unhappily for the romance of the sight, the sense of smell which nature had denied to Wordsworth was entire in his brother bard. But the universality of taste which the Lake poet preached he was the last to practise. He had deprived himself of all right to complain, for his harshest reviewer did him more justice than he was wont to deal out to his greatest contemporaries. His mind was not merely dead to their beauties and alive to their faults, but he sometimes indulged in an extravagance of censure which had no foundation whatsoever. He respected the decrees of that posterity to which he was accustomed to appeal no more than the judgments of the passing day. Posterity has ranked Gray among our happiest poets, and Wordsworth denied that he was a poet at all. He once related that he had never felt envy but twice—when a fellow-student at Cambridge got before him in Italian, and when he tripped up the heels of his brother to prevent his winning a race. Some little jealousy of the poets who ran, or were esteemed to run, better than himself, might have operated unknowingly in after-life; but the principal cause of the rash opinions he pronounced was the very narrowness of taste which he charged upon his critics. Verse which stirred the most cultivated minds like the sound of a trumpet found no echo in his, because he was bound up in the thralldom of a system—that is, in the eternal contemplation of his own theories as exemplified in his own performances. When he quotes two or three lines from his poem on the Wye, to show their superiority to the celebrated passage of Lord Byron on Solitude, he adds, that he does it for the sake of truth, and not from the disgusting motive of commending himself at the ex-

pense of a rival genius. He was sincere in his disclaimer; but nothing can evince so strongly the evil consequences of brooding too exclusively over his own sweet notes as that he should have come to the conclusion that these complacent comparisons were identical with the sacred cause of truth. The lofty station that he claimed among poets, and the low place he assigned to others whom the public had bid to go up higher, were notorious in every literary circle, and did him no good among the northern fraternity.

A second principle which he enforced and violated was, that nobody’s opinion upon a work could be so valuable as an author’s own, because *he* is sure to have pondered it with a hundred times the care of any one else. If the rule was just, what became of his dogmatic denial of the excellence of many of his fellow-poets? By his own confession he was an incompetent judge, and ought to have submissively received the law he presumed to give. But a doctrine more belied by daily experience was never delivered. Pope says that genius is claimed by every mother for her booby son, and whole troops of boobies claim it for themselves. Nay, our very Miltons, who could hardly over-estimate the sublimity of their genius, form the falsest estimate of the relative value of their works, and put *Paradise Regained* above *Paradise Lost*. The excess of meditation which an author bestows upon his productions is vitiated by an ingredient which Wordsworth ignores—an equal excess of self-love, which converts blots into beauties. He might, in his own particular case, have profited by the critics to whom he turned a deaf ear, for the faults they branded were in general real, and the mistake was in overlooking the merits which redeemed them.

On the appearance of the volumes of 1807 Lady Beaumont wrote expressing her anxiety for their success. Wordsworth replied that she must moderate her expectations, for the generation was stiff-necked, and would never bow down before him. London wits and party-goers led, he assured her, too heartless an existence to have any love for nature, human or inanimate, and even the kindly portion of the world had allowed that imagination to droop and die, without which he could not be tasted or even comprehended. It was the young he hoped to influence—to teach them the worthy use of their faculties, and make them feel the power of a universe upon which the majority looked with languid eyes. He believed that it was the spirit of his

poetry to calm them in affliction, and to put life into their happiness—to add sunshine to daylight, and to show them that there were stars for the night. His hopes and his ambition have not been disappointed; and it is pleasant to observe that the more popular he became the humbler he grew. In a letter of 1839 he speaks with abated assurance of the destiny of his works, and says that, standing on the brink of the vast ocean he was about to cross, it troubled him little how long he should remain in sight of the multitude who were left behind upon the shore. The reaction of conscious power against the undue attempt to keep it down is some apology for self-exaltation—and the general recognition of his genius, coupled with the effects of age in dimming the vanities of life, could not be lost upon so good and great a man.

Wordsworth's next publication was in prose. His indignation rose at the grasping tyranny of Napoleon, and in May, 1809, he put forth a pamphlet against the Convention (misnamed) of Cintra, in which he delivered at large his opinions on the war. The sentiments were spirit-stirring, but the manner of conveying them was the reverse, and his protest passed unheeded. It was an article of his literary creed, that all good poets, without a single exception, write good prose,—but he has himself broken in upon the uniformity of the rule. The phraseology of his sentences is heavy and frigid; the construction involved; and, though he grudges not space, the loose and circumlocutory diction constantly leaves his meaning dark. But what was least to be expected, there is a poverty of thought even upon subjects which he thoroughly understood. An epistle or rather dissertation, in the *Memoirs*, addressed to Sir George Beaumont, upon laying out grounds, is nothing more than a pompous paraphrase of a single dictum of Coleridge—and a very large share of the correspondence is of the same forbidding description. There are, indeed, specimens of a far different kind. An early letter to his sister, for example, during the tour with Jones, contains some charmingly fresh descriptions of scenery—and the letter to Scott upon Dryden—which is not the least in his usual manner—is admirable altogether. Southey imputed his want of perspicuity to his habit of dictating and his enthusiasm for Milton's stately prose. Wordsworth ascribed it himself to his little practice in the art. He confessed that he had a lack of words, or, to speak more correctly, of the *right* words, and a deficiency

of skill in the arrangement of them, which he thought use would remove. The admiration of Milton may account for the cumbrousness, and the want of practice for the awkwardness of his style, but neither will explain why a teeming mind should have shown upon paper such sterility of ideas.

By the birth of three children the circle had outgrown the accommodations of The Dove and Olive Bough, and in the spring of 1808 the family shifted to Allan Bank, a newly-built house, with inveterately smoky chimneys. From this misery they were delivered by the determination of the proprietor to enjoy his own smoke, and the Wordsworths removed in 1811 to Grasmere Parsonage. Here, however, in the following year, two of the children died—and the parents became anxious to escape from a place where every object reminded them of their loss. In the spring of 1813 they quitted the vale of Grasmere, and found their final establishment at Rydal Mount—a modest but most comfortable residence, the usual jointure-house, we believe, of the Le Fleming family, an ancient line of baronets, whose principal seat and its fine old woods stand hard by. The view from the terrace is most beautiful—including not only the small lake of Rydal but part of Windermere: and the grounds and gardens were by degrees most skilfully embellished under the poet's direction.

A piece of rare prosperity came to cheer him in his new abode. On the 27th of March he was made 'distributor of stamps' for the county of Westmoreland, an office which produced between five and six hundred a-year. He owed the appointment to the interest of Lord Lonsdale, whom he gratefully acknowledged to have been 'the best benefactor of himself and his children.' That excellent nobleman had previously offered to purchase for him a small property at Ulleswater, which he desired to possess. The estate was to be sold for a thousand pounds, which being two hundred more than Wordsworth thought it prudent to give, he allowed Lord Lonsdale to pay this portion of the cost, though he declined to avail himself, to the full extent, of his patron's munificence. The Poet ever after took great delight in carrying friends from a distance to spend a holiday with him at his own little outlying domain of Patterdale, where the farmer's cottage, if we recollect rightly, bore also some ensign of public hospitality, though certainly neither the Wordsworth Arms nor the Wordsworth Head.

The Canon of Westminster has a theory to explain why the period of sojourn at Allan Bank was not prolific in verse. The family went in before the workmen were out, and the biographer conjectures that his uncle's repose was disturbed by the noise of hammers and saws. The workmen must soon have departed, but the smoke remained, and that, we are told, nearly extinguished his imagination for the remainder of the term. There is an objection to the theory which its ingenious parent has overlooked. These three years were so far from being unproductive, that they were among the most important and laborious of his uncle's life, for it was then that *The Excursion* was chiefly composed. It was not committed to the press till the summer of 1814, and, as the poet predicted, its progress to notice was slow. His nephew says that Jeffrey 'boasted he had crushed it.' Jeffrey was never the noodle to expose himself by such a vaunt. It was the Ettrick Shepherd who called the article, in a letter to Southey, 'a crushing review,' and Southey retorted — 'Jeffrey crush *The Excursion*! Tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw.' On this grave affair both Southey's Correspondence and the Autobiographical Preface to Roderick are in direct contradiction to the Canon's statement. The poet, on his part, was not slow to boast in the opposite direction. 'I am delighted,' he wrote, 'to learn that the Edinburgh Aristarch has declared against *The Excursion*, as he will have the mortification of seeing a book enjoy a high reputation to which he has not contributed.' The author has proved a better prophet than his critic, but it is impossible to gainsay many of the remarks which followed the redoubtable Editor's inimitable proclamation—'*This will never do!*' The *Excursion* was designed for the second part of a philosophical poem upon 'Man, Nature, and Society'—and for any philosophical purpose is altogether a failure. Many difficulties are propounded, and many answers given, but in a style as verbosely mystical as the ideas are shadowy. Much of the obscurity is produced by the endeavor to discover in the book of God's works what is only to be found in the book of his Word. Wordsworth's apology late in life was, that, fearing he might err in articles of faith, he had purposely confined himself to inferior influences. Any one who reads *The Excursion* deliberately must feel that the defence is insufficient. There was no call to descant upon disputed doctrines, but there is many a page in which some allusion to the recog-

nized truths of Christianity was demanded by the subject, and where the substitution of unsatisfactory, and often fanciful, inferences from Nature is like shutting out the sun to grope in darkness. Wordsworth was an earnest member of the Church of England; and though doubtless his religious impressions deepened with age, the omissions in *The Excursion* were not the consequence of a defective creed. They resulted from the circumstance that he had taken profound and original views of the visible world, and his peculiar system had assumed an importance in his mind beyond what belonged to it in relation to universal truth. The incongruity of putting the philosophy of the poem into the mouth of a Pedler arose from his rigid adherence to another part of his scheme—the desire to exhibit tenderness of heart and loftiness of thought in classes where they were supposed to exist in a very diminished degree. In vindication of his choice of a hero, he has related that he made him what he conceived he should have been himself if it had pleased God to place him in that state of life. The public could not be expected to follow him in his uncertain conjectures of the kind of Person he might have become if his birth, education, and employment had been totally different, nor would critics be disposed to agree with him that, with all these diversities of circumstances, Wordsworth the Pedler would still have been Wordsworth the Poet.

In spite of the cloudy and unsubstantial philosophy, and its unsuitability to the condition of the principal speaker, in spite too of long and frequent paragraphs of dreary prosing, *The Excursion* was yet a noble addition to the English Library. It owes its now universal recognition as such to the beauty of the pictures of rustic life and rural scenes with their exquisite accompaniment of natural feeling. The story of *Margaret*—originally an independent piece, composed at Racedown and Alfoxden—is the most pathetic of his productions, and the one which displays the greatest knowledge of the human heart. *The Church-yard in the Mountains* is another admirable poem in itself; and, besides the numerous passages of sustained excellence, there are atoning lines and images in the dullest portions of the work.

In the following year (1815) appeared *The White Doe of Rylatone*. In conception the author considered that it held the highest place among his poems. "Everything," he said, "attempted by the principal personages failed in its material effects and suc-

ceeded in its mental." The idea is good; but, as was common with him, it is faintly brought out. A second feature upon which he prided himself was, that he had represented objects as deriving their influence not from properties which really belonged to them, but from qualities which the imagination of the human agents bestowed. His manner of applying this favorite maxim is, to our thinking, a capital defect in the poem. The main purpose of the narrative is to show how Emily acquired passive fortitude after the violent death of her father and brothers. Nothing brings relief till the White Doe fawns upon her with a kind of loving intelligence. To be soothed by such an incident is according to nature, but to represent it as effectually restoring an agonized spirit, which had resisted the healing power of religion and time, is to subordinate fancy to reason—the visionary to the real—in a degree which can win no sympathy from those who wish to build their consolation for the trials of life upon a *solid* foundation. Another merit which the author claimed for his poem was, that it "began and ended with pure and lofty imagination"—the starting instance being the visits which the Doe pays every Sabbath to the grave of Emily, and the concluding example the apotheosis of the animal. This seems to us not imaginaiton but extravagance. It has no support from even the superstitions of mankind; it shows no richness of invention, and has no allegorical import. The very objection is that it *fails* to enlist the imagination, while it shocks our belief. In execution the first canto is, on the whole, very beautiful. There is a gentle music in much of the verse, a holy calm in the tone, a witchery in the local descriptions, which diffuse over the mind the full spirit of the sacred, soft, and sunny scene. The transition to the military narrative in the second canto shows the limit of his powers. Less interesting incidents, more tamely told, could nowhere be found. Representations for which a meditative and didactic manner was suited were his only province—energy of character and hurry of action were beyond his compass. The poet in the sequel acknowledged that he thought there was a "feebleness in the versification." The opening canto is not amenable to the censure, but the rhythm and composition both degenerate in those which follow.

In training his eldest son for college, Wordsworth was led about this time into a careful perusal of several Latin poets, which further enticed him into translating a part of

the *Æneid* in rhyme. He had read Ovid's *Metamorphoses* at school, and used to be in a passion when he found him placed below Virgil, but after he had studied the Mantuan he became one of his steadiest worshippers. He pronounced him the greatest master of language that ever existed; and extolled his lofty moral tone and frequent strokes of tenderness and imagination. Wordsworth's performance was read in MS. by Coleridge, who told him frankly that, though no original writer since Milton had produced happier lines, his version of the *Æneid* contained page upon page without one brilliant stroke. A specimen appeared in 1832 in the Philological Museum, and nothing could well be more stiff and prosaic. Wordsworth had resolved upon a verbal translation, and he ultimately agreed with Coleridge that he had wasted his time on an impracticable task. Many a Virgilian beauty of phrase had no equivalent in our tongue; and unless an English flower was engrafted in its stead, the stem was left bare. Horace was with our poet the greatest favorite of all, and he understood him too well to attempt to naturalize him. There is no possibility of disembodiment thoughts which are inextricably bound up with his own easy and graceful idioms.

Peter Bell was published in 1819—and received with a shout of ridicule. The hierophant had neglected no precaution to provoke the sneers of the profane. He stated in the Dedication that the work had been completed twenty years, and that he had continued correcting it in the interval to render it worthy of a permanent place in our national literature. An announcement so well calculated to awaken the highest expectation was followed by a Prologue more puerile than anything which ever proceeded from a man with a fiftieth part of his powers. The groundwork of the story—that of a lawless rover, conscience-stricken and ultimately reformed by a series of startling and affecting circumstances occurring at night—is not in itself unpoetic;—but in the management of the theme the author repeated the error which pervades *The Idiot Boy*. The work is meant to be serious, and is certainly not facetious, but there is so much farcical absurdity of detail and language that the mind is revolted; and though some isolated stanzas are exquisite, *Peter Bell* as a whole is given up by all except the few idolaters who maintain the inspiration of every word which proceeded from their poet's pen. *The Waggoner* came close upon the heels of *Peter*, and put another weapon into the hands of the

enemy. Wordsworth said, apologetically, that his object in it had been misunderstood—that it was a play of the fancy on a domestic incident and a lowly character. Whatever might be the design, the fact remains unalterable—that it is almost exclusively a collection of trivial circumstances very diffusely and feebly related. It has nothing to support it—not weight of sentiment, or elegance of expression, or harmony of numbers.

The stream of life flowed on with the poet in its usual tranquil course, diversified by occasional visits to London, tours at home and abroad, and the publication from time to time of a budget of poems. In the later volumes he has eschewed the class of effusions which on earlier occasions exposed him to ridicule, but on the other hand the pieces of distinguished excellence are not so numerous as before. With politics he meddled little except in periods of extraordinary excitement. His sentiments, however, like Southey's, had gradually settled down into steady Conservatism in Church and State. He was firmly opposed to Roman Catholic Emancipation—from the conviction that all the freedom given to papists would be employed in forging chains for their liberators. He was equally earnest in his hostility to the Reform Bill. He believed that if such a measure were once adopted on the proposition of a Cabinet, no succeeding Cabinets, assuming to represent whatever parties in the State, could avoid proceeding in such a course of practical concession to the Democracy as must finally be fatal for the Church, and consequently the Monarchy. He felt for the lower orders with no less ardor of benevolence than in the days of the French Revolution, but he had ceased to look for a wisdom in multitudes which was not to be found in the units. Like Southey, ever a strenuous advocate for popular education, he was also among the earliest to proclaim that moral training was of more importance than any other—and that those would be disappointed who expected reading and writing to produce a golden age. The persons who suppose that a little instruction will have potent effects in removing the vices of the poor should inquire how far it has eradicated their own.

Wordsworth's whole returns from his literary labors up to 1819 had not amounted to 140*l.*; and he remarks even in 1829 that he had worked hard through a long life for less pecuniary emolument than a public performer gets for two or three songs. But there is a tide in the affairs of poets, and it was between 1830 and 1840 that the flood which

flooded him into favor rose to its height. Scott and Byron had in succession entranced the world. They had now withdrawn—and no third king arose to demand recognition. It was in the lull which ensued that the less thrilling notes of the Lake bard obtained a hearing. His adherents were a small but able and zealous band, and they advocated his merits in many eloquent contributions to critical journals that now questioned and rivalled the authority of the *Edinburgh Review*. When the public atones for neglect, it commonly, like good Lord Lonsdale, pays off principal and interest; and though Wordsworth's works have never become popular in the widest sense of the word, he met at last with a larger allowance of praise than if he had never been unduly depreciated. Honors gathered round him thick in his old age. In 1839 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws amid the enthusiastic plaudits of an unusually crowded Theatre. In 1842 he was permitted to resign his Stamp Distributorship in favor of his second son, William, and two months afterwards Sir Robert Peel conferred upon him one of the few pensions conceded to the claims of literature. The next year the same minister (who always when he visited London showed him the kindest attention in Whitehall Gardens) informed him that he had been selected for the Laureateship, vacated by the death of Southey, 'as a tribute due to the first of living poets.' On coming to town upon this occasion he had the honor to be received in a very distinguished manner by her Majesty. Being invited to a Court Ball, the perfect, manly tranquillity of his demeanor in the to him novel equipments of sword, bag-wig, &c., was observed with surprise by many who had been accustomed to smile over the old jocularities about philosophical pedlars and penitential smugglers.

While everything prospered without, evening was casting some of its long shadows over his happy home. His admirable sister became in 1832 a confirmed invalid, and he could never mention her afterwards without a change in his voice, which assumed a gentle and solemn tone. Her loving-kindness in health had known no bounds, and the sympathy she had ever felt for the sorrows of others was now rivalled by the patience with which she bore her own. The poet's only surviving daughter, Dora, was married in 1841 to an amiable and accomplished gentleman, Mr. Edward Quillinan; and her account of a little tour in Portugal with him showed the public that she had inherit-

ed no trivial measure of her aunt's tastes and talents. But here too the knell was not deep in the distance. She died in 1847, and her father wrote that the loss was inestimable, and the sorrow for life.*

That honorable life was not itself to be much longer protracted. On the 7th of April, 1850, Wordsworth attained his eightieth year. He had been attacked a few days before with inflammation of the chest. The acute symptoms gave way to medical treatment, but, unable to rally from the shock, he was now quietly sinking from the after weakness. On the 20th he was asked by his eldest son (the Rev. John Wordsworth) if he would receive the sacrament, and he replied 'that is just what I want.' Two days later his notice was attracted by the noise of his niece drawing aside his curtain, and he inquired 'Is that Dora?' His memory was receding into its ancient strongholds, and it was amid the visionary reproduction of his happiest hours that he was about to pass into a world where his dream would be more than realized. He expired almost imperceptibly at 12 o'clock on the 23rd of April, and on the 27th he was buried by the side of his children in Grasmere churchyard. From his earliest youth he had never written one solitary line which could jar upon the mind if remembered at his grave.

Wordsworth was about five feet ten inches in height. His figure was not imposing, but his countenance had a strikingly intellectual expression. It did not, as frequently happens, derive this character from the eyes, for they were wanting in lustre—in fact, through life more or less diseased. His cheeks, moreover, hung loose, his chin was both small and retreating, and his mouth was neither handsome, nor, strange to say, in any degree suggestive of the refined qualities that belonged to him. But all was redeemed by the noble expanse of forehead, and a nose worthy of a Trajan or an Antonine. In Chantrey's bust the lower part of the face is embellished with a delicacy of skill which no other modern sculptor could have approached. Perhaps the best pictorial likeness of his prime is that introduced into Haydon's early but masterly piece, the Saviour's Entry into Jerusalem—and undoubtedly a head of him, taken long afterwards by the same artist, is the most satisfactory representation of his venerable age. His manners were those of a plain, unaffected English gentleman—easy,

but always with a background of dignity. His animal spirits throughout his vigorous years were unusually high, and communicated to his movements and conversation a vivacity which would not be suspected from the tone of his poetry. Even when his jovial time was gone by, a cordial laugh—a 'genuine grunting laugh,' as one friend is not afraid to call it—evinced his appreciation of fun. He has protested in some well-known sonnets that he preferred silence to personalities, and talked of Una and Desdemona—not of his neighbors. He might write thus in a moralizing mood, but in practice the social influence prevailed, and he took his share in the ordinary gossip about persons as well as things. His works of themselves would indicate the fact. Such an immense collection of versified traits and incidents, mostly drawn, by his own confession, from the surrounding inhabitants, could only have been collected by a mind on the alert to hear all that went on. But he had another vein. He liked to unfold his thoughts in solemn dissertations, which were not unfrequently monotonous and heavy. The homage of admiring disciples invites and almost compels the habit, which naturally grows to be carried on out of school. Jeffrey, after meeting him at dinner in 1831, reports that he seemed the very reverse of Lkish or poetical—a hard, sensible, worldly kind of man. This is to be received merely for a testimony of Wordsworth's tact. He would have considered sentiment thrown away upon the author of the *crushing* Article, and he would be gratified to show that the recluse poet could meet the shrewd and adroit critic and jurist on his own ground. He often, indeed, revealed, during his little holidays of London life, a command of conversational dexterity for which there was not much opening at the Lakes. He would now and then return wit for wit with the greatest masters in the art; and if his lot had been cast in the focus of society, and he had cultivated the talent, he might have joined, perhaps, to his better fame the traditionary reputation of a sayer of good things. To add that he was conspicuous among the doers of good deeds, that he was in every relation of life one of the most kind and generous as well as one of the most upright and prudent of men, is only to repeat what is known as widely as his name.

Wordsworth's poetry has passed through two phases of criticism—in the first of which his defects were chiefly noted, and in the second his merits. Already we have arrived at the third era, when the majority of readers

* Mr. Quillinan also is now dead. He was the author of some very elegant verses, and probably the first Portuguese scholar in this country.

are just to both. It will not be questioned that he was a great and original writer; and perhaps there will not be many to dispute that no poet who soared so high ever sank so low, or interposed so large a proportion of the commonplace among his worthier verse. Of the double end at which he aimed, he sometimes thought he had succeeded best in one, and sometimes in the other. He told Mr. Justice Coleridge, in 1836, that, if he was to have any name hereafter, he founded the hope upon his truthful representation of the workings of the heart among the lower orders; and in 1849 he wrote to Professor Reed that what he chiefly valued was the spirituality with which he had attempted to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which he had exhibited its ordinary appearances.

He narrates, as we have seen, in *The Prelude* how he came to select his heroes from humble life. In the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* he assigned for his reason that the essential passions nowhere exist with such strength and purity as among peasants, and that in their case the emotion has the additional recommendation of being incorporated with the beautiful forms of Nature. The entire position is open to contradiction; and, admitting it to be true, the inference that the passions of the poor must therefore be more interesting than those of their superiors would be refuted by the recollection that Hamlet, Lear, and Macbeth are kings. But there was no harm in his limiting his range, if he had not imagined that everything within the select domain which had once enlisted his own feelings must have a perpetual value for the public at large. Alice Fell, weeping bitterly because she had made a few more rents in her cloak, would have excited the compassion of any kindly person who had witnessed the scene; but it was not worth while to put into a bottle the tears which were shed for sorrows so slight and transitory. His doctrine that the business of a poet is to educe an interest where none is apparent, engaged him in efforts to squeeze moisture out of dust. We are entirely persuaded, indeed, that if he had allowed his mind to work more freely, and had not been for ever forcing it out of its bent in obedience to rules, he would have found in his personal emotions a surer index of what would interest the world. The main trivialities are attended almost invariably by paltry accessories which, far from being necessary to the development of his design, are in every way a clog upon it. A strong instance, and yet

very little stronger than a hundred besides, occurs in all the early versions of *The Thorn*:—

‘And to the left, *three yards beyond*,
You see a little muddy pond
Of water never dry;
I’ve measured it from side to side,
’Tis three feet long, and two feet wide.’

In the sequel no use whatever is made of these accurate measurements: they are introduced for their own intrinsic interest, and answer no other purpose.

It might be supposed that, descending to the humblest details of the lowest personages, his portraits would be transcripts of nature. This, however, is seldom the case. He describes feelings with accuracy and minuteness, but they are not the feelings of the poor. As he made his Wanderer the sentimental sort of pedler he fancied he should have been himself, so on all other occasions he attended less to what was likely to be thought by his characters than to what *he* should have thought in the same circumstances. His very principles of composition were opposed to dramatic truth. His aim being to exalt and color everything from his own imagination, the individuality of traits and incidents is apt to be lost in the reconstruction. Hence, too, another of his peculiarities—that he is seldom or never carried away by his sympathies. Instead of identifying himself with the sorrows of his agents, and receiving their hearts into his own, he appears to stand apart, and to consider them as subjects for poetic and philosophic display. It is a blot even upon the masterly History of Margaret, in *The Excursion*, that her woes are set forth with a stoical calmness. In general, the want of fervor in our poet produces lukewarmness in his reader; but he has told his tale in this instance with such pathetic power, that his contemplative composure has a painful effect, from the mind missing the assuaging influence of genial pity. Most of his happiest poetry upon character is contained in *The Excursion*. In the Ballads the human traits are usually insignificant, and the poetry is in the sweet reflections they elicit.

But we agree with Wordsworth in his latest opinion, and think that the portions in which he treats of man are inferior to those in which he deals with nature. The latter have a two-fold claim to pre-eminence, as being best in themselves and by far the most original. Other poets have excelled him in the vividness of their descriptions and in the power of conveying the emotions which the

actual scene creates in the beholder, but the glory of Wordsworth is to have brought the mind into a deeper, livelier, and more intelligent sympathy with the inanimate world.

'To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling.'

Every lover of his works can learn from them to do the same, and the conferring an additional sense could hardly open a wider avenue for the purest pleasure. A vast amount of poetry, which is finer, as verse, than many of the effusions of Wordsworth, is on this account far beneath them in the permanent effects on the heart and understanding. There are myriads in the condition of Peter Bell:—

'A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more'—

and the strains which succeed in making it something more—which teach the power of nature, and develop all its resources—have a merit and a use superior to the excellence of mere literary execution. It was with some such meaning that Sir James Mackintosh said to Madame de Staël, 'Wordsworth is not a great poet, but he is the greatest man among poets.' In turning negligently over the leaves of his volumes, the eye is most impressed by his numerous abortive attempts; but no one ever fairly drank in the spirit of his musings upon nature without acknowledging that he had infused a soul into the body of the universe.

The Sonnets are a distinct department of his works. Wordsworth, who borrowed little, takes more from Milton than from any one else. He has frequently imitated the turn of sentences, and adopted many phrases; but the best use he made of him was to frame his sonnets upon Milton's model. He has never attained to the austere grandeur of the sublime imprecation upon the persecuting Piedmontese. The instrument in his hands partakes more of the character of the lute than the trumpet, and in his most successful specimens he is not much behind his master in sweetness and simplicity. But as simplicity easily degenerates into poverty, Wordsworth has not avoided his besetting failing in his sonnets. No idea was too insignificant for the honor, and, notwithstanding the consummate beauty of many of these pieces, a large number of them are insipid to the last degree. It is not an unusual defect in the best for the end

to be inferior to the beginning and middle. The thought was exhausted before the space was filled.

The Sonnets are among the smoothest of Wordsworth's compositions. In *Guilt and Sorrow*, and a few of his minor productions, his rhymed verse is melodious, but his ear was not exacting, and his poems on the whole are deficient in harmony. Like Coleridge, from whom he had probably acquired the habit, he recited verse in a chanting fashion, which would have given tune to prose. Coleridge, with his perfect ear and his love of luxury of sound, employed it to render music more musical; but, by smoothing over asperities, and imparting increased volume to a slender strain, it led Wordsworth to rest satisfied with faulty metre. Worse than the want of sweetness was his fondness for the jingle of double rhymes. There are more of them, we believe, in his works than are to be found in all the poetry of his predecessors put together, and they disturb some of his most graceful conceptions by a painful similitude to the cadence of singsong ditties.

There is nothing for which Wordsworth has been more frequently censured than his want of finish of style—and there was no charge that he was more eager to repel. He said that he yielded to none in love for his art—that he worked at it with reverence, affection, and industry—and that he never left off laboring a line till he had brought it up to his notions of excellence. The great pains he took does not admit of a doubt; the sole question is, to what extent his efforts were successful. He has some of the most magical lines and stanzas which are to be met with in the whole body of literature; and ideas which seemed almost to defy expression are not unfrequently conveyed in the simplest, clearest, and happiest phrases. But these beauties only enhance regret for his inordinate quantity of feeble verse. The principal reason of the defect was his insufficient command of language. He confesses, as we have mentioned before, that he found it difficult to express himself in prose; and his letters are a conclusive proof how rarely nervous, idiomatic English dropped naturally from his pen. He has shown in entire poems, as well as in particular passages, that he could force chaste and polished diction into his service—but it did not come readily; and either his skill was often baffled or even his patience failed. His limited resources are especially conspicuous in his continual introduction of mean expletives for the

sake of eking out the metre or providing a rhyme.

'On a fair prospect some have looked,
And felt, as *I have heard them say*,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away!'

The 'I have heard them say,' which enfeebles this charming stanza, is the more displeasing that the poet is speaking in his own person, and obviously from his own experience. The examples are set so thick that it would be as easy to adduce five hundred as one, and, indeed, the very form of speech we have quoted, varied to 'They will say,' and 'You'd have said,' occurs again and again. The habit of reiterating the same phrase in two or three successive lines, which amounts in him to an offensive mannerism, was another resource to supply the comparative scantiness of his vocabulary. A solitary specimen will illustrate the usage, but it is its constant recurrence which renders it repulsive.

'For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
For joy his head and heels are idle,
He's idle all for very joy.'

Some of the minor pieces, as *The Thorn*, are half made up of the changes rung upon a surplussage of colloquial common-places. Though he termed the frequent inversions in the works of brother poets a want of respect for the reader, his own are incessant, and of the most barbarous kind. It seems as if their wanting the sanction of custom had led him to fancy that they were not inversions at all. That none of these blemishes proceeded from haste is the strongest evidence of his imperfect mastery over diction, and that they were not faults of impetuosity is also the cause that they are seldom accompanied by the vigor and animation which atone for so many slips of fiery composers.

Wordsworth professed that his chief ambition had been to write in pure, intelligible English. His sonnets seldom depart from this standard, and, though the language of the ballads is often far enough from classic, it is abundantly clear. In his blank-verse, however, he often indulged in the oppressive magniloquence of his worst prose, and he is then among the least perspicuous of poets. His obscurity arises in part from the vagueness of his doctrines, but more from the darkness of the lantern in which he buries his light.

It is constantly asserted that he effected a reform in the language of poetry, that he found the public bigoted to a vicious and

flowery diction which seemed to mean a great deal and really meant nothing, and that he led them back to sense and simplicity. The claim appears to us to be a fanciful assumption, refuted by the facts of literary history. Feebler poetasters were no doubt read when Wordsworth began to write than would now command an audience, however small, but they had no real hold upon the public, and Cowper was the only popular bard of the day. His masculine and unadorned English was relished in every cultivated circle in the land, and Wordsworth was the child, and not the father of a reaction, which, after all, has been greatly exaggerated. Goldsmith was the most celebrated of Cowper's immediate predecessors, and it will not be pretended that *The Deserted Village* and *The Traveller* are among the specimens of inane phraseology. Burns had died before Wordsworth attracted notice; the beautiful Peasant's performances were admired by none more than by Wordsworth himself: were they not already far more popular than the Lake poet's have ever been—or ever will be?—and were they, in any respect or degree, tinged with the absurdities of the Hayley school? When we come forward we find that the men of the generation were Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Crabbe, and one or two others. Wordsworth himself was little read in comparison, and, if he had anything to do with weaning the public from their vitiated predilections, it must have been through his influence on these more popular poets, whose works represented the reigning taste of the time. But nothing is more certain than that not a single one of them had formed his style upon that of the *Lyrical Ballads* or *The Excursion*. Lord Byron, during his residence in Switzerland, was imbued through Shelley with some of Wordsworth's characteristic feeling for Nature, which may be palpably traced in the third canto of *Childe Harold* composed at the period. The style of the noble poet, however, had been fixed long before, and displayed in more than one immortal production. Wordsworth, in fact, always spoke of Byron's language with unmeasured reprehension, and said that a critical review of it ought to be written to guard others from imitating it. He was equally emphatic in his censure of Scott—and between the diction of Moore and that of the Lake bard, there was no more resemblance than between water and perfume. Campbell, far from condescending to glean from the effusions of Grasmere and Rydal, was among their uncompromising opponents.

Whatever influence Wordsworth may have exercised on poetic style, be it great or small, was by deviating in practice from the principles of composition for which he contended. Both his theory, and the poems which illustrate it, continue to this hour to be all but universally condemned. He resolved to write as the lower orders talked; and though where the poor are the speakers it would be in accordance with strict dramatic propriety, the system would not be tolerated in serious poetry. The example of Shakspeare dispenses with argument. His characters are acknowledged to be nature itself, but their language in his Tragedies is not that which is spoken by ordinary men. It is the richly metaphorical style of Shakspeare himself, which could never have been general unless in a world of transcendent poets. Yet the discrepancy pleases instead of offending, because all the characters display the passions which are proper to their situation, and with just so much greater power and effect as Shakspeare's poetry was above common prose. Wordsworth's rule, however, did not stop at the wording of dialogues. He maintained that the colloquial language of rustics was the most philosophical and enduring which the Dictionary affords, and the fittest for verse of every description. Any one who mixes with the common people can decide for himself whether their conversation is wont to exhibit more propriety of language than the sayings of a Johnson or the speeches of a Burke. If it were really the case, it would follow that literary cultivation is an evil, and that we ought to learn English of our ploughboys, and not of our Shakspeares and Miltons. But there can be no risk in asserting that the vocabulary of rustics is rude and meagre, and their discourse negligent, diffuse, and weak. The vulgarisms, which are the most racy, vigorous, and characteristic part of their speech, Wordsworth admitted must be dropped, and either he must have substituted equivalent expressions, when the language ceases to be that of the poor, or he must have put up with a stock of words which, after all these deductions, would have been scarcely more copious than that of a South Sea savage. When his finest verse is brought to the test of his principle, they agree no better than light and darkness. Here is his way of describing the effects of the pealing organ in King's College Chapel, with its 'self-poised roof, scooped into ten thousand cells:'

'But from the arms of silence—list! O list!
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
With sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife.'

This is to write like a splendid poet, but it is not to write as rustics talk.

A second canon laid down by Wordsworth was, that poetic diction is, or ought to be, in all respects the same with the language of prose; and as prose has a wide range and numbers among its triumphs such luxuriant eloquence as that of Jeremy Taylor, the principle, if just, would be no less available for the advocates of ornamented verse than for the defence of the homely style of the Lyrical Ballads. But the proposition is certainly too broadly stated, and, though the argument holds good for the adversary, because the phraseology which is not too rich for prose can never be considered too tawdry for poetry, yet it will not warrant the conclusions of Wordsworth that poetry should never rise above prose, or disdain to descend to its lowest level. The great mass of the English tongue is common ground, but there are images which would sound affected out of poetry, and, still more frequently, there are combinations of words which would appear mean in verse. Wordsworth's works, notwithstanding his horror of poetic phraseology, present examples in the first kind as well as the second.

'Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashioned by the glowing light,'

would be a fantastic mode of saying, in any description of prose, that the coolness of evening restored the activity suspended by the sultriness of the day—and we question whether the person exists who honestly believes that the stanza which follows is sufficiently dignified for what is, in design at least, a sentimental poem:—

'And Susan's growing worse and worse;
And Betty's in a sad *quandary*;
And there's nobody to say
If she must go, or she must stay!
—She's in a sad *quandary*.'

Such was the nature of the innovation for which Wordsworth struggled. In the species of diction where he had no precursor he is never likely to have any successor, and the compositions of his that promise to live exhibit a style of which the antiquity is the best security that it will never grow obsolete. No generation has been so prolific in distinguished poets as his own, and, dissenting from the prediction that posterity will allot him the highest place in the brotherhood, we yet cannot question that he will keep the sufficiently eminent station which the world has long since assigned him amidst that illustrious group.

From Hogg's Instructor.

COMMERCIAL EXCITEMENTS AND CRISES.

OF the evils of commercial bubbles, arising from crude speculation, cupidity, or a spirit of gambling, whereby the ignorant, the unwary, and more frequently the avaricious, are entangled in meshes from which extrication is hopeless till ruin surrounds them, there cannot be a question; but such manias must never be confounded with commercial activity, even should this sometimes terminate in individual ruin and temporary national suffering. The benefits which have been conferred on Britain through the speculative spirit of our countrymen, are admirably brought out in the following paper, read by Mr Francis, the well-known author of the "History of the Bank of England," at the monthly meeting of the Banking Institute, held in London on 12th October last. Mr Francis said, the paper which I shall have the pleasure of submitting to your notice, on commercial excitements and commercial crises, is partially to raise a question and partially to offer an opinion. By a commercial crisis, I do not merely mean that particular state of affairs which for a few days excites alarm, lowers prices and then dies away, being known popularly as a panic in the money market; but I wish to take a broader and more extended view of the subject, and to remember that a panic, denominated a commercial crisis, is but the result of some previous and prosperous period, which must be taken into due consideration. The fear of a commercial crisis has become a superstition. The banker and the merchant alike regard it with dread, whilst the legislator passes acts of parliament to prevent it, as if there were something unnatural in an accumulated capital forming new markets, or as if members of parliament could change the laws of nature by the laws of man. The topic is one of peculiar interest to our own class, and in venturing to suggest that the financial excitements and panics which from time to time have been recorded have been productive of much good in their ulterior results, it is not because the evil which they have created is denied, but because it is probable the evil has been too exclusively considered,

and that the good which has followed has been almost, if not entirely, forgotten. For I need not tell you that, in business as out of business, we are prone to forget the good we receive, and magnify the evil we endure. It need not be said that panics, the result of commercial crises, are now fairly naturalized among us. Some political economists there are who say that we owe them to what has been called the devilish bill of Sir Robert Peel in 1819; but, in truth, they were patent to the country a century before, for they occurred in 1694, in 1720, in 1772, in 1783, 1793, 1797, 1808, 1811, 1816, 1825, 1835, 1839, and the last, not least, in 1847. We have seen them, and we have suffered by them; and although it would be wrong to attempt to deny the sad and even terrible consequences of those epochs, I yet am willing to believe that if the good did not outbalance the evil, at least that the shield has a white as well as a black side; and taking only the one broad view of the question, that Great Britain, which has so often been said to be ruined by these financial crises, has yet made more progress than any country in the world, I think there are sufficient grounds for a consideration of the opinion advanced—an opinion which, after all, is but an elaboration of Shakspeare's fine truth, that "there is a soul of good in all things evil." You need not be told that public companies are necessarily included in the consideration of my topic. They are the offspring of commercial excitements. Mr. Gilbart, writing in 1847, says, "this is the age of public companies;" but I hope to show that, if it be the age, it is not especially so, and that they have always been a popular and favorable mode of investing English capital. I will not refer to our old guilds, but to the ancient corporations which at one time engrossed the chief business of the country. So early as 1294, there were ten companies, to whom our monarchs looked for money, and who were in return allowed a monopoly of various trades. One of these farmed the customs of England, paying £20 a-day, or about £6240

yearly, for that which produces now 21 millions. The discoveries by the Portuguese and Spanish adventurers of those lands in which the gold of the native was only equalled by the blood-guiltiness of the discoverers, created a movement in trade very like those animated periods in our own history which we have read of, and especially resembling that through which we are now passing.

The form which this excitement took 300 years ago was the joint-stock company. These, endowed with special privileges, became very numerous, were of the utmost service in introducing the trade of the country to new lands, and in undertaking commercial maritime expeditions, which could only have been compassed by the capital of a great and united body. I know that these companies are now regarded almost as mythic, or at least as monopolies which, long passed away, ought never to have been granted; but an examination of their proceedings will prove that they were missionaries in the cause of commerce, and pioneers in the cause of civilization; that they discovered new lands, and introduced us to their trade; that they penetrated the interior of old countries, and purchased mercantile privileges by personal suffering. To be a member of one of these companies then, was something like being a director of the East India Company now. It was sought as an honor by all the first-class merchants, because they received very important privileges from being admitted of the various bodies of merchant adventurers. These companies arose from commercial excitements; and to convince you that they have been a public good, I will recall to your recollection that the Russia Company fairly opened the important trade we now enjoy with the Baltic, and that it produced great and exclusive benefits for the English merchant. The Turkey Company followed, opened the trade with the Bosphorus, proving of the utmost importance to our commerce; and though Adam Smith called it an "oppressive monopoly" in 1770, yet this is only another evidence that the benefit of one century may be the bane of the next. I will not weary you further than to repeat that these, with the East India Company, the African Company (which traded to the coast of Guinea), the Hamburg, the Greenland, the Hudson's Bay Company, are all additional proofs that the virtues of public companies were recognized centuries ago; and that they all successively arose during an excitement caused by abnormal years; and they also tend to prove that then, as at a later period,

an accumulated capital found in these companies at once a new vent for its gains and a new channel for adventure. And the commercial excitements of the last century have so increased the system, that we owe all our great works to them. "Public companies," says Mr. Gilbart, "now occupy a distinguished place in our social economy. We receive our education in schools and colleges founded by public companies. We commence active life by opening an account with a banking company. We insure our lives and property with an insurance company. We avail ourselves of docks and harbors, bridges and canals, constructed by public companies. One company paves our streets, another supplies us with water, and a third enlightens us with gas. If we wish to travel, there are railway companies, and steam-boat companies, and navigation companies, ready to whirl us to every part of the earth; and when, after all this turmoil, we arrive at our journey's end, cemetery companies wait to receive our remains and take tidings of our bones." Such being the case, I beg to remind you that to financial epochs we owe these many benefits, and that, at each period of financial excitement, men with minds in advance of their day have brought forward new ideas, which, ridiculed and rejected at the time, have ultimately been very successful. For it is not because a new idea seems to pass away that it is lost. The laws of God are as fixed in commerce as in nature. No great design arises in its full fruition at once. First the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear; and this order has been maintained with all the great mercantile designs of which we shall have to treat.

The earliest example to be named is one with which you are intimately acquainted. Prior to 1694, the want of a great bank had been felt. At various periods presumed to be favorable to their adoption, certain plans for a corporate bank had been proposed. For many years William Paterson had registered such a project in his great brain; and for many years, too, abortive efforts had been made to establish it; but it was not until a very general commercial excitement in 1694 had stimulated men's minds, and disposed them to risk their money, that the corporation to which I am proud to belong came with its capital and its credit to support a Protestant government and a new dynasty. And to this period we are indebted for other banking ideas, which were then held but lightly, but which have since been adopted. Among them, a bank of credit.

Now this, with the advanced financial knowledge of 1850, is legitimate enough; but, in 1694, it was a heretical inroad on the orthodoxy of banking. And yet this bank only proposed to do what has since been done by all bankers—receiving money in London, and granting letters of credit in various parts of England; and this was certainly more necessary during a period of unsafe travelling than now. Thus the first movement was made in joint-stock banking during this commercial crisis; the first joint-stock bank was established, and a new thought thrown out, to be carried into effect a century later.

In 1720 there was another period of excitement; and to this we are indebted for some new ideas on the principle of assurance, which are not even yet adopted, and to which I will presently refer. In the meantime let me rescue the South Sea era from the prevalent opinion that all the companies were fallacious. Instead of this, there were not 10 per cent. of bubbles in proportion to the legitimate proposals which a succeeding generation has sanctioned. There were twelve for fisheries; there were twelve for insurances; there were four water companies; there were eleven for trading with America; there were ten for the improvement of land; there were four for making harbors and forming or improving rivers; there were eight for manufacturing silks and muslins; there were fifteen for the advancement or production of metals; and there were scores of others equally just in principle. Some of the companies sound curious enough. Thus for planting mulberry-trees and breeding silk-worms in Chelsea Park may appear utopian; but here the intentions were honest, as 2000 trees were actually planted, and many expensive edifices erected. For building hospitals for bastard children seems a strange commercial speculation; and for importing a number of large jackasses from Spain, in order to propagate a superior kind of mule in England, equally so. But it was meant to be acted on, as I find that marsh lands were bought near Woolwich, by a clergyman who was deeply interested in this proceeding. You have heard that twelve insurance companies were brought forward, the first great movement being made in this principle, and the first idea of several modes and methods of assurance which are now in existence being then suggested. One was called an insurance against losses by servants, and this idea, I have every reason to believe, originated the earliest guarantee fund. At this period, there was also pro-

posed a company for the insurance and improvement of children's fortunes—an idea now carried out with great satisfaction. There was a company for insuring debts—and this proposition has lately been mooted, and may possibly be successful. There was a plan for a mutual marine assurance; and when we reflect how well the mutual principle has worked with lives, it is not utterly impossible to work it equally well with ships. Nor would it be very surprising to see this plan taken up by some bold projector, endeavoring to benefit in 1852, by the rejected proposal of 1720. There were insurance companies against housebreaking and highwaymen; and I do not know why laws similar to those which regulate life should not also regulate robbery. Of course, these proposals were pronounced worthless; but the life and the fire companies were ridiculed also, and these we know are tried and true. On the former it was remarked:—

"Come all ye generous husbands with your wives,
Insure round sums on your precarious lives,
That to your comfort, when you're dead and rotten,
Your widows may be rich when you're forgotten."

While, with regard to the fire companies, it was said:—

"Projecting, sure, must be a gainful trade,
Since all the elements are bubbles made;
They're right that gull us with the dread of fire,
For fear makes greater fools than fond desire."

I do not give these for the force of their satire, but because they prove that both life and fire assurance were regarded by the public as absurd and impracticable, always destined at a later period to be among the most important institutions of the land. During this period, further ideas on the subject of assurance were started. "Any persons," says an advertisement of the day, "by paying 2s. on their entrance for a policy and stamps, and 2s. towards all marriages till their own, when the number is full, will secure to themselves £200." Another was called a baptismal assurance, in which each subscriber was to pay 2s. 6d. towards each infant baptized, until he had one of his own, when he was to receive £200—a tempting inducement to the honors of paternity. If I appear somewhat urgent on the subject of assurance, it is because we owe it in a very decided manner to commercial excitements; and because I can fortify my opinion of its importance with that of Mr. De Morgan, who

says, "Though its theory has as yet been only applied to the reparation of the evils arising from storm, fire, premature death, and diseased old age, yet there is no placing a limit to the extensions which its applications might receive, if the public were fully aware of its principles, and of the safety with which it might be practised."

Another beneficial result of the periods to which your attention is drawn may be found in the fact that men give more liberally. It is a most notable truth, that after a somewhat close investigation of the subject, about 30 per cent. of the charities of England appear to have emanated directly or indirectly from similar periods. Nor is this very wonderful. A full purse often makes a full heart. A man with a good account at his banker's has a character to-maintain; and, more than that, Providence has so ordained that it is our interest to give. It happens, therefore, sometimes that the money which is made by a bubble becomes a tangible fact, and not the least of the advantages which arose from the South Sea scheme was the huge endowment of Guy's Hospital by Thomas Guy. The purchase of seamen's tickets, and the speculations in South Sea stock, were turned by the shrewd Bible contractor to great account. One of his biographers says, "from the South Sea bubble, with characteristic tact, he drew off in time with his gains, being one of the few whom that gigantic fraud and folly benefited." £220,000 was the residue he left for its use; and, when we remember that the annual income of the hospital he founded is now £25,000, how great an amount of good to the poor and the sick is included in these figures!

Before I conclude with this epoch, let me once more allude to the facts that numbers of the projects of 1820 were founded on sound mercantile principles. For raising hemp and flax at home; for bringing pure water to London; for the improvement of refining sugar, were surely not impracticable benefits. Nor, though the company for making silver from lead was especially ridiculed, and though it afforded many a joke about the transmutation of metals and the philosopher's stone, the company was not really absurd in what it proposed to do. For I find in a paper read before the Antiquarian Society, that for several centuries silver had been extracted from lead, and that it was the subject of at least one legal enactment. Only sixteen years before this company was started, Macpherson, speaking of the Mine Adventurers' Company, says, "From lead they extracted considerable quan-

ties of silver;" while Mr. McCulloch calculates the entire produce of silver from lead to be 200,000 ounces. Yet what a fruitful subject of wit was this making of lead into silver, for Swift and the smaller deer of the day! Another positive benefit also arose; the working of tin plates, which had previously been effected in Germany only, came then first into operation in England, by means of one of these said bubble companies, and has ever since formed a somewhat important branch of our mechanical operations. And all these favorable symptoms are to be lost sight of, because a few people outrage common sense, because there was one company for the insurance of female chastity, and another against death by drinking Geneva; because there was one proposal for manufacturing sawdust into deal boards without knots, and another for a general fishery for gudgeons. The next era to which I would call your attention is 1793. And here it seems as if we were reading a newspaper of a few years since. The first bankruptcy which created suspicion, says Chalmers, was that of Donald & Burton. They were, probably, what Cowper calls "rogues in grain," as they failed in consequence of corn speculations. "On Tuesday evening," continues the same authority, "the bank threw out the paper of Lane, Son, & Fraser, and the next morning they stopped payment to the amount of almost a million." There were 500 bankruptcies recorded in six months, and 100 country bankers failed. These, with their collateral evils, were certainly terrible occurrences at the time, and we can all sympathize, for we have all seen something very like it; but, if we look back, we shall find that for many years prior to this period capital had been unlocked—men were seeking for fresh sources of investment. The crisis of 1807 and 1810 produced also special results. Life assurance societies were again increased. In 1805 only nine were in existence, and they were chiefly proprietary; but from 1806 to 1808 only nine more were established. This period, also, stimulated us to build bridges. Among the chief architectural glories of London, says the "Athenæum," are her bridges. Rome can boast of a finer church, Berlin a nobler museum, Paris much grander palaces, but what capital of Europe can show "such structures as span the waters of the Thames between Vauxhall and the Custom-house?" Canova declared that it was worth a journey all the way from Rome only to see Waterloo Bridge. And it is to this period that three of these structures owe their formation, Vauxhall, Waterloo, and

Southwark being then originated; and these we have seen, though failures as mere mercantile speculations, were important additions to the grandeur of the kingdom. And, more than this, they circulated, in work, wages, and material, nearly two and a half millions sterling; and many an artisan for many a year had cause to bless the crisis which gave him his daily bread.

I must pass over minor excitements to arrive at that of 1825. This was preceded by every symptom of prosperity; nor were these symptoms illusive.

Up to the remarkable period we are about to consider, the principle of public companies had been slowly but surely progressing. All our great undertakings had been the fruits of them; and, if you will permit me, I will read to you a somewhat remarkable statement of those associations which were formed prior to 1824.

63 canals, capital, £12,202,000	4 bridges, capital, £2,452,000
7 docks 8,164,000	27 gas 1,630,000
25 insurance .. 30,428,000	7 roads 495,000
16 water companies 2,973,000	7 various 1,530,000

Of the canals, the Trent and Mersey paid a dividend of 75 per cent. per annum; the Coventry Canal paid 44; the Stafford and Worcester, 40; the Mersey and Irwell, 35 per cent.; the Oxford 32; the Forth and Clyde, 25. Seventeen others gave dividends varying from 20 to 10 per cent.; twenty paid from 10 to 5 per cent.; while thirteen paid dividends varying from 5 per cent. to nothing, or were so good as not be in the market. Of the dock companies, the Commercial paid 8 1-2; the London 4 1-2; the West India, 10 per cent.; the assurance companies, again, paid dividends varying from 10 per cent. downwards; while the water companies, in one or two instances, were worth rather less than nothing, although in many others a few shares formed a fortune. Independently, therefore, of the fact that public companies had provided canals and roads for our commerce, docks to receive our merchandise, insurance companies to comfort our widows and children, water companies to cleanse us, and gas to light us, you have the fact—and you, as financiers, will think it very important—that these companies produced good dividends to the proprietors; and all these we owed to preceding periods of excitement. The natural result of such success is to be found in the proposals of 1825. In taking a retrospect of the schemes which were promulgated with a view to discover their feasibility, we shall find that many of them were eminently successful, and that they produced

results which can only pass away with time. First and foremost, let it never be forgotten that it opened free trade in banking, and that it produced joint-stock banks. It made an irruption into the privileges of the Bank of England charter—privileges which Lord Liverpool truly said were growing out of fashion, and which were of no avail to themselves, while they only injured others. The testimony is abundant as to the evils of the country banking establishments. You know that, by the law, as it then stood, for the protection of the Bank of England, the number of partners in any banking house was limited to six. There might be less, said the wisdom of our ancestors, but there must not be more. These might be butchers or bakers, cobblers or cheesemongers, or they might be Killarney saddlers, such as Mr. Gilbert has told us of; they might be ignorant of banking as the wares they sold; yet the law said, there shall no bounds be put on your issues; you may emit your notes, and deceive the poor and provident, but ignorant, man as much as you can; but if more than six unite, although you represent the land, the wealth, and the intelligence of your district, you shall not give your countrymen the benefit of your science, your capital, and your knowledge.

To you I will not dilate on all the advantages of the joint-stock banks which superseded the private establishments. I will simply say, you owe them to a commercial panic. It was at this period, too, that railroads, then another distinctive feature of our island, were first formally introduced to the commercial world, and that the parent of all railways actually proceeded. It was then that a Great Western, a Great Northern, a London and Birmingham Railway, were proposed to be carried into effect a few years later. And I find that to the plentiful supply of money, to the large profits and enlarged hearts of our countrymen, in 1824, we owe mechanics' institutes. It is not necessary to enlarge on the immense advantage to the mechanic of societies somewhat similar to your own; it is scarcely possible to overrate it; and when, therefore, you are reminded that these links of brotherhood between the rich man and poor received during this period at once their impulse and development, I remind you of a very notable fact in the social life of England. There was scarcely a large provincial town in which they were not commenced; and in July, 1824, Lord Brougham stated that scarcely three days elapsed without his receiving accounts of some new ones; while Edward Irving declared they had arisen

as if by enchantment, and spread themselves over the land. And if in 1853 they are dying almost as fast as they were born, it is because from 1825 to 1853 England has made no sufficient attempt to educate her sons—because she has not taught them to appreciate those institutions which proposed to raise them in the scale of social life; and because, in truth, these institutions met with an apathy which, I trust, will not be met with you. Among the good companies was the Australian Agricultural Company, which I know was very serviceable to many. There was the General Steam Navigation Company, now in a flourishing existence. The Provincial Bank of Ireland took its rise at this period. The St. Katherine Docks, eighteen life assurance companies, with many other propositions successfully carried out, which were the fruit of 1825. But there were, besides this, many that were abandoned then to be contemplated now. There was a canal and railway to join the Atlantic to the Pacific, and this, I hope, we shall all live to see. Steam-boat companies were then proposed to all the places which they now occupy. There was a British Bank, an improved telegraph; and time would fail me to enumerate the many solid ideas which have since received complete development. There were many, too, which to look back upon is to mourn. I allude more especially to the foreign mines, which sent millions out of the circulation of this country, in a vain attempt to make the exhausted earth renew its stores of the precious metal. From 1825 to 1845, various other crises occurred, the benefits derived from which were undeniable; and though the railway era of the latter year was one of the most remarkable periods of the kind we have ever witnessed, I will not weary your patience by especially referring to it; we are all experiencing its benefits. Our iron roads are messengers of civilization and commerce, of health and of happiness, to millions. They have opened a legitimate mode of investment to the growing capital of England; they have reduced the weekly expenses of the poor man; they have enlarged the field of exertion for the rich, and I more than suspect that they assist joint-stock banks in paying dividends of 6 and 7 per cent., when discounts are at 1½, and money may be had for nothing. It appears also to me that it was every way an improvement on the 1825 era, its chief fault being that we wanted to do too much in too short a space of time. But I must not refer to this epoch more specially, than to affirm that the balance of good is greatly in favor of

that tremendous period. There is something in the crisis of 1847 so fearful, that I hesitate to introduce it; and if I touch lightly upon that remarkable epoch, it is because I tread upon unsafe ground, and because the wound is yet unhealed. Nearly five hundred houses succumbed; but had business been in a wholesome state, this could not have been. Many of these firms were trading under false pretences—they had been insolvent for years; every article they could pledge had long been in the hands of the money brokers; one had pawned the furniture of his home, another had pledged the chattels of his counting-house, so that the very desk on which he wrote his insolvent acceptances was no longer his. And when, by an inscrutable decree of Providence—by the failure of a potato crop—this foul, false system was exploded, let me ask all here, whether the good did not outbalance the evil? whether it was not time that such a deception should be shown to the world in all its hideous hollowness, and that the greatness of a commercial name should cease to delude the public?

We are now passing through a commercial excitement similar to those we have examined. We have enough and to spare for every project that is brought. The present epoch promises all manner of good things. A Crystal Palace and a railway to take us to it—steam to Australia has probably arisen from it—one of the greatest applications of science to social life, the electric light, is again brought forward—our poor are fed—our poor-houses are empty—consols above par—labor increasing in value—a colony, which may soon turn to a kingdom, receiving and providing for our surplus population, importing our commodities, and sending us gold for them. No period of our commercial history was ever gayer. We point to our metal, and defy a panic. And when the crisis of this period shall come—as I believe it surely will—I have little hesitation in affirming that the good will have outbalanced the evil. I do not forget that the shield has another side to it; that many homes are saddened, and many innocent men ruined, when the panic succeeds the excitement. I do not forget the uncertain position of a large portion of my own class. I have but to walk round the Exchange, to behold the spectres of those who, with haggard countenances and seedy habiliments, the former representatives of their former commercial greatness, haunt the spot which formerly witnessed their power, to remember the time

“When merchants with cargoes of trouble,

Ran foul of the bank, and broke brokers,
When mining shares proved worthless rubble,
And quidnuncs no longer were jokers;
When bills and bad debts were made double,
When paper was mere chaff and stubble,
And credit itself was a bubble,
And the nation a nation of croakers!"

If, then, I be correct in the conclusions I have drawn, our commercial crises have, at all events, produced certain good effects. A brief digest of these will give mercantile introduction to new countries, exclusive commercial privileges, new ideas in banking, the Bank of England itself, the advance and development of the principle of life assurance, hospitals to receive the sick and suffering, canals, docks, bridges, railways, joint-stock banks, mechanics' institutions—all owing to such eras. These were some of the special advantages derived by the public from financial excitements; but there are more general and collateral benefits which spring during these periods. It is then that if a man has a new idea he will produce it, that if he has a new machine he will patent it. It is then that

the inventor can find capital to perfect the invention which may add to a people's comfort, or stimulate their greatness. Nor is it one of the least of these benefits, that the excitement which precedes a commercial crisis changes the proprietorship of the good things of this world. Were it not for such great epochs, England would have been yet more a nation of millionaires than she is; we should have been yet more like old Rome when fallen on evil day, a people of extreme rich and extreme poor, instead of being, as I believe we are, a proof of the truth of Lord Bacon's wise aphorism, that money is like manure, and to do good requires to be spread. I believe that these crises are for good. They are the necessary consequences of a high productive power. We are eminently a nation of tradesmen, and that this is no reproach, let the republics of Italy in their palmiest days bear witness. But being good tradesmen, our capital is constantly increasing, and so long as this continues, we must find some mode of getting interest for it.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE IMPERIAL FOUR.

ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, CHARLEMAGNE, AND NAPOLEON.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

CHAPTER II.

THE careers of conquerors are usually marked out by noting the scenes of their battles and their sieges in the countries, whither their ambition has led them. The progress of Alexander in the East may be more honorably traced by observing the cities which he founded along his lines of march when he advanced beyond Asia Minor, Phœnicia, and Mesopotamia. In this respect it is peculiarly interesting to compare his campaigns in Central Asia, in Afghanistan, and the Punjab, with those of Charlemagne in Germany. Each conquered with a view to civilize. And each raised as the best means of civilization in every advantageous locality among the wild tribes, whom he subdued, strong and

stately cities, which should serve as schools of municipal self-government, as centres of commerce, of science, and of all the arts which minister to our race's welfare. The fair creations of Charlemagne still flourish, but with some few (though important) exceptions, those of Alexander have sunk into decay; yet, their importance and their influence were, for many centuries, not less real and substantial; and the indirect effects of the Hellenic civilization, which they propagated throughout the East, will endure as long as the human race exists.

Bishop Thirlwall well remarks, that "Alexander's was the first of the great monarchies of Asia, which opened a prospect of progressive improvement, and not of continual degradation to its subjects; it was the first that

contained any element of moral and intellectual progress." And the question unavoidably forces itself upon the mind, whether Alexander's Oriental Empire is not only the *first* but also the *last*, to which this high eulogy can be applied. The inquiry has a painful interest for ourselves. We, this English nation, are now rulers of a conquered Oriental Empire, which for population, wealth, and importance, may well be compared with that which the great Macedonian acquired. We have imitated him in our thirst for extension of territory; and, like him, we have raised out of the conquered tribes, native troops, disciplined and armed like Europeans, to aid in keeping their own countries in subjection. But we have not followed his example by admitting the best and most trustworthy of our Asiatic subjects to high civil and military offices, and in endeavoring to give them an unity of interest, and some degree of unity of patriotism with ourselves.

At the present time, when we are called on to legislate anew for the government of our rapidly-increasing Indian Empire, and of our 120 millions of Indian fellow-subjects, the policy which was pursued by Alexander (the only European conqueror who has preceded us on the banks of the Indus) acquires a peculiar interest. We may do well in not disdaining the lessons which he has bequeathed us in peace as well as in war.

Even as mere matter of military history, the career of Alexander is of unsurpassed brilliancy, and there is none that deserves more attentive study. If we distrust our own powers of examining and testing his generalship, we may be satisfied with the decisive testimony in his favor which has been borne by two of the highest of all possible authorities. Hannibal in his celebrated conversation with Scipio respecting great commanders, ranked Alexander as the first general that the world had then seen; and Napoleon, in his Memoirs dictated at St. Helena, names him among the eight generals whose tactics the modern commander should make the object of earnest study. Napoleon says,—“The principles of war are those which have regulated the conduct of those greatest generals, whose noble deeds history has handed down to us; Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Prince Eugene, Frederick the Great. The principles of Cæsar were the same as those of Alexander and Hannibal,—the concentration of his forces,—to expose no vulnerable point,—to move with rapidity upon important places,—to have recourse to moral

means to enhance the reputation of his arms,—and to political means also to preserve the fidelity of his allies, and keep the conquered people in subjection.”

Napoleon, in the same volume of his Memoirs, has given an admirable summary of the military events of Alexander's life. I do not transcribe it here, or enter into detailed narrative of Alexander's wars and sieges, but only pause on a few of the scenes of the campaigns, which peculiarly exhibit the characteristics of his genius, or furnish clear parallels with passages in the career of some others of the Imperial Four.

Alexander's first battle in Asia, that of the Granicus, deserves thus to be specified, as eminently displaying not only his personal valor and strategical skill, but also the instinctive quickness of his judgment: a quality wherein Niebuhr, speaking of this same battle of the Granicus, rightly compares him to Napoleon. It also shows how well Alexander deserves Napoleon's eulogy on him, for reckoning on the moral effect of the mode in which a victory is won, as well as on the direct material results of the victory itself. Napoleon's own conduct in the celebrated, or as he himself termed it, “the terrible” passage of the river Adda, at the Bridge of Lodi, in his first Italian campaign, presents a remarkable parallel with Alexander's measures at the passage of the ford of the Granicus.

The Persian army assembled on the eastern bank of that river, to bar the progress of the Macedonian invaders, was formidable not only on account of the number, but on account of its quality. There were twenty thousand of the best Asiatic cavalry, troops that, however inferior they might be to European horse in evolutions and steadiness, were well armed, well mounted, full of confidence and courage, and dangerous to even the best European infantry, when disordered by the passage of a difficult ford. The light-armed infantry was numerous, as in all Oriental armies; and however contemptible in close fight, was fitted to harass the Macedonian columns severely with javelins and archery, while they struggled across the stream. And there were also in the Persian army nearly 20,000 Greek mercenaries, fully armed and disciplined according to the most approved model of Agesilaus and Epaminondas, and who were not unworthy opponents of the Macedonian Phalanx itself, even on a fair field. This army also had the benefit of the guidance of a European general of eminent skill and courage, Memnon the Rhodi-

an. Memnon had been compelled by the Persian satraps, who were associated in command with him, to give battle, contrary to his own policy; but when the battle was decided on, he exerted himself sagely and bravely to win it for the King of Persia whom he served.

The position which the Persian army occupied was eminently advantageous. The river was fordable only immediately in their front, and even there it was deep and rapid, with a bed of shifting stones. There was a low, flat piece of ground on the Persian side, admirably adapted for the action of the Asiatic cavalry. In the rear of this were crags, which formed the boundary of the river when it was swollen by wintry floods; but in the spring, when the battle was fought, the flat ground between the crags and the brink of the ordinary channel was dry and practicable for horse. The Persian generals also placed large numbers of their light-armed infantry near the water's edge to gall the Macedonians while passing the ford. Their Greek mercenaries were drawn up as a reserve on the higher ground in the rear.

Such was the array, that Alexander found before him, when he approached the left bank of the Granicus early in the day, within a few weeks after he had entered Asia. The numbers of his own army (about 30,000 foot and 5,000 horse) have already been mentioned. If the advantages of ground had been equal, his superiority in regular infantry would have ensured him success; but to force such a river as that which chafed before him, against forces so well selected and so well posted as were the Persian, seemed hazardous even to temerity. We see the obstacles that presented themselves to Alexander at the Granicus in the 334th spring before our era. Let us for awhile change scene and date, and examine those which Napoleon encountered at the Adda on the 9th of May, A. D. 1796.

The Austrian general, Beaulieu, who was retreating before the French after the successes which the latter under Bonaparte had gained over both the Piedmontese and the Imperialists, resolved to halt behind the river Adda; and, if possible, there check the progress of the young conqueror. Beaulieu had retired through Lodi and across the river by the bridge of that town, and stationed himself with 12,000 foot, 4,000 horse, and 30 pieces of artillery on the further side. Napoleon, who was in eager pursuit of him, soon entered Lodi; but when it became necessary to cross the river, the obstacles which Beau-

lieu opposed seemed to be insurmountable. The river was too deep for fording anywhere near the town, and when the French officers reconnoitred the bridge, they saw confronting them the thirty hostile cannons, some placed in battery at the bridge-head on the Austrian side, so as to sweep the bridge from end to end, while others were ranged a little on either side, so as to pour a cross fire on all who might attempt the passage. The Austrians had also thrown forward clouds of sharpshooters along the bank which was in their possession; and a little in the rear their lines of infantry and squadrons of horse appeared drawn up in perfect and imposing array.

To pass a bridge so defended, in broad daylight and by main force, seemed to all but Napoleon an impossibility. And more than one of his bravest generals recommended a pause, which must have resulted in a retreat of the French army; but Bonaparte keeping his eye fixed on the bridge, and pointing to it with his sword, exclaimed, "That is the way to Milan, to Rome, to the possession of all Italy. We must cross, let it cost what it may. It must not be said that the tributary Adda stopped those heroes who had forced the broad Po." In a similar spirit had Alexander been urged by many of his best generals (Parmenio among the number) to halt on his own bank of the Granicus, and endeavor to effect the passage by surprise early on the following morning, before the return of the Persian cavalry, whose national custom it was never to encamp near an enemy for fear of a surprise. In the like spirit to that which afterwards dictated Napoleon's answer, Alexander had replied to Parmenio, that no advantage for the great enterprise which they had undertaken equalled that of dealing at the onset a blow which should surprise and terrify, and of not letting the opinion of their own superiority as soldiers slacken for a moment. He added that they who had crossed the broad Hellespont ought not to be detained by a paltry rivulet.

Let us now consider the two actions separately, bearing in mind that Napoleon at Lodi was only twenty-six years old, and that Alexander, when he fought the battle of the Granicus, was at the still more youthful age of twenty-two.

When the Macedonian King resolved to force his way to the opposite bank of the guarded stream and attack his enemies, he took in person the command of the right wing of his army, consisting principally of cavalry, but supported by considerable num-

bers of light-armed foot, who were trained to co-operate with their mounted comrades in action. The student of Cæsar's campaigns will remember how the Roman general similarly strengthened his cavalry by picked cohorts of legionaries at Pharsalia. Alexander drew up his phalanx and the rest of his regular infantry in the centre. Parmenio led his left wing, which was composed entirely of horse. The Persians easily distinguished Alexander by the brilliancy of his armor, and the deferential group of officers around him; and seeing him station himself in his right wing, they reinforced their own left, against which his main attack was evidently levelled, with several squadrons of their best cavalry. As often happens before battles, a brief pause ensued after each host was fully arrayed and in presence of the other, before the charge began; a pause more impressive in ancient than in modern warfare, from the absence of the bewildering noise and disordering fire of artillery. At length Alexander, after a few brief words of exhortation to the troops nearest him, gave the signal; and as the advanced Macedonian brigades plunged into the water with a joyous shout, the Persian archers and bowmen began to ply them with their missiles, and the Asiatic cavalry dashed forward to the water's edge to cut down the first ranks of the Europeans.

The first troops that Alexander sent across, were a squadron of light cavalry, a squadron of the royal horse-guards, and a division of infantry. This forlorn hope of the Macedonian army sustained much loss from the enemy's arrows and javelins while wading through the stream; and on reaching the bank were roughly handled, and forced back by the Persian cavalry. But while they occupied the attention of the foe, Alexander, with the rest of the cavalry of his right wing, effected his passage with comparatively little molestation, and the brigades of the phalanx at the same time made good their landing a little lower down. Alexander instantly charged at the head of his household cavalry, but was encountered by the Persian cavaliers with such spirit and in such numbers, that the contest was more like the close encounter between columns of infantry, than a conflict between lines of cavalry. Alexander fought in the thickest of the *mêlée*; his lance was broken, and he was obliged to defend himself for some time with the broken weapon before his attendants could supply him with a fresh one.

Nor were the leaders of the Persian horse

less conspicuous in personal bravery. As the contending masses opened, and space was given for fighting freely, the gallantry and prowess of the leaders on each side was more and more tested. A Persian nobleman, named Mithridates, a son-in-law of King Darius, was riding in advance of his squadron, which he was bringing up in support, when Alexander rode forward to meet him in single combat, and bore him lifeless to the ground with his levelled spear. Another Persian nobleman, named Rhœsaces, instantly rode at Alexander, and dealt him with his scimitar a blow on the helmet, which struck off part of the crest, and nearly hit through to the head. Alexander shortened his lance and unhorsed Rhœsaces with a thrust in the breast. But while the Macedonian King was thus engaged, the scimitar of a third foe, Spithridates, satrap of Lydia, was coming down on his head in sheer force to smite, when Clitus, one of Alexander's body-guard, rode up and saved Alexander's life, by severing the Persian's right arm from his body.

The fall of three of the chief officers disheartened the Persians, while Alexander's example exerted the Macedonian cavalry to the utmost daring and energy. The superiority also of the European weapons and European discipline began to tell, and the remnants of the left wing of the Persian cavalry broke, and galloped from the field. Their centre also, unsupported by infantry, had given way before the advancing spears of the Macedonian phalanx; and at the other end of the line Parmenio had crossed the river, and defeated the weakened right wing of the Persian horse, after some sharp fighting, in which the Thessalian horse regiments of Parmenio particularly signalized themselves.

The whole of the Persian cavalry was now in full flight, nor could any resistance be expected from their rabble of native infantry. But the Greek troops, in Persian pay, stood firm. They had not been led forward by their commanders to join in the attack on Alexander's troops when first landed, nor did the beaten Asiatic cavalry now make any attempt to rally behind the shelter which they afforded. They stood alone, exposed to the whole force of the Macedonian army, but their numbers (nearly 20,000), their bravery, their discipline, and their knowledge of the bitter animosity with which Alexander's men regarded them, made it certain that they would offer a desperate resistance, such as against some commanders might even then have been successful. But Alexander, instead of engaging them with an even line,

charged their array on one point with an infantry column of immense depth and weight; and when he had thus shaken their ranks, he sent squadron after squadron of cavalry upon each weakened spot of the body. They fought bravely, but when thus outnumbered and outgeneralled, all their valor was vain. They were slain on the spot, except about 2,000, who fell wounded, and afterwards recovered, or who escaped the immediate fury of the victors, by falling as if wounded or slain.

Let us now turn to the modern captain, whom we left eying the Bridge of Lodi, and expressing his indomitable resolution to cross the Adda, whatever opposition Beaulieu and his batteries might offer. Napoleon had possession of the town of Lodi, which was all on his side of the stream; and its buildings enabled him to shelter his men from the enemy's cannonade, while he made his preparations for attack, and also to mask those preparations from them, till the immediate moment for action had arrived. He got some guns into position on his own side of the river, with which he replied to the enemy's batteries; and in order to distract the attention of Beaulieu, he sent his cavalry and some horse artillery to attempt the passage of the river at a ford which was said to exist about a league higher up the river.

General Beaumont, whom he sent on this service, passed the stream, but not without difficulty. As soon as his squadrons were visible on the left bank, the Austrian officers opposite to Lodi betrayed great uneasiness; and seeing their attention thus diverted, Napoleon instantly took his measures for storming the pass before him. He formed a column of 6,000 picked grenadiers, and brought them under shelter of the houses close to the bridge, without the Austrians perceiving them. He went through their ranks, encouraging them, and exhorted them to keep as close order as possible, and, directly the word was given, to wheel out on the bridge, and advance across it at a run.

It was about six in the evening when the signal for this daring attempt was made. The chosen column shouting '*Vive la République!*' rushed from its shelter, wheeled round, and ran forward with closed ranks: its leading sections were on the bridge before Beaulieu or his men were aware of the intended attack. But the Austrian artillerymen and sharpshooters soon recovered from their surprise; and a storm of grapeshot and musketry opened on the devoted column as it neared the centre of the bridge. The

French grenadiers were swept off by whole sections, and the mangled column wavered, and would have fallen back, when Bonaparte in person, with his bravest generals, Lannes, Berthier, Massena, and others, rushed forward to the front, and encouraged the men to advance by voice, by gesture and example. On poured the column again over the blood-stained bridge. Lannes was the first man who reached the left bank of the Adda, Napoleon himself was the second. Beaulieu had stationed his infantry too far in the rear; and before he could support or rescue his batteries by them, the French grenadiers had rushed on the Austrian artillerymen and bayoneted them beside their guns.

The battle was not yet over. The Austrian infantry, though slowly, came steadily forward; nor was it till after an obstinate contest that Napoleon was able to complete his victory by driving them from the field.

Such were these two celebrated victories, by which Alexander and Napoleon, each at the outset of his career, not only gained important military advantages, but raised to the very highest pitch the zeal and the confidence of their soldiery. And not merely did Alexander and Napoleon thus inspire their own followers; but by these and other similar exploits, they overawed and dazzled their very opponents; so that even among those whom they invaded, there sprang up an enthusiasm for them, and an emulous readiness to acknowledge the young heroes in their glory. But no student of their characters should confine his attention to such audacious exploits as those of the Granicus and Lodi, or imagine that either of these great generals was a mere fiery combatant, who sought out dangers for the sake of rushing on them when most menacing. After comparing the battles of the Granicus and Lodi, it is well to take another parallel from the military biographies of Alexander and Napoleon, and to study and collate their tactics in effecting the passages of two other rivers in the presence of powerful enemies. The passage of the Hydaspes by Alexander, immediately before he defeated King Porus, will be found to present many curious points of similitude with the passage of the Danube by Napoleon before he defeated the Archduke Charles at Wagram. In each of these instances the patience, the caution, and the subtle skill of the victorious general, are as remarkably displayed, as their rapidity of decision and fearless energy in execution were signalized on the banks of the Granicus and the Adda.

From the British Quarterly Review.

RIO DE LA PLATA—ITS LATEST HISTORY.*

INTERESTING and important as have been the contents of the monthly mails during the last eighteen months from the Rio de la Plata, there are probably very few amongst us who have followed with accuracy and precision events which have called forth a new interest, and, for a time at least, inspired new hopes of the South American States on that river and its tributaries. In this article we propose to reduce to a narrative form, occurrences that will show the value of these countries to our own welfare, and that may also suggest the opening of a brighter future in them. As our story may encroach a little on our space, we shall not tarry on its threshold, but proceed at once to points that should be borne in mind throughout.

One, perhaps the chief, misfortune of the long and ensanguined struggles of the Spanish colonies for freedom and self-government was, that they rendered the establishment of independent monarchies impossible. Reconciliation with Spain was abandoned at very early stages of the contests; and though there were Bourbons, not Spanish, who might have been called in to perpetuate the connection of these possessions with their family, there were none with personal qualities sufficiently attractive to promote their selection; probably there were few who, had the choice fallen on them, would have accepted positions at variance with their amicable relations to each other. Efforts were, indeed, made by other governments to preserve South America for monarchy; but Spain so obstinately refused to abandon her dominion, that perseverance in them would have involved a rupture with that Crown: perhaps embarrassments and difficulties of a general character in Europe. So the colonies were left to achieve their independence as best they could, and to adopt what form of government they thought fit. Nor had

they at last any choice; for Iturbide's fate in Mexico extinguished all hope of establishing native monarchies. Their necessity was not, however, the less unfortunate; for long experience has proved how unfit the great majority of South-American Spaniards were (and continue to be) to found and carry out a republic; whilst the example of their cognate race, the Portuguese, in Brazil, suggests that they might have secured continued tranquillity, rational liberty, political progress, material prosperity, and independent nationality, under a monarchy.

Their next misfortune was—and in Mexico and the States of the Plate still is—that they were unable to agree on the particular form of the republic best suited to their wants. They differed as to whether it should be a federal republic, or a republic one and indivisible. And it is out of this secondary difference that nearly all the troubles of the South-American States have directly and immediately sprung. Excluded, under the Spanish colonial system, from participation in the higher offices of government, the emancipated colonists had neither traditions nor habits of self-government in such abundance as to supply the elements of a series of local States with separate administrations, obedient to a common head; and the old vice-royalties, when turned into new republics, were too vast in size, too difficult of transit, and too unconnected by their capitals, to be readily adapted to the rule of a central authority. Federal and centralized constitutions have rapidly alternated; each producing in its turn evils of its own; each overthrown by bloodshed and war; until in some, the commonwealth first formed has been broken (to the imminent advantage of its fractions) into smaller States. In Mexico*

*Buenos Ayres and the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata: from their Discovery and Conquest by the Spaniards to the Establishment of their Political Independence. With some Account of their Present State. By SIR WOODBINE PARISH, K.C.H. Second edition, enlarged. Murray. 1852.

* New troubles are rising in Mexico, where there is at present a federal constitution, on this very subject; and they suggest, more clearly than before, that there are not in that country the elements of distinct national existence and life. Out of a population of seven millions and a half, there are only one million of whites; and amongst six millions of Indians, there are forty or fifty different languages!

and the Argentine Confederation, however, the question still remains a practical one.

The Argentine Confederation, lying between the 22nd and 44th degrees of south latitude, and containing upwards of 700,000 square miles, is composed of thirteen separate States, usually classed in three divisions—viz., four Riverine provinces on the banks of the Parana; Buenos Ayres, and Santa Fé on the one side, and Entre Rios and Corrientes on the other; six upper provinces connecting Peru with that river; and the three provinces of Cuyo, at the foot of the Cordillera of the Andes, which separates the Confederation from Chile and the Pacific. On the northern mouth of the Plate lies the state of Uruguay, or the Banda Oriental; the capital of which, Monte Video, is the commercial rival of Buenos Ayres. And from Corrientes as a base, between the river Paraguay and the Brazilian frontiers, stretches up the long parallelogram, known on the map, but little known out of it, the republic of Paraguay. The population of all these countries does not, probably, exceed one million and a quarter. Of it, the people of the Argentine States may number 900,000, one-third of whom belong to the sea-board province of Buenos Ayres. The greater part are gauchos, or graziers, and their families; a simple, credulous, but passionate and excitable race; as much American Tartars as the Spaniards themselves are said to be European Arabs; living in the saddle, always armed; easily convertible, therefore, into soldiers. They inhabit vast prairies or pampas, where an illimitable amount of cattle might be raised; but which, for the last forty years, have been, at no distant intervals, devastated by wars, to the serious diminution* of their stocks.

The Plate, though popularly spoken of as a river, is really an estuary of the sea, into which flow the Parana and the Uruguay, both rising in the highlands of Brazil. At the mouth of the Parana, guarding and commanding access thereto, lies the island of Martin Garcia, in the State of Entre Rios. Diverging to the north, along the base of Paraguay, towards Brazil, the Parana receives, a little above the city of Corrientes, and near the point of divergence, the river Paraguay; and into it descend the Vermejo

* This diminution was at one time so great in Uruguay, that cattle had to be imported from the Argentine State of Entre Rios, and the Brazilian province of the Rio Grande do Sul, to breed from.

from the higher parts of the confederation, and the Pilcomayo, which is navigable even into Bolivia. Hence it is that the Plate and its tributaries are said to be the highway of the interior of South America; even to those portions of Peru which lie east of the Cordillera of the Andes. And when we observe, that along an Atlantic coast of 2000 miles, this is the only access to countries of such boundless extent and exceeding fertility, the importance of opening all their rivers to the mercantile navigation of the world can hardly be exaggerated.

The true interests of all the Argentine States, their political development, their social civilization, the increase of their capital, and the augmentation of their population, are all dependent on freedom of trade and navigation. They want every thing that commerce only can supply or will advance—markets for their produce, cheap foreign commodities for their consumption; means to carry out, and enterprise and spirit to suggest, improvements. Where nature has been so abundant and generous in providing for material development, the population might be expected to be found taking full advantage of their natural outlets. It is, however, otherwise; and the artificial obstacles they themselves have thrown up to impede their own prosperity may be distinctly traced to that difference of opinion as to a federal or unitarian government already referred to. It is the littoral and upper provinces that are the adherents, the advocates, and the soldiers of federalism; because that principle, assigning to every separate member of the Confederation co-equal rights, would enable them to secure all the benefits of free outlet and inlet. On the contrary, the strength of unitarianism is in the seaboard province, which, by far the richest, most populous, and intelligent, objects to submit its interests to the inferior enlightenment of the higher states, and has hitherto endeavored to monopolize the trade, as well as the political authority, of the Confederation at Buenos Ayres. This always has been, and, as we shall see, still is, the real cause of Argentine quarrels, wars, and devastations. To master their outline, to follow their latest phase, to comprehend the present position of affairs, and to get, if we can, a glimpse of happier prospects, we must, however, ask our readers to cast a retrospect on the earlier history of the Plate.

The Spaniards first sought and ascended the Plate and its tributaries, neither to settle the countries they water, nor in search of

precious metals; but to reach Peru by a shorter route than by doubling Cape Horn.* Mendoza, their foremost explorer, did indeed try to form a settlement at Buenos Ayres: he was, however, disastrously repulsed by the hostile and warlike natives; and it was at Assumption, the present capital of Paraguay, that the first Spanish town was founded. There the Spaniards met with a more docile race of Aborigines, the Guaranis, with whom they intermarried, whose language they adopted, and whose tongue—not the Spanish—is even now general throughout both Paraguay and the Argentine Confederation. The great hero of Paraguay was Yrala. After an arduous journey he at last penetrated into Peru; not, however, to participate in its mineral riches, or in its intestine struggles; but, wisely withdrawing from both, to bring back into the countries of the Plate sheep and horned cattle; and by their introduction, to lay the foundation of their present wealth. Under him, the 50,000 or 60,000 natives of Paraguay were divided amongst some 400 Spanish settlers. Their servitude was, however, light. Mineral labor did not, as in Mexico and Peru, diminish their numbers. Village communities were formed under native organizations; missions were established under the Jesuits; and an apparently prosperous society was established. It had not, however, as yet, any command of the rivers connecting it with the Atlantic and Europe.

Yrala's successors extended their dominions; but under inferior skill and intelligence to his, the Spaniards were broken up into factions. The Portuguese settlements in Brazil were attacked; and in their quarrels, the seeds of even recent discussions and dissensions were first sown. The most remarkable of them was De Garay, like Yrala, a Biscayan: he established means of military communication and safety down the rivers; first founding the city of Santa Fé, for ves-

sels to refresh in on their tedious ascent, and then Buenos Ayres, commanding the mouth of the great estuary. These settlements completed the Spanish conquest of the Plate.

And now commenced its difficulties. The mercantile corporations in Spain, to which a monopoly of all trade with Peru had been sold, regarded these new colonies as high roads for smuggling into the richer countries of the Pacific. Unfortunately, they were able to infuse their jealousies into the policy of the Court of Madrid. Restrictions were imposed on the commerce of the Plate; their result was the contrabandista system of England and Portugal; whereby Spain lost both markets in, and revenue from, the Plate. To carry out this illicit trade, the Portuguese, in 1726, founded Monte Video, and thither went part of the population of Buenos Ayres. War between the two countries ensued; and under the ambitious policy of Pombal, the Portuguese became masters, for a while, of Uruguay.

The Court of Madrid was at last obliged to give a wiser and more generous attention to the affairs of the Plate. In 1776 it was separated from the vice-royalty of Lima, and placed under a new government established at Buenos Ayres. On Pombal's fall, the Portuguese retired from the Banda Oriental; and Florida Blanca issued the celebrated Trade Regulations, which liberated the Spanish colonies from some of their commercial restrictions. Still, however, all offices were strictly and exclusively given to Spaniards; no American was permitted to hold a place of power or trust.

Under these regulations trade was extending, prices rising, wealth increasing, when the French revolution broke on the world. It found the Plate loyal, but apathetic; contented, but ignorant of its own power and strength. These, however, it learnt in 1806, when the Spanish Americans repulsed the British attack on Buenos Ayres; and it has never since forgotten, though it has sometimes exaggerated them. After this discovery, it was impossible long to maintain the exclusion of the natives from political power; yet the old system was persisted in by Viceroy Limiers, even subsequently. The province rose against him, and he was overthrown. Juntas were established at Monte Video and Buenos Ayres; and from them, in their turn, all Spaniards were excluded. Despite the fidelity of these juntas to their ancient sovereigns, they were regarded as revolutionary; and civil war followed. Ferdinand VII. denounced the juntas; and all hope in him was

* It is not long since the newspapers gave an account of a party of Frenchmen—old soldiers of Algeria,—bound for California, seeking refuge from sea-sickness by debarking, in their passage *via* Cape Horn, at Buenos Ayres. They resolved to make their way across the Pampas to the Pacific, and, adopting the fashion of the country, first took to horses; but, unaccustomed to riding, they soon abandoned their cattle, and prosecuted their march on foot. They encountered a party of hostile Indians, whose designs they repelled by exhibiting a bold front; and at last reached Valparaiso, where they again embarked for San Francisco.

† It may be doubted whether the prosperity was more than apparent, for the population declined, and the mental condition of the people was dwarfed and stunted.

destroyed. The old king was, in 1815, invited to resume a crown and regal functions at Buenos Ayres; but anxious as he had once been to reach his transatlantic possessions, he preferred repose with his wife at Rome; and on the 9th of July, 1816, deputies from all the provinces met at the distant city of Tucuman, declared their independence, and constituted themselves an independent State. For awhile the English government looked unfavorably on this policy; but our trade extending rapidly, and needing protection, Lord Londonderry, in 1822, made his famous declaration* as to the necessity of having some recognized government; and in 1824—after the French had invaded Spain, and put down constitutional government there—Mr. Canning recognized† their independence; calling, as he boasted, a new world into existence to rectify the balance of the old. In the beginning of that year he sent out in diplomatic form, Sir Woodbine Parish, as the representative of England; by whom the treaty which still regulates our intercourse with the Argentine Confederation was concluded; and whose book (some important prejudices notwithstanding) is much the best work that has yet been published on these countries.

The Spanish colonies of the Plate and its tributaries formed, as we have said, a viceroyalty. Its capital was Buenos Ayres, at that time perhaps the largest, most important, and richest city in South America. Buenos Ayres, therefore, brought into the new State all the habits, traditions, and advantages of a capital accustomed to govern the upper provinces and to large general ex-

penditure. The sanguinary war of the colonists against the Spanish troops was, after their independence, almost immediately followed by a civil war amongst themselves, equally bloody and cruel; for the purpose of solving the character and form of the republic into which they had resolved themselves at Tucuman. From the fatal consequences of this war, some members of the new State sought safety and repose by separation from the rest. Paraguay resolved on isolation. Under the guidance of Dr. Francia, it adopted what perhaps was indispensable to its isolation, a completely despotic government; and rather than run the risks of further disturbance, its timid inhabitants shut themselves out from communication with their fellow creatures. Upper Peru also seceded, and formed a separate but a freer republic, under the name of Bolivia. In the province of Uruguay, the gaucho chief, Artigas, taking advantage of the general disorder, encouraged inroads into the neighboring territories of Brazil. In self-defence the Portuguese retaliated. General Lecor, at the head of a Brazilian army, overran Uruguay and occupied* Monte Video, avowedly with the view, however, of saving the southern provinces of Brazil from the troubles and demagogism which prevailed in Uruguay, thence indulging in material rapine and political propagandism in their neighbors' territories. The other provinces, of what is now known as the Argentine Confederation, fell one by one into such a state of anarchy, as, for a season, set at defiance the adoption of any form of general or common government.

On the declaration of Brazilian independence, Uruguay solicited its incorporation with the newly-formed empire; sent deputies to its constituent assembly, and became the Cisplatine province of Brazil. The antipathies of the Spanish and Portuguese races soon, however, produced discontents in the new Brazilian territory. They were fostered and encouraged by the government of Buenos Ayres, jealous of the rise of the great commercial city—Monte Video—favorably situated for marine and mercantile purposes, on the opposite bank of the estuary. Insurrection, having for its object re-union with the other Spanish provinces, broke out in the Uruguay; and Brazil, feeling that it had been produced by Buenos-Ayrean intrigues, and

* "So large a portion of the world," he declared "could not long continue without some recognized and established relations; and the State which, neither by its councils nor its arms, could effectually assert its own rights over its dependencies, and thus make itself responsible for maintaining their relations with other powers, must, sooner or later, be prepared to see those relations established, by the overruling necessity of the case, in some other form."

† "If" said Mr. Canning, in a higher vein of intelligence, and with rare eloquence—"if the total irresponsibility of unrecognized States be too absurd to be maintained; and if the treatment of their inhabitants as pirates and robbers be too monstrous to be applied, for an indefinite length of time, to a large portion of the inhabited globe, no other choice remained for Great Britain, or for any other country having intercourse with the Spanish-American provinces, but to recognise in due time their political existence as States, and thus to bring them within the pale of those rights and duties which civilized nations are bound mutually to respect, and are entitled reciprocally to claim for each other."

* Sir Woodbine Parish, rarely favorable, and not unfrequently unjust, towards Brazil, admits that the "anarchical proceedings" of the "notorious Artigas" afforded a "plausible pretext" for the occupation of Monte Video.—*Buenos Ayres from the Conquest*, p. 82.

was supported by Buenos-Ayrean assistance, indignant, too, at the treatment her representative had experienced at Buenos Ayres, where he was grossly insulted by a mob, instigated by the authorities, in 1826 declared war against the government of that province. Substantially this war was for the possession of Monte Video and the country lying between the Plate and the Rio Grande do Sul.

As in other similar cases, danger at first produced some little union, if not reconciliation; and it was during this war with Brazil, that a constituent assembly of the old Spanish colonies was held. It decreed a constitution in which the federal form of government was, notwithstanding the experience of its success in North America, condemned; and the unitarian model, such as lately failed in France, was adopted. The unitarian constitution was, however, rejected by the provinces of Cordova, Santa Fé, Tucuman, and Rioja, which, with perhaps a correct appreciation of their own interests, saw, under it, the importance and wealth and commerce of the upper provinces sacrificed to Buenos Ayres. They declared for federalism; appealed to the sword; and, whilst both were engaged in a common war against Brazil, unitarians and federalists might be seen slaughtering each other on plains left undevastated by troops of that empire; until at last, such was the confusion, that when General Paz triumphed over the federalists of Cordova and Santa Fé, the unitarian government which he served had fallen in Buenos Ayres.

Nor was the war accompanied by much greater concord in Brazil itself. Free institutions were not, as yet, consolidated in that empire. Don Pedro enjoyed great popularity, and exercised almost unbounded power. But scarcely had he effected the separation of Brazil from Portugal, than, apprehensive of the colonial feeling, which in the dependencies of every country is essentially republican, he withdrew his confidence from the native Brazilians, and transferred it to the Portuguese. The liberal Brazilians, at that time a majority in the Chambers, in their turn grew alarmed, lest the influence to be acquired by the emperor in a successful war should be sufficient to enable him to become absolute, and to suppress free institutions. They accordingly employed every means and artifice to embarrass the war, and to give success to Buenos Ayres. Events favored them. In February, 1828, a Brazilian army, 11,000 strong, was surprised by a Buenos-Ayrean force still stronger, under General Alviar, on

the plains of Ituzaingo. After a severe and sanguinary battle, the two armies separated; the Brazilians with the loss of all their baggage; the Buenos Ayreans unable to take advantage of their success. General Alviar was brought to a court martial by his own government; and the Brazilian opposition found, in a defeat little more than nominal, additional reasons for not pursuing a war which, on other grounds, they so strongly disliked.

It was in the midst of these perturbations, calamities, and contradictions in the Argentine States, and after this battle in Uruguay, that Mr. Canning—again in the interests of humanity and of commerce—resolved to interfere, not in the domestic quarrels of the Confederation, but in the war between Buenos Ayres and Brazil. He did so, to the infinite mortification of Don Pedro; for he, though the resources of Buenos Ayres were exhausted, was now obliged to treat under the imputation of defeat, regardless of his ability to have brought another well-equipped army into the field to retrieve his disaster. Both governments felt, however, that Mr. Canning's determination involved the cessation of hostilities. Humane and excellent in motive as was that great minister's intervention, it gave, what he certainly never intended, a death-blow to Don Pedro's influence in Brazil. From that time the liberal party rose to power in the empire, secured for it representative and free institutions, and have ever since remained the opponents of any extension of the Imperial territory. Mr. Canning confided his policy to the care of Lord Ponsonby, then British Minister at Rio de Janeiro, and in 1828, under that distinguished diplomatist's mediation (but without any English guarantee), Buenos Ayres and Brazil agreed on a preliminary treaty of peace.* By it

* The following are the first three Articles of the Treaty of Rio de Janeiro, signed 27th August, 1828:—

I. His Majesty the Emperor of Brazil declares the province of Monte Video, at present called the *Cisplatine*, separate from the territory of the Empire of Brazil, in order that it may constitute itself into a free and independent state, from every and any nation, under the form of government which may be judged suitable to its interests, necessities, and resources.

II. The government of the Republic of the United Provinces, on their side, consent to declaring the independence of the province of Monte Video, now called *Cisplatine*, and to its constituting itself a free and independent state, in the form declared in the preceding Article.

III. Both the high contracting parties bind themselves to defend the independence and integrity of

Uruguay became a republic, independent as well of Buenos Ayres as of Brazil; and its independence was guaranteed by both. Unfortunately, however, no definite treaty of peace was, as intended, subsequently negotiated. The delimitations of the frontiers of Uruguay and Brazil, the relations of their commerce, and the clear establishment of their rights of navigation of the upper rivers, were all left unsettled. The only security provided against a recourse to war on the old quarrel was, that Brazil and Buenos Ayres undertook not to recur to hostilities without giving six months' notice to each other of the intention, through England; a provision of some importance, it will be seen, in the more recent occurrences.

It was, we may remark in passing (for we cannot stop to enter into his history), whilst these dissensions were going on in the Argentine States between unitarians and federalists, that Don Juan Manuel de Rosas made his appearance in public life as a federalist. At length federalism prevailed; and after its triumph under Viamont, a convention, or provisional arrangement, was entered into by the provinces of Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé, to which the other States gradually assented, confiding to the government of Buenos Ayres the direction of their foreign affairs. By this slight and fragile link they voluntarily considered themselves as constituting a federal republic, each State continuing, however, to have its separate administration; and a congress of representatives from all the provinces, it was agreed, should assemble in Buenos Ayres, for the purpose of framing a definitive federal constitution. This provisional state of things was, however, by a great variety of schemes, and under as many pretences, prolonged by Rosas until his downfall. The chief of these pretences was war. To avoid assembling the constituent assembly, Rosas was continually engaged in hostilities with one State or other; in this way he had ruptures with England, France, the Banda Oriental, and Brazil, in rapid succession; and it forms one of the justest of the charges made against him, that he purposely kept the Confederation in this unorganized condition. For until the Confederation was practically developed, and a general government formed, Buenos Ayres remained pre-eminent, if not despotic, in the general concerns, and directed everything in conformity with its own interests. So that

the province of Monte Video, in the time and manner which shall be determined upon in the definitive treaty of peace.

Rosas, a federalist in pretence, was in reality the strictest of unitarians; a strange ending, says Sir Woodbine Parish, of a struggle for federalism.

Having, though of humble origin, acquired, first as an overseer, and then as a proprietor and agent, great wealth, and even greater influence in the rural districts of the province of Buenos Ayres, Rosas rose slowly to political power in the capital. With consummate craft, he yielded up the reins of government to acquire military reputation in punishing and driving back the Indians of the Colorado River; thereby gaining territory and security for the European population, and political influence and power for himself. Subsequently he refused to re-assume the governorship when elected thereto, because the tenure of the office did not confer on him authority sufficiently great. Soon afterwards, however, he headed an insurrection against Governor Balcega, and on his overthrow, assumed despotic rule over Buenos Ayres, and thenceforward played the tyrant over the upper provinces also. How he preserved and augmented the power he had thus violently acquired, of his terrorism, his cruelties, his massacres, and of his various quarrels with foreign powers—these we do not stop to detail. It is rather the circumstances which more immediately led to his downfall that we must hasten to develop and explain.

From its conclusion, Buenos Ayres had been dissatisfied with the peace of 1828; it feared the growth of Monte Video, more advantageously situated in some important respects, we repeat, for commerce; and it knew but one way of arresting the rivalry: that was, its subjection to Buenos-Ayresan influence. Rosas, fully adopting this feeling, prepared to carry it out with all his characteristic craft. His cruel disposition and savage instincts were joined (it is impossible to deny) to great political abilities; and extraordinary, if not admirable, was the talent with which he concocted diplomatic difficulties and perplexities; all directed towards enterprises only too flattering to the passions and too agreeable to the interests of the people of Buenos Ayres.

His project was to re-unite to the Argentine Confederation, or rather to the government of Buenos Ayres, the republics of Paraguay and Uruguay. For this purpose he obtained the authority of the congress of his province to dispose of all its resources for the subjugation of Paraguay. Paraguay was, however, a distant State, between which

and Buenos Ayres lay Argentine provinces not to be depended on; whilst Uruguay was on the opposite shores of the estuary and its tributary so called. Military movements against it were easier, and the political advantages of its subjection were greater; Rosas therefore postponed acting on this authority to subdue Paraguay, until he should first have established his influence in Uruguay. There, however, owing to the treaty of 1828, and to the maintenance of its independence by England, France and Brazil, Rosas was obliged to commence operations indirectly.

At this time, Oribe, a military chief, was President of Uruguay. By the constitution of that state he could not, on the expiration of his presidency, be re-elected. Unfortunately, some three months ere his tenure of office expired, he was overthrown by another soldier of fortune, Rivera, who, in due course, was legally elected President. Oribe, however, insisted on serving the remainder of his time, and appealed to arms. In this conflict of authority Rosas interfered, refused to recognize Rivera, supplied Oribe with an army, and to perpetuate the power of Oribe for the remaining three months of his presidency, that unhappy State was, for nearly ten years, plagued and tormented and depopulated by a ruinous and devastating war, disgraced by inhuman atrocities; and Monte Video, notwithstanding a resistance which out of South America would have been deemed heroic, was kept continually in a state of siege.

The disturbed state of Uruguay was quickly felt in the Brazilian province of the Rio Grande, where a dangerous rebellion, aiming at separation and a republic, was raging. In character and habits and industry, the inhabitants of the Rio Grande very much resemble their Spanish neighbors; like them their riches consist in cattle, their lives are passed on horseback, and arms are always in their hands. During the minority of the young emperor, they became impatient of the rule of the regency, and sought independence. A lengthened struggle ensued. During the war, the Brazilian rebels, when worsted, were able to retire into Uruguay. Now they were succored by one party in that State, then by another. For awhile Rosas professed to sympathize with Brazil in its complaints against the assistance given in Uruguay to the Rio-Grande rebellion. At one time, indeed, his minister at Rio concluded a treaty with Brazil for the pacification of the Uruguay; but Rosas refused to ratify it; and accompanied his refusal by indications which left no doubt of his own designs on that State.

In proportion as he was unimpeded in these designs, so did his lieutenant Oribe give assistance to the rebellion. When it was over, he assailed and despoiled the rich properties of Brazilian subjects in Uruguay, prohibited all communication between it and the Brazilian province of the Rio Grande, and at last made inroads into that province. This rendered Rosas' attack on the independence of Uruguay not only a political, but a material, question for Brazil. It was at once a breach of the treaty of 1828, and a violation of Brazilian territories.

Brazil, thus deeply concerned and injured, in 1844 urged England and France to join her in interfering and preserving the independence of Uruguay. Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot agreed on intervention, without having made a single arrangement with the countries interested. But from their intervention they excluded Brazil. Unfortunately, we think; for later events have proved that Brazil was able, without the sacrifice of a single soldier, and in a few weeks, to accomplish that which English and French diplomacy and fleets failed in attempting, and were at last obliged to retire from achieving. England and France did, however, interfere. They supported their influence by fleets very expensively.* They shed blood very uselessly. They blockaded Buenos Ayres† (jointly for 659 days, and France separately for 341 days—in all, 1000 days) very mischievously. And at length England concluded with Rosas a treaty very ignominiously; for by it Mr. Southern, the British negotiator, recognized Oribe,‡ the tool of Rosas, as President of Uruguay, and so substantially confirmed the power of Buenos Ayres over that State; and acknowledged the right of Buenos Ayres,§ as representing the Confederation, to close the navigation of the upper streams. Thus the intervention of England, commenced in 1844, and carried on by a great naval force for nearly five years, at enormous expense to the

* See Returns moved for by Mr. Cobden, Sept. 1849; *Seas. Pap.*, No. 110.

† "In the last twenty-four years, Buenos Ayres has been subjected to no less than three blockades, each lasting nearly three years, altogether more than eight years, or about one-third of the whole period." — *Parish's Buenos Ayres from the Conquest*, p. 358. And yet, during that period, notwithstanding these interruptions to trade, the total value of British goods imported into the Plate has reached the great sum of 14,033,032*l.*; the value of our imports into Spain, with ten times the population, in those twenty years, being only 9,792,469*l.*

‡ Article VI. Treaty, Nov. 24, 1850.

§ Article IV. of same Treaty.

finances, and great hurt to the commerce, of this country, ended in November, 1849, by resigning the very objects* for which it had interfered in 1844—a conclusion which at least suggests how very ill-advised Lord Aberdeen's intervention in such distant countries and perplexed politics was, though this termination had for its justification, so far as Lord Palmerston was concerned, the notorious existence of French intrigues at Monte Video, and the dangerous state of Europe consequent on the Revolution of 1848.

Up to the period of the retirement of England from the Plate, the reclamations addressed by the Brazilian Minister in Monte Video to General Oribe—treating him only as a power *de facto*, or a general in campaign—were to some extent heeded and attended to. Freed, however, from the English and French conjoint intervention, they were subsequently neglected. The aggressions became more and more aggravated in character, and larger and larger in extent, until claims for compensation for no fewer than 800,000 head of cattle alone were raised; and rather than give satisfaction, General Oribe refused to hold any further correspondence on the subject with the representative of Brazil.

Concurrently, discussions were in progress at Rio de Janeiro, between the minister of Rosas and the Brazilian government, on a variety of subjects, some relating to trifles admitting of easy arrangement; others on accomplished facts admitting of no alteration. No satisfactory termination of these disputes could, however, be arrived at. Rosas, in truth, desired none; for it was his policy to have in hand excuses for a rupture with Brazil, which he could at any moment use. His plan had long been to excite through Oribe, in Uruguay, a republican revolt in the Brazilian province of Rio Grande, and thus, if possible, to overthrow the monarchy which his adherents and partisans had repeatedly denounced to the Bue-

nos-Ayrean chambers as the only blot on the map of South America.

The time for this plot had now come. England had retired from interference; the Revolution of 1848 had given France other things to do than attend to the affairs of the Plate; Oribe, though still kept out of Monte Video, was all-powerful in the country of Uruguay; and Brazil, which had not then commenced her anti-slave-trade legislation, was unpopular in Downing-street. The representative of Rosas was, therefore, instructed to interfere at Rio de Janeiro on the complaints Brazil had addressed to Oribe, and to contest its right to satisfaction, and its claims to compensation. This interference the Brazilian cabinet refused to permit, Uruguay being a State independent of Buenos Ayres, and bound, it was contended, to conduct itself peaceably towards its neighbors. Thereupon Rosas directed his minister to demand his passports; and they being furnished, he quitted Rio. His departure, of course, brought matters to a crisis. Rosas began to prepare for war; and Brazil came to the determination of tranquilizing Uruguay, from the disorders of which her southern provinces had suffered so much and so long. But in the first instance, Brazil, content with self-protection, did not propose to attack Buenos Ayres.

At this point British diplomacy, which about eighteen months previously had retired from Lord Aberdeen's unlucky interference in the quarrels of the Plate, and now alarmed at the prospect of their renewal and of British commerce being once more disturbed, again became uneasy; and Mr. Hudson, our representative at the court of Rio de Janeiro, on the 12th of March, 1851, addressed two Notes to Senhor Paulino, the Foreign Minister of Brazil. In the one he reminded the Brazilian government of the stipulation in the treaty of 27th August, 1828, which required notice of any intention to resume hostilities with Buenos Ayres to be given to England, and claimed the fulfilment of that article. In the other he offered to Brazil, on general grounds, the mediation of England in its quarrel with Buenos Ayres. Senhor Paulino, in his reply to the former, disclaimed any such obligation as was imputed to Brazil. The treaty, he reminded Mr. Hudson, was but a preliminary convention; and the 18th Article,* he contended, refer-

* See Lord Aberdeen's *Instructions to Mr. Ousely, H.M. minister at Buenos Ayres, for his guidance in the joint intervention by England and France between Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, in 1846.* "The war in which the Argentine arms are at present engaged," Lord Aberdeen instructed his minister, "is waged against a State, the independence of which England is virtually bound to uphold." "To open up the great arteries of the South-American continent to the free circulation of commerce, would be not only a vast benefit to the trade of Europe, but a practical, and perhaps the best, security for the preservation of peace in South America."

* Article XVIII. is as follows:—"If it should happen, contrary to expectation, that the high contracting parties do not come to an adjustment in

red only to a rupture arising out of questions relating to the conclusion of a definitive treaty of peace as contemplated by the preliminary arrangement; but which, in accordance with the policy of Rosas to keep open and irritable all possible questions with Brazil, had never been negotiated. The present discussions between Buenos Ayres and Brazil, he further argued, had no reference to such a treaty; and on that ground alone, he said, Article 18 had no application to the existing state of things. Nor, he added, were the discussions which had been so suddenly broken off by Buenos Ayres, such as necessarily to provoke a war, at least, the imperial government had taken no resolution to commence hostilities against that State. General Rosas, he continued, had always repulsed English intervention in his policy towards and transactions with Uruguay; so Brazil could not, he concluded, recognize any liability under the treaty of 1828 to accept such mediations in its dissensions with that intermediate State. In answering Mr. Hudson's second note, Senhor Paulino advanced a step further; and stating, in some detail, how long and deeply Brazil had suffered injury and depredation from General Oribe and his party in Uruguay, and how in those attacks he had been instigated and aided by General Rosas, he avowed it to be the intention of the Emperor, in defence of his territories, and in protection of his subjects, to require satisfaction, redress, and security from Uruguay; adding, however, that as the British Government sincerely desired to avert hostilities, the best mode in which it could contribute to so humane an object would be by inducing General Oribe to lay down his illegal authority in Uruguay, and General Rosas to desist from his arrogant interference with the affairs of that State. Content with having made these efforts to compose differences, which, however, it was impossible, under the circumstances, to settle, except by the arbitrament of war; wiser, from sad experience, than its predecessor had been in 1844, and recognizing the force of Senhor Paulino's reasoning, the Russell cabinet withdrew from further official interference, and left things

the said definitive treaty of peace, owing to questions which may be raised, and upon which (notwithstanding her Britannic Majesty's mediation) they may not agree, hostilities between the republic and the empire shall not recommence until after the five years stipulated in Article X; nor shall hostilities then commence without six months' notice being given, with the knowledge of the mediating power."

to take their natural course and find their own spontaneous remedy.

Though substantially master of the state of Uruguay, General Oribe had, we repeat, never been able to subdue its gallant capital, Monte Video; and there, opposed to him, was a lawful government, which had been recognized and dealt with both by England and France. To this government Brazil now turned. By it, the Brazilian resolution to protect its own interests, even by the expulsion of Oribe and Buenos-Ayorean arms from Uruguay, was, of course, hailed with joy: for that had been the end of its prolonged resistance, and of all its sufferings. Negotiations did not lag where the object aimed at was identical; and within a month after these answers had been given to Mr. Hudson, a treaty, offensive and defensive, was concluded between the Emperor of Brazil and the republic of Uruguay; and to it the state of Entre Rios became a party. The adhesion of a single state of the Argentine Confederation to such a treaty, forms, however, a new importation into the current of this singular narrative, requiring a little preliminary explanation.

The Riverine States, Corrientes, Santa Fé, and Entre Rios, though federalists in principle, had long been alienated from the policy and proceedings of Rosas. However loudly Rosas had proclaimed his federalism, and savagely persecuted unitarianism, he had, notwithstanding, ruled on an unitarian policy. The constitution of the Confederation had been kept by him in suspense for twenty years; and both state and federal rights were, consequently, imperfectly developed. He had concentrated everything at Buenos Ayres. That city monopolized the foreign trade and the customs' revenue of the Confederation; it closed the upper streams to foreign navigation, and even to the countries they watered; it compulsorily isolated them from the rest of the world; and it enriched itself by taxing goods imported for their consumption. This great highway to the coast of the Pacific was, in short, closed to mankind, because of the terrorism of Rosas at Buenos Ayres.

The chief of the important state of Entre Rios, which lies between the Parana and the Uruguay, was Urquiza,* once the friend and

* Urquiza has been governor and captain-general of Entre Rios since 1840. He sided with Rosas during the civil wars of Lavallé and Rivera, and routed the latter at the battle of India Muerta in 1846. He is remarkable for the temperance of his habits, using neither wine nor tobacco, and though

supporter of Rosas; like him, too, a federalist, and in origin a gaucho; having risen to wealth also, in his own state, in a similar career; distinguished in its quarrels and disturbances; but more distinguished for having raised his province from a state of disorder and confusion, to be a model of order and security. Uneducated, but intelligent; taught by his intelligence, and by his own personal interests, that prosperity could only be restored to the upper provinces by their emancipation from Buenos Ayres, and their intercourse with Europe; though a soldier of fortune and a successful military chief, humane and temperate, and therefore disgusted by the cruelties and butcheries of Rosas. Annually, Rosas performed the ceremony of resignation; and on the last time, however, that he did so, Urquiza, as chief of Entre Rios, declared that State's acceptance of the act, and so deprived Rosas of the legal authority longer to represent and conduct the foreign relations of the Confederation.

Thus alienated and dissatisfied, the Brazilian movement found Urquiza; he saw in the expulsion of the power of Rosas from Uruguay a road to the downfall of the tyrant in the Argentine Confederation; and with that view he became a party to the treaty of the 29th of May, 1851, by which it was agreed to drive Oribe and the Argentine forces out of Uruguay, and then to proceed to a free election of a president under its constitution. To this example set by Urquiza the Riverine provinces gradually responded. The federal states of Corrientes and Santa Fé also joined the alliance; and the independent republic of Paraguay again looked beyond its own frontiers, and entered into relations with its neighbors.

The treaty of offence and defence was quickly followed by five others. One settled the boundaries between Brazil and Uruguay, and so removed a source of continual disputes; another regulated the commercial relations between all these states, and threw open to each other all their internal waters; a third arranged the terms on which Brazil should find the pecuniary means of supporting the war; a fourth was for the extradition of criminals; and the fifth contained relations of further and more definitive and permanent alliance.

This, obviously, was a formidable League. It was composed of a great and powerful empire, possessing a well organized army,

an admirer of beauty, he is unmarried. Urquiza is upwards of fifty.

and a compact available fleet,* which also had the pecuniary means of carrying on war; of the lawful government of the republic of Uruguay, helpless enough in arms, but strong in right; of the Riverine provinces of the Argentine Confederation, thereby limiting the support of Rosas to his own state, Buenos Ayres, where also he had hosts of enemies; and of Paraguay, at last roused to a sense of national dignity.

The first and main design of the alliance, as we have seen, was to release the Banda Oriental from the influence of Rosas, and to restore to its legal government their proper functions, not to attack the power of Rosas in his own province. It was, however, impossible to overlook the probability of his supporting Oribe, and retaliating on the allies. Such a contingency was therefore provided against in the treaty of the 29th of May, 1851; and its 15th Article converted the alliance intended to be confined to Uruguay only, into a combination against Rosas, if he should resist its primary object; and in that event the protection and command of the rivers Parana and Uruguay, as indispensable to military operations in the province of Buenos Ayres, were consigned to Admiral Grenfell and the Brazilian squadron.

Nor was Rosas long in acting on the anticipations of the allies. Sir Woodbine Parish, with that partiality which is the defect of his otherwise valuable work, says, indeed, that the Brazilian squadron entered the Parana without any declaration of war; and this assertion, though literally correct, is substantially inaccurate. Brazil issued no declaration of war, for none was necessary on its part; as Rosas himself had declared war against Brazil, announced his declaration to the legislature of Buenos Ayres, communicated it to the British minister there on the 18th of August, 1851, and published it to the world on the 20th.

The events of the war now demand our attention.

On the 28th of June, 1851, Urquiza was at the town of Gualiguaychu, on the western coast of the Uruguay, in the province of Entre Rios; he had no troops collected, nor

* Commanded by Admiral Grenfell, who, we need hardly say, is an Englishman. In early life this distinguished sailor entered into the East India Company's marine service; thence he joined Lord Cochrane in the service of Chile; and from it he passed with his lordship into the Brazilian navy. He commanded a fleet on the lakes of the Rio Grande during the rebellion in that province. There he destroyed the rebel flotillas, and at last reduced the insurgents to capitulate in the island of Famfa.

indeed any other force than a vigilant patrol at the principal passes of the rivers and the police of the towns. Count Caxias, commander-in-chief of the Brazilian army, had intimated to him his readiness to cross without delay the frontier, and commence conjoint operations against Oribe, who, at the head of the Buenos-Ayorean forces, was maintaining the siege of Monte Video; and, on the day above mentioned, Urquiza had an interview with Admiral Grenfell. Urquiza required that officer to support the land operations by occupying the Uruguay and Parana, so as to cover the coast of Entre Rios against the naval forces of Buenos Ayres. Admiral Grenfell having undertaken this duty, Urquiza at once issued orders for assembling his troops; and on the 19th of July crossed the Uruguay, with 5000* cavalry. A body of Oribe's troops, 1000 strong, which had been despatched to observe Urquiza's movements, immediately passed over to his side, giving, by their disaffection, an early and a fatal blow to the cause of that general. Thus reinforced and freed from opposition, Urquiza commenced his march for the passes of the Rio Negro. Bad weather, and the flooded state of the rivers, somewhat retarded the advance, but the Rio Negro was crossed on the 1st of September, after a slight skirmish with an advanced guard of Oribe.

The junction intended to have been effected here with the Brazilian army, was frustrated by difficulties equal to those encountered by Urquiza, but much more sensibly felt by an army† numbering 15,000 men of the three arms. Urquiza, however, proceeded, without waiting for his allies, and on the 20th of September came in sight of the army of Oribe, 8000 strong, which had left its cantonments before Monte Video, and crossed the Santa Lucia. Urquiza, wanting infantry and artillery, refrained from attacking Oribe; but the superiority of his cavalry was too decided for

Oribe to meet them alone in the field. Thus situated, the two armies observed each other for some days. Time was acquired for the employment of seduction, so formidable in civil wars, and for the development of the discontent which for some time had been rising amongst the Orientals, or Uruguayans, in the army of Oribe. Sensible of this, and alarmed by the approach of the Imperial army, Oribe retraced his steps. Urquiza followed him, and encamped, on the 20th of September, on the Arrago de la Virgüe. Here commenced a series of communications between the two generals, in which Oribe proposed to give up the Oriental troops, provided the Argentinos were allowed to embark and retire in safety to Buenos Ayres; and an appeal was made to the French and English admirals to protect this operation against the Brazilian squadron. Those officers, on grounds of humanity, were at first disposed to favor the measure; but the energetic remonstrance of the Brazilian minister and admiral, and the avowed determination of the latter to sink the Argentine transports, if an attempt at embarkation should be made, at last induced them to remain within the sphere of neutrality. Their retreat prevented the rapid approach and formidable numbers of the Brazilian army, and the demoralization which rapidly spread in the ranks of Oribe, compelled that general to abandon his position, and retire to the strong position of the Cerrito, a league from Monte Video. Urquiza pressed forward, and on the 4th of October established himself at Las Piedras, four leagues from that city, thereby cutting Oribe off from all resources of the country, and reducing him to the necessity of either fighting at great disadvantage or speedily surrendering for want of provisions. On the 8th of October things came to a crisis; Oribe renounced his command, and was permitted to retire to his country house; whilst the troops proclaimed their adherence to the cause of Urquiza, with the exception of about fifty officers, who effected their escape in the boats of one of the British men-of-war.

Thus bloodlessly terminated the nine years' siege of Monte Video, and the war in Uruguay.

On the 14th of October, Count Caxias, with the advanced guard of the Brazilian army, arrived before Monte Video. On the same day the count arranged with Urquiza and Admiral Grenfell the plan of operations for the overthrow of Rosas. The imperial army at once occupied the town of Colonia del Sacramento, opposite the city of Buenos

* This force consisted of the small proprietors of Entre Rios, living under the protection of their chief. Each man provided himself with his own arms, and with four horses also. Pay they had none; and when pressed on one occasion by scarcity of provisions, Urquiza remarked to his Brazilian allies, that his followers did not eat.

† The Brazilian troops, unlike Urquiza's, constituted a regular army, properly organized and equipped, well provided and cared for, and having good pay. In the Uruguay, there were in this force 2000 Holstein infantry; but their insubordination and misconduct was so great, that they were not permitted, at a subsequent period, to cross the river, and only fifty of them were present in the battle which decided the fate of Rosas.

Ayres, and transports were forwarded thither for its embarkation. The imperial squadron, consisting of a frigate of fifty guns, six corvettes, three brigs, and five steamers, took up their positions before Monte Video, Colonia, Buenos Ayres, and Martin Garcia; having an advance squadron of two corvettes and a brig in the Parana, opposite the town of San Pedro.

The army of Urquiza, augmented by the Argentine troops of General Oribe, and the Oriental division of the defenders of Monte Video, amounting in all to 11,300 men, with 30 guns, were successively embarked in the port of Monte Video, and transported to the province of Entre Rios; and by the end of the month the combined army was all re-united in Entre Rios. Rosas, infuriated by the loss of his army in the Banda Oriental, strained every nerve to repair it, and to meet the formidable combination he had brought down on himself. General Mansilla, his brother-in-law, commanding at the town of San Nicolas, on the Parana, was reinforced with a body of 3000 men and 16 guns; he occupied the banks of the river at the pass of Tonclero, where he threw up entrenchments, and constructed batteries commanding the river, with furnaces for hot shot. The Buenos-Ayorean squadron, too (which had been restored by England to Rosas, on the conclusion of Mr. Southern's treaty), consisting of half a dozen brigs and schooners, was completely equipped; and, augmented by the purchase and armament of two steamers, was placed under the command of Commodore Coe, an experienced North-American officer.

Urquiza had appointed the 20th of December for the general rendezvous of the army and navy, at the pass of El Diamante, twelve leagues below the city of Santa Fé, on the Parana, and for the passage of that river by the allied forces. On the 14th of December, Admiral Grenfell embarked, at Colonia, the 1st division of the imperial army, consisting of 3000 infantry, 500 cavalry, and 12 guns, under the brigadier Marques de Souza,* and steered for the Parana. Proceeding a-head with the *Affonso†* and three other steamers, on the 16th he joined the other division off the town of San Pedro, and the following morning, taking the corvettes

and brig in tow, continued his course up the river. At noon they reached the pass of Tonclero, where General Mansilla was ready to receive them. From some strange infatuation, he allowed the vessels to approach to within half musket-shot of his position without firing a gun; his batteries then all opened together, but were replied to with such spirit by the imperial squadron, that disorder soon became evident in his fire, and the vessels, enveloped in smoke, came under the muzzles of his guns, suffering very trifling injury. The firing lasted fifty minutes, and 500 cannon-shot were exchanged.

As soon as the pass was cleared, the corvettes were anchored, and the admiral, with the steamers, pursued his voyage. The following day, Mansilla, spiking his heavy guns, abandoned his position on the river, and left the passage free for the rest of the division of General Marques, who proceeded on unmolested. On the 19th, the admiral reached the pass of El Diamante, and found there Urquiza, who had arrived only a few hours before. Simultaneously with the arrival of the steamers and troops at El Diamante, came the news of the defection of the province of Santa Fé from the cause of General Rosas, and the presentation of a large body of its cavalry to Urquiza. The Parana, at El Diamante, is deep and rapid, and a thousand yards across. On the 23rd, the passage of the troops commenced, and continued till the 29th, when 23,300 combatants, with 30,000 horses, and 42 guns, were assembled on the right bank of the Parana. The whole force was now put in motion to the south, marching at a short distance from the river, where the steamers accompanied its movements. On the 12th of January, 1852, the vanguard passed the frontier of Santa Fé, near San Nicolas, and entered the province of Buenos Ayres. The march continued with trifling opposition from the enemy, whose forces retreated before them, but with great suffering to the troops, from the extreme heat of the weather and want of water on the plains, when the line of march led them any distance from the river. On the 1st of February, the army arrived within four marches of Buenos Ayres. The admiral had now left the Parana, and assembled the principal part of the naval force in front of Buenos Ayres, and to draw the attention of the enemy, made demonstrations of passing the troops still remaining at Colonia, across the river. Rosas had concentrated all his forces, to the number of 30,000 men, with fifty pieces of cannon, at Monte Caseros, a

* This gallant officer, now Baron de Porto Aligre, is the brother-in-law of the late Brazilian minister in London, Commander Marques Lisboa, at present the representative of Brazil in Paris.

† It was this vessel, with Admiral Grenfell and the Prince de Joinville on board, which rendered such effective assistance to the *Ocean Monarch* in the Mersey, two or three years ago.

strong position four leagues from Buenos Ayres. His right was defended by a marsh; his centre occupied the rising ground and buildings of Monte Caseros; and his left extended to some enclosures and broken ground. His infantry and artillery formed his front line, while his cavalry was kept in reserve in rear of his left and centre. On the night of the 2nd of February, the allied army bivouacked in front of the enemy; on the right was the Correntino division, with General Virasoro; in the centre the Brazilian division, under General Marques; and on the left, the Monte-Videan division, under Colonel C  sar Diaz. The whole of the cavalry, 12,000 strong, was massed in one body, under the commander-in-chief, leaving in the vanguard the 2nd regiment of Brazilian lancers, under Colonel Osorio. At daylight, Urquiza visited the different divisions; encouraged the troops; gave orders to form for the attack, and to advance simultaneously against the enemy. His commands were obeyed with alacrity and enthusiasm; the Orientals plunged into the marsh to turn the enemy's right; the Brazilians, in columns of battalions, advanced steadily against the centre and batteries of Monte Caseros, disregarding the concentrated fire of the whole of the enemy's artillery, which was directed against them. As soon as the action was general along the line, Urquiza, with the whole of the cavalry, fell on the enemy's left, broke through it, and charged the cavalry in the rear, putting them to rout, following them in hot pursuit to Buenos Ayres. Equal success attended the other attacks. The guns were all taken at the point of the bayonet; and the infantry, broken and dispersed, surrendered or sought safety in flight. On the first onset, the Dictator set an example of fleeing in disguise from the field, and owed his safety to the excellence of his horse and his knowledge of the country, which enabled him to reach the shore unrecognized, and with his daughter, the renowned Do  a Manuelita, gain the hospitable shelter* of one of her Majesty's steamers, anchored close to the shore. The victory was complete, and with comparatively little bloodshed; not more than 500 men fell on both sides. The troops continued their advance towards the

* Rosas carried away no great amount of property—not more, it is believed, than 3000*l.*; nor had he funds in Europe. At first, his large estates were put under sequestration by the new government, but were subsequently restored to him by Urquiza, when in possession of absolute power in Buenos Ayres, much to the credit of the generosity and humanity of that chief.

city, and the following morning Urquiza received, at Palermo, the submission of Buenos Ayres; and ended a war which, for the first time in these countries, had been conducted on the principles of civilized combatants, desirous to gain a definite end at the smallest possible human suffering. All previous struggles in the Platine States had been disgraced by cruelties and barbarities of the most shocking and demoralizing description. Prisoners were indiscriminately slaughtered, whole bodies were savagely massacred; officers were tortured for popular amusement and delight; in short, no quarter was given, no life spared. On this occasion, however, the Brazilian alliance introduced a regular well-disciplined and properly commanded army into the contest; and in the hour of Buenos-Ayrean defeat, it was to its humanity, order, discipline, and obedience, that the troops of Rosas appealed. "Surrender to the Blue Pants (so the Brazilian infantry was termed); they do not kill!" was their cry; and thus a body, not exceeding 3000 men, had upwards of 5000 prisoners, not one of whom was injured. On the contrary, the Oriental contingent of Rosas's army refused to surrender to the Argentine forces of Urquiza; but on the appearance of a single Brazilian officer (Captain Petra), at once laid down their arms. Nor was this example of humanity lost on the Argentines themselves, in the subsequent occurrences at Buenos Ayres.

Thus both the original design of the alliance and its collateral stipulation were successfully carried out. The independence of Uruguay was secured, and Rosas, having taken arms against the allies, fell in a war which he had thereby brought on himself. Oribe* having yielded in Uruguay, a president and congress were freely elected; and Rosas being driven from Buenos Ayres, the governors of the upper States, with three exceptions (and their absence was caused by distance and want of time), assembled at San Nicolas, in Santa F  , and conferred on Urquiza full authority to represent and conduct the foreign and general concerns of the

* Like another Cincinnatus, Oribe has since quietly resided on his own estate near Monte Video, cultivating—to use the expression of recent communications—cabbages, and picking caterpillars. With many and serious faults, Oribe is a remarkable man, and, superior in both education and intelligence to most of his contemporaries, may yet be destined to play a considerable part in the fortunes of Uruguay: His former rival, Rivera, is now in Rio de Janeiro, living on the bounty of the Brazilian government.

confederation. Urquiza, as Provisional Dictator and General in Command, approved of the election of Senhor Lopez as Rosas' successor, refusing the post for himself. Nor in declining the office did he act on the policy of Rosas; he abolished the punishment of death for political offences, relaxed the laws of the press, restored freedom to the Chambers, and was content to have devoted himself to the arrangements necessary for the consolidation of the confederation, leaving Buenos Ayres to manage its own provincial affairs. The old spirit of domination over the upper provinces was, however, still strong in that city. Neither their bloodshed nor their persecution, neither denunciations nor sufferings, had, it soon appeared, destroyed the old unitarian party. At the elections which followed, and over which Urquiza (unwisely, perhaps) abstained from exercising any great influence, members of that party were generally successful. As soon as the legislature opened, it at once attacked the power of Urquiza at its very foundation, by casting doubts on the legal right of Governor Lopez to have sanctioned his appointment as Provisional Dictator. The press, suddenly recovering its freedom, responded to the feeling of the Chamber. The governor, in whom Urquiza had confidence, was obliged to resign; and danger to the general interests seemed so fast accumulating in Buenos Ayres, that Urquiza (in conformity with a provision in the treaty of alliance) assumed dictatorial authority in that State; dismissed the Chamber, sent out of the province his leading opponents, and, having a clear stage to himself, proceeded to enact many useful measures.

Almost concurrently, difficulties of another sort arose between the new government of Monte Video and the Brazilian authorities. There, also, the newly-elected president, Senhor Giro,* a man of sense and discretion, was uneasily yoked to a chamber wherein malcontents prevailed. The two parties in the State had, on the surrender of Oribe, agreed on returning equal numbers from both to congress. This agreement, strictly adhered to by the opponents of that chief, was disregarded by his friends; and the congress assembled on Oribe's downfall was not a little jealous at the interference of Brazil in the affairs of Uruguay.

As the Buenos-Ayres chamber began its resistance to the influence of the upper pro-

* Senhor Giro is a civilian, and a man of moderate abilities, with personal inclinations towards Oribe.

vinces by attacking the title of Urquiza, so the chamber of Monte Video commenced its traditional dislike of its neighbors by hesitating to recognize the validity of the treaties with Brazil; and for awhile this refusal to ratify them seemed likely to produce serious consequences. Brazil, firm on the point of their recognition and ratification, was, however, willing to modify some details, against which there were well-founded objections. So the congress wisely yielded; the treaties being ratified, were modified in a few particulars, and the relations between Brazil and Uruguay have since gone on satisfactorily.

Meanwhile the power of Urquiza in Buenos Ayres seemed established, but it was in appearance only. He was there as conqueror; and the presence of a Gaucho chief of a country province, in that character maintaining himself by Gaucho troops, was highly offensive to the pride of the metropolitan city. He was, too, engaged in preparing for the congress of Santa Fé, where a general constitution, by no means favorable to the pretensions or status of Buenos Ayres, would, in all probability, be framed, and imposed on the whole confederation. This was a further source of mortification to the unitarian party. Excellent, too, as many of his measures were, Urquiza's manners and personal conduct were not calculated to conciliate public opinion in Buenos Ayres. He was humane, to be sure, respected property, gave facilities to commerce, and attended to the finances; but he was intolerant and impetuous. Nor will it create surprise that, educated in such a country, he was not master of all the courtesies of refined civilization.

Neither was his policy a Buenos-Ayrean one; he proceeded to negotiate, and succeeded in negotiating a treaty with Paraguay, by which she opened her rivers and her territories; and he resolved on saving himself from much of the trouble of the approaching mission sent out by England and France, by issuing, on the 28th of August, 1852, a decree, opening up to the mercantile navigation of all nations, the rivers which, from their first discovery down to that date, had been closed—a document and a policy well worth the notice they received in the Queen's Speech.

This decree was no stinted or hesitating concession. As a legal measure, it was within the powers which had been conferred on Urquiza by the chiefs of the other States; as a practical one, it was necessary for the collection of the revenue, deranged and squandered since the fall of Rosas, and for the

prevention of contraband, which had revived; while, as a general piece of policy, it was in conformity with the better organization of the confederation reserved for the Congress of Santa Fé. It is, however, unnecessary now to explain the document in detail; suffice it then to say, that its provisions were conceived in a spirit of wise generosity, tempered with regulations sufficiently protective of reveue interests. It established custom-houses up the Parana and Uruguay, laid the basis of a bonding system, and gave ample security to honest commerce against formal but necessary observances. When taken in connection with the treaty concluded with Paraguay, it was in every respect comprehensive and complete.

The date of this decree,* it will have been observed, was the 28th August, 1852. Having issued it, Urquiza left the city of Buenos Ayres on the 8th of September for Santa Fé, to instal the constituent congress; and within two days after his departure, the leaders of the old unitarian party had, by the aid of the Corrientino division, which Urquiza had left in garrison, and they had corrupted, overthrown his power. It was a nocturnal *coup d'état*; but, unlike most pronunciamientos, happily passed over without bloodshed or proscription. The Chamber immediately assembled, recognized the movement, elected General Pinto governor of the province; and he wisely permitted the troops still faithful to Urquiza to embark in peace. When news of this movement overtook Urquiza, his first thought was to return and suppress what he deemed a mere revolt. He soon found, however, that the province sympathized with the city of Buenos Ayres, and that the movement against him had united all parties. So, abandoning that intention, he proceeded onwards to Santa Fé, there to form a nation, as he at first said, without Buenos Ayres. At the latest advices, however, that intention also had been abandoned; and, to all appearance, Urquiza was content to maintain his power in his own State of Entre Rios; when, to the surprise of every rational person, he has been attached by a league between Buenos Ayres and Corrientes.

If success in the Plate, as in most other countries, be a great subduer of the jealousies that separate States, misfortunes there are even more potent destroyers of influence and authority than elsewhere; and long ere Urqui-

za reached his own province of Entre Rios, he found himself not only deserted by Corrientes and Santa Fé, but in danger at home. Not, indeed, that the Riverine States have abandoned their desire to consolidate the confederation; but that their faith in the ability of Urquiza to accomplish that great object has been shaken. Should he, however, be able to maintain himself in Entre Rios, the very position of that State—midway between the Parana and Uruguay, and separating Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé from Corrientes—must always give him great opportunity either for good or evil over the littoral provinces. The attitude he has assumed towards Buenos Ayres since his authority there was rejected, is, naturally enough, unfriendly, and even threatening; but the new government of Buenos Ayres have it very much in their own power to control the personal designs (even if really dangerous) of Urquiza, by conciliating the other States of the confederation, through the mediation of a liberal policy, and friendly and reciprocally useful relations. Nor as yet have they shown any unwillingness to do so. To acquire the confidence at once of Europe and of the upper provinces, the new government of Buenos Ayres has "recognized"—to use the language of the decree it presented to the congress—"as a principle of general expediency, the opening of the river Parana* to the traffic and mercantile navigation of all nations, and thenceforward declared and conceded it on its part;" and this recognition it has followed up by establishing at Buenos Ayres, what is most important to commerce, a deposit or warehousing system in its custom-house, and by allowing the transit of goods, both by land and water, without the payment of duties.

For this somewhat unexpected conversion of Buenos Ayres to a free trade and a free navigation policy, commerce is mainly indebted to the liberation of Uruguay by the arms of Brazil and Urquiza. At present that State is, no doubt, greatly impoverished by the devastations of Oribe; and Monte Video, its capital, has suffered severely by a siege almost rivalling that of Troy in duration. But both state and capital have every capacity for carrying on a large trade, which peace and tranquillity are sure to develop. Should, then, Buenos Ayres ever again resort to a restrictive commercial system, the import merchants and the upper States will

* So important did it appear to the Board of Trade, that copies of it were sent by that department, almost immediately after its arrival here, to mercantile bodies at Manchester and Liverpool.

* Urquiza's decree included the Uruguay as well as the Parana.

hereafter have at Monte Video and Colonia, what they had not under Rosas and Oribe, the means of self-protection. For, in that event, the former will transfer their capital from Buenos Ayres to Monte Video; and thither the latter will follow it with that produce which now finds a market at Buenos Ayres. So that, look at the liberation of Uruguay from what point we will, the most important consequences flow from it. Security is restored to the frontier province of Brazil; the seeds of prosperity are planted in Uruguay itself; and free trade and free navigation have been rescued from the control of Buenos Ayres.

Commercially, Monte Video cannot at present compete with Buenos Ayres. In some important respects, however, its position has advantages over the older city; its port is always accessible, and ships are always safe at its quays; but its distant from the richer parts of the confederation; and until steam shall have overcome both the delay and expense of distance, the cost of transit either to Colonia or Monte Video must diminish seriously the profits of exportation from the Banda Oriental. Nor, as yet, has Monte Video any large capitalists to conduct trade between the import merchants and the up-country buyers, who have need of such middle-men for the arrangement of their credits. Nevertheless, Monte Video has, in the Banda Oriental, a great and fertile country of its own whereon to flourish; as its prosperity grows under the influence of peace, so will the advantages of Monte Video be developed; and when steam navigation shall cover the upper waters of the Parana, the Paraguay, and the Uruguay, there can be little doubt that Monte Video and Colonia will rival Buenos Ayres in wealth and importance, and the Banda Oriental be as populous and prosperous.

Under Rosas, Buenos Ayres, as we have said, taxed all the goods imported into the Argentine confederation. The success of Urquiza at once liberated the upper provinces from this contribution to the revenues of a single State; and Urquiza's successors have carried his liberality even further, and, as already stated, permit the transit of goods duty free. So, also, do Santa Fé, Cordova, and some others of the upper States. Each State will now, therefore, levy whatever import duties its local authorities may fix and determine on. But out of this state of things two serious anomalies will arise: First, that in a series of States professing to be a confederation, there will be no general power to

regulate custom duties, and their rates may vary in each of the thirteen confederated provinces; hence there will be a temptation for one State to smuggle into its more highly-taxed neighbors; discussions and quarrels will arise between them, and violence and war be resorted to. Secondly, in a union which contracts external relations with other countries, there will be wanting any general or common fund to defray the inevitable cost of federal measures. Hitherto the expenses of the confederation fell on Buenos Ayres; but now Buenos Ayres has no longer authority to speak and act on behalf of the littoral and upper States; and if it had, that State is without means to do more than defray the cost of its own local government. No doubt, Buenos Ayres is more favorably situated than any other State to represent the confederation with foreign powers, if any one State have to continue to represent it. But experience has shown the danger, the inconvenience, and the jealousies, sure to arise again, of a single State enjoying the rights of federal representation, to the exclusion of the rest.

It is only by giving to the confederation an intelligible expression, and by constituting a federal government, that these and other difficulties of a kindred character can be overcome. It is only by placing the navigation of the upper waters under the protection of a central authority, in which all the States interested shall be fairly represented, that any permanent security can be given to internal commerce or navigation. And liberally disposed as the new government of Buenos Ayres is in many respects, these are hardly objects which it will attempt to carry out. Alama, the recently elected governor, is indeed known to be both a man of good sense and good abilities; and the ministry associated with him is, we do not doubt, animated by the most pacific intentions. But they belong to, and are, it is notorious, under the control of, the old unitarian party, which has a majority in the house of representatives; and that party has hitherto been the resolute opponent of federal development. The unitarians are, in truth, the *doctrinaires* of the Plate; wealthy, intelligent, pure, and occasionally liberal; but speculative, theoretical, austere, and too frequently intolerant; and these are defects that repel the confidence of a people, and the support of the bustling, active, earnest, practical men of the world. The long-suffering and heavy persecution they were subjected to under the terrorism of Rosas, may not, how-

ever, have been lost on the surviving unitarians of Buenos Ayres; and as yet they have, whilst overthrowing, acted at home on the policy of the federalist, Urquiza.

The tendency of the again dominant unitarianism of Buenos Ayres, however natural it may have been for the wealth and intelligence of that province to have risen against the force of a Gaucho chief not its own, is clearly the reverse of consolidation; and the end may be the separation of the province of Buenos Ayres from the Argentine confederation. Concluded on peaceable terms, and with proper relations established between all the littoral States remaining united, that

would be an evil much less than unwilling, unsettled, and dubious connection, such as has so long existed, to the hindrance of material progress and of social improvement. The time, it may be possible, has not even yet arrived for the formation of a great State in the interior; the terms in which that shall be established may, it is probable, still require the experience of some years of peaceable development in order to arrange and combine all interests; and we are not without sad examples in Europe of the dangers and embarrassment of precipitating constitutions before the people to be ruled are fit for them.

From the Biographical Magazine.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE royal message which recalled George Canning from his place of embarkation for India to take the post of Foreign Secretary in the British Cabinet, on the death of Lord Castlereagh (August, 1822), reached him at the house of Sir John Gladstone, a wealthy Liverpool merchant. From the window of Seaforth House, Canning is described by his biographer as looking out upon the sea that he supposed was soon to separate him—perhaps for ever—from the Europe whose destinies he was unconsciously about to influence beyond any man of his day; while, sporting on the beach below him, were the three sons of his host, the youngest of whom, William Ewart Gladstone, is now M.P. for the University of Oxford, Privy Councillor, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

On the rule invariably observed in the Biographical Magazine, of writing only the public lives of living men, we abstain from saying, and make no pretence of knowing, more of Mr. Gladstone's private history than may be found in the "Parliamentary Companion," or other ephemeral compilation of particulars that might be extracted from the register of the parish in which he was born or married and of the schools and colleges he attended. Our information under this head may be given in a couple of lines.—He was born at Liverpool, in the year 1809; was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Ox-

ford; and, having spent a short time in continental travel—after the manner of young gentlemen from time immemorial—he entered Parliament, in 1832, as member for Newark. It is from this latter point that we will pursue his career—as yet short, but eventful and suggestive.

It will be remembered that the general election of 1835 took place on a dissolution of the first reformed Parliament by Sir Robert Peel, on his hurried return from Italy to take the Premiership. It is significant either of the paucity of Sir Robert's materials for the construction of a ministry, or of the early promise of young Mr. Gladstone, that, immediately on his re-election, he was appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies, having the new Premier (the Earl of Aberdeen), for his chief. This able and promising government fell before a hostile majority on the Irish Church question, in May of the same year. Mr. Gladstone, of course, went over with his party to the opposition benches, proved himself one of its most frequent, though not obtrusive, speakers, and was re-elected for Newark on the same interest (the Duke of Newcastle's) at the general election consequent on the death of William the Fourth.

In the following year he distinguished himself by a speech on the Abolition of Negro Apprenticeship, defending the planters

from the imputations upon them; but far more by the issue from the press of an octavo volume, "The State in its Relations to the Church." There can be no more satisfactory proof of the ability and influence of this work, than the fact that it was honored, so early as April 1839—when it had already reached a second edition—with an elaborate notice in the "Edinburgh Review,"—an article immediately recognized as Mr. Macaulay's; included in the authorized collection of his "Historical and Critical Essays;" reprinted, with the article on "Ranke's History of the Popes," in "The Traveller's Library;" and usually considered as the conclusive reply of the party opposed to Mr. Gladstone, to his doctrine and argument.

The judgment of so high an authority as Mr. Macaulay, is so essential to a just estimate of Mr. Gladstone's public character and position, that we will take the trouble to condense and copy the opening passages of the article in question:—

"The author of this volume is a young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor. It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England. But we believe that we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demeanor have obtained for him the respect and good will of all parties. His first appearance in the character of an author is therefore an interesting event; and it is natural that the gentle wishes of the public should go with him to his trial.

"We are much pleased, without any reference to the soundness or unsoundness of Mr. Gladstone's theories, to see a grave and elaborate treatise on an important part of the Philosophy of Government proceed from the pen of a young man who is rising to eminence in the House of Commons. There is little danger that people engaged in the conflicts of active life will be too much addicted to general speculation. The opposite vice is that which most easily besets them.

"We therefore hail with pleasure, though assuredly not with unmixed pleasure, the appearance of this work. That a young politician should, in the intervals afforded by his parliamentary avocations, have constructed and propounded, with much study and mental toil, an original theory on a great pro-

blem in politics, is a circumstance which, abstracted from all consideration of the soundness or unsoundness of his opinions, must be considered as highly creditable to him. We certainly cannot wish that Mr. Gladstone's doctrines may become fashionable among public men. But we heartily wish that his laudable desire to penetrate beneath the surface of questions, and to arrive by long and intent meditation, at the knowledge of great general laws, were much more fashionable than we at all expect it to become.

"Mr. Gladstone seems to us to be, in many respects, exceedingly well qualified for philosophical investigation. His mind is of large grasp; nor is he deficient in dialectical skill. But he does not give his intellect fair play. There is no want of light, but a great want of what Bacon would have called dry light. Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and indeed exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. Half his acuteness and diligence, with a barren imagination, and a scanty vocabulary, would have saved him from almost all his mistakes. He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator, a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import; of a kind of language which affects us much in the same way in which the lofty diction of the Chorus of Clouds affected the simple-hearted Athenian.

ὦ γῆ τοῦ φλόγματος, ὡς ἰσπὸν, καὶ σεμνὸν, καὶ ἑσπερώδες.

"When propositions have been established, and nothing remains but to amplify and decorate them, this dim magnificence may be in place. But if it is admitted into a demonstration, it is very much worse than absolute nonsense; just as that transparent haze, through which the sailor sees capes and mountains of false sizes and in false bearings, is more dangerous than utter darkness. Now, Mr. Gladstone is fond of employing the phraseology of which we speak in those parts of his works which require the utmost perspicuity and precision of which human language is capable; and in this way he deludes first himself, and then his readers. The foundations of his theory, which ought to be buttresses of adamant, are made out of the flimsy materials which are fit only for perorations. This fault is one which no sub-

sequent care or industry can correct. The more strictly Mr. Gladstone reasons on his premises, the more absurd are the conclusions which he brings out; and when, at last, his good sense and good nature recoil from the horrible practical inferences to which his theory leads, he is reduced sometimes to take refuge in arguments inconsistent with his fundamental doctrines, and sometimes to escape from the legitimate consequences of his false principles, under cover of equally false history.

"It would be unjust not to say that this book, though not a good book, shows more talent than many good books. It abounds with eloquent and ingenious passages. It bears the signs of much patient thought. It is written throughout with excellent taste and excellent temper; nor does it, so far as we have observed, contain one expression unworthy of a gentleman, a scholar, or a Christian. But the doctrines which are put forth in it appear to us, after full and calm consideration, to be false, to be in the highest degree pernicious, and to be such as, if followed out in practice to their legitimate consequences, would inevitably produce the dissolution of society."

The question with which Mr. Gladstone had ventured to deal, was pre-eminently the practical question of the day, as it has been one of the loftiest subjects of speculation, with philosophers and statesmen, in every age. The problems that Plato had undertaken to exhibit, in his "Republic," in a state of solution, so to speak, were substantially the same which the Dissenters of Nottingham and Manchester discussed in public meeting, and of which Daniel O'Connell attempted to compel the settlement, for at least one branch of the empire, by a thinly disguised display of physical force. In the debates on the Irish church, commenced with, and protracted through, every session of the Parliaments that sat from 1832 to 1838, there was involved, to the consciousness of thoughtful men, a profoundly deeper and far more difficult question than was apparent to "the Parliamentary rabble," or the turbulent agitator, or the excited public. It was a sense of this that brought Dr. Chalmers to London, to deliver his lectures on church establishments—perhaps the most eloquent and least satisfactory of his voluminous performances; for they contained little that had not been advanced by Hooker, Warburton, or Paley, and that little had an air of commercial utilitarianism, which Mr. Gladstone would probably feel degrading to the theme. The

"Student of Christ Church and M.P. for Newark,"—as Mr. Gladstone wrote himself on his title-page—was content neither with the "judicious Hooker's" notion of an ecclesiastical polity, nor with Warburton's theory of a contract; whilst Paley's argument from utility he pronounced to be "tainted by the original vice of false ethical principles," and Dr. Chalmers' refutation of the supply and demand scheme he deemed "questionable." He boldly climbed to the altitude of what he deemed an absolute moral truth, and thought to bring down thence express authorization for established churches—or rather, to lay upon the conscience of rulers the obligation of maintaining that co-relation of naturally opposite systems, known as the alliance of church and state. He thus states his general proposition, which, he thinks, "must surely command universal assent."

"Wherever there is power in the universe, that power is the property of God, the King of that universe—his property of right, however for a time withheld or abused. Now this property is, as it were, realized, is used according to the will of the owner, when it is used for the purposes he has ordained, and in the temper of mercy, justice, truth, and faith which he has taught us. But those principles never can be truly, never can be permanently, entertained in the human breast, except by a continual reference to their source, and the supply of the Divine grace. The powers, therefore, that dwell in individuals acting as a government, as well as those that dwell in individuals acting for themselves, can only be secured for right uses by applying to them a religion."

"The powers that dwell in individuals acting as a government," he elsewhere describes by resembling the magisterial to the parental character. In other places he expressly declares, "The governors are reasoning agents for the nation, in their conjoint acts as such;" and denies that the people are entitled to more than a beneficial use of the funds raised by taxation.

In these two sentences we have indicated the prominent characteristic—Mr. Macaulay would say the fundamental errors—of the book;—the confounding of individual with corporate functions, and the self-deluding use of analogical, in the place of inductive, reasoning.

It is obligatory on a man that he be religious,—it is therefore obligatory on any body of men that *they* be religious. Such, we believe, is a fair epitome of Mr. Glad-

stone's "argument for the obligation incumbent on governors as men." Now if by this be meant, that associations, like individuals, are morally bound to act from the purest motives, and to the highest ends, the assertion is merely a truism. But the proposition, as it stands, is one of those plausible errors—so logical in form, while utterly illogical in spirit—that are best refuted by pushing them into the realms of active life. This is what the Edinburgh Reviewer has done. By a great number of supposititious examples, vividly presented, he shows that society will go to pieces if this rule were attempted to be enforced. But, we think that with any intelligent definition of religion itself, the proposition is incompatible. *A priori*, as well as practical, considerations, are fatal to it. In the atmosphere of common sense, it cannot draw a single breath. Even by a change of expression, the thing intended is instantly destroyed. Put the sentiment, for instance, in this form—Whatever is incumbent on a man in one capacity, is incumbent upon him in any capacity;—and the absurdity of the conclusion sought to be established is evident at once. Yet is there no unfair exchange of phrasology; for it is only because man is a social being, that he has more than one capacity of action. Even in the most rudimentary forms of combination,—in the relations of parent and child, of master and servant, for example—new duties, with their corresponding rights, immediately arise. If religion be a personal obligation—if it be anything more than the practice of unmeaning ceremonies—if it be a certain state of intellect and heart—the father or the employer can have no business to enforce religious observances upon his household; for he thereby invades that private right which is necessarily involved in the private obligation. The influence of example and of solicitation is the only force which he can legitimately put into operation; and he must remember how easily the solicitations of a social superior come to be regarded as commands. In associations for purposes of industry, commerce, or literature, the principle comes out the more strongly in proportion to the complexity of the combination. Reflection suggests what experience shows, that until men are agreed upon those religious subjects which now divide them, one of two things must be—that either only men of concurrent belief unite, or that they unite on some other basis than a religious one. Thus, then, we may say, without giving an opinion for or against the

union of Church and State—that the first of the grounds on which Mr. Gladstone defends that union, is at variance with sound reasoning, and capable of easy reduction to absurdity.

It is by the misplaced employment of useful but delusive analogies, that so able a dialectician as Mr. Gladstone is led to take up these indefensible positions. The paternal character of government is one of those mocking images—"national personality" is another. Ignoring the earliest, but surest, facts of history, and the visible working of existing politics, he persists in representing rulers as divinely invested with power, in a sense somewhat different from that in which it may be said that a man is divinely endowed with understanding or wealth—government as a divine institution, not only as marriage may be said to be so, but as if actual dynasties, like life-unions, were "made in heaven"—society as the offspring, instead of as the author, of the State. The ruler he holds bound to do whatsoever he deemeth best for the people under him. He accepts the natural objection to this, even in its most startling form—"Then, if it be the duty of a Christian government to advance Christianity, it is the duty of a Mahometan government to advance Mahometanism. . . . I do not scruple to affirm, that, if a Mahometan conscientiously believes his religion to come from God, and to teach divine truth, he must believe that truth to be beneficial, and beneficial beyond all other things, to the soul of man; and he must, therefore, and ought to, desire its extension, and to use for its extension all proper and legitimate means. And that if such Mahometan be a prince, he ought to count, among these means, the application of whatever influence or funds he may lawfully have at his disposal for such purposes." The doctrine of "popular sovereignty" he discards as a "fiction." Political power, he contends, is equally the property and gift of God, "whether it be derived to the governors immediately, or through the people." Having thus deduced from that figure of speech which represents the king as father of his people, the gravest of consequences—namely, that he is responsible for their religious training and exercises—he proceeds to deal, as with "broad facts," with another purely rhetorical entity, and mere poetic influences:—"There is," he says, "a real, and not merely supposititious, personality of nations, which entails likewise its own religious responsibilities. The plainest exposition of a national personality is this:—That the

nation fulfils the great conditions of a person—namely, that it has unity of acting, and unity of suffering—with the difference, that what is physically single in the one, is joint, or morally single in the other. National influences form much of our individual character. National rewards and punishments, whether by direct or circuitous visitation, influence and modify the individuals who form the mass. National will and agency are indissolubly one, binding either a dissentient minority, or the subject body, in a manner that nothing but the recognition of the doctrine of national personality can justify. National honor, and national faith, are words in every one's mouth. How do they less imply a personality in nations than the duty towards God, for which we now contend? They are strictly and essentially distinct from the honor and good faith of the individuals composing the nation. France is a person to us, and we to him. A wilful injury done to her is a moral act, and a moral act quite distinct from the acts of all the individuals composing the nation:—"To all which it may be sufficient to reply, that however the language of the Old Testament may justify such expressions as "national sins," and "national judgments," the Christian scriptures teach, in harmony with our own intuitions, that ultimately to his own master will every man stand or fall; that "the duty towards God" contended for, is strictly the rendering of spiritual worship; that "the rewards and punishments" of the gospel system are infinitely beyond any to which the word "national" can be applied; that, in short, while France and England may harmlessly and conveniently personify each other, it is an unreasonable and incalculably mischievous thing so to personify the moral relation to the Divine Being of any number of his creatures. It is the distinction of Christianity from the Judaism which it came to supersede, and the Paganism which it came to overthrow, that it makes no account of nationalities, in any other sense than as a *congeries* of human beings, individually responsible and spiritually equal. While the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman writers abound in allusions that show they regarded even Jehovah, or "Jove Best and Greatest," as differently affected towards the people of different countries—no trace of that sentiment can be found in the gospels or epistles, but much that is antagonistic thereto. Again, therefore, we say, without pronouncing any opinion upon the general question,—this division of our author's argument does not exalt our idea

of his logical power, nor promise an adequate defence of the institution he undertakes to defend.

More original, but not less lamentably inconclusive, are the arguments by which Mr. Gladstone breaks the force of his own principles; and by limiting the duty of rulers to the *encouragement* of religious faith, seeks to guard the exercise of private judgment and the enjoyment of toleration. It would be an easy explanation of his singularly inconsequential propositions on these points to say, that he is too good a Protestant altogether to deny the great Protestant doctrine, and too amiable a man to approve the naked hideousness of downright persecution;—but this explanation is neither respectful nor sufficient. We prefer to regard the controversial curiosity we are about to exhibit, as the legitimate offspring of an intellect more subtle than powerful, of an understanding which partakes of the nature of a morbid conscience. As respects the right of private judgment, he explicitly denies that the church of England ever taught "that men were free to frame any religion from Scripture which they pleased: or to form a diversity of communions. . . . The act of her reformation," he proceeds, "established the claim of the nation to be free from the external control of any living power in matters of religion, but not from Catholic consent. It is a strange fiction to say that the English Reformation was grounded on the doctrine of private judgment." He appeals, in proof of this startling assertion, to the Twentieth Article, to the Canon of 1571, and the prelates Cranmer and Jewel. The historical truth of this representation, we are not concerned either to deny or admit. We have only to point out how vital a position it must necessarily hold in a man's churchmanship and statesmanship. With the same object, we must add, that our author admits there is an irreconcilable hostility between his own view of the rule of faith, and the mildest popular idea thereof. He seems to limit the function of reason in religious matters to a scrutiny of the general evidences of Christianity—beyond that, he lays it down, a man "should prefer adopting the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*,"—the utterance of the faithful in divers times and places—"to his own conclusions from the sacred text."

One would suppose that, in proportion as the sphere of free inquiry is narrowed, pains should be taken to preserve its inviolability. That is to say,—if only concerning the out-works of revelation may we freely investigate

and canvass, there should be presented no worldly motive to influence the decision; while it might be proper to reward or punish for obedience or disobedience to an authority once admitted. But the very opposite of this rule is that adopted by Mr. Gladstone. Conformity to the church of England, as the purest embodiment of the Christian religion, is the one and only thing which he requires the state to reward—nonconformity, the summary of offences it is called upon to punish by discouraging. He denies the right of the state to persecute; not, however, because religious freedom—the correlative, according to his own admission, of religious responsibility—is the right of man, as man, but because it has not “pleased God to give to the state or to the church this power.” Then comes the most curious feature of this curious piece of argument:—“For it was with regard to chastisement inflicted by the sword for an insult offered to himself, that the Redeemer declared His kingdom not to be of this world, meaning, apparently, in an especial manner, that it should be otherwise than after this world’s fashion in respect to the sanctions by which its laws should be maintained.” We must refer the reader to Mr. Macaulay’s celebrated essay for an exposure of the erroneousness of this Scriptural exegesis; and a vivid *ad hominem* refutation of the sophism, that disability is not persecution;—for the small remaining portion of our space that can be devoted to this part of our subject, we will occupy with some of the concluding passages of the work—selected as well for their impassioned eloquence, as for the indication they afford of deep and pious earnestness in the writer:—

“Will it be said, ‘All this anxiety is very much disproportioned to the case; if you are sincere in your belief, that there is safety within the church as an ark which shall float on the waters when the fountains of the great deep of human Desire are broken up?’ It is true that we have nothing to fear for her, who bears a charmed life that no weapon reaches. She pursues her tranquil way of confession, adoration, thanksgiving, intercession, and divine communion, concentrated alike for the present and the future, upon one object of regard—her Lord in heaven. This of the church of Christ. And in the church of England we find all the essential features unimpaired, which declare her to be a fruit-bearing tree in the vineyard of God. The scriptures faithfully guarded, liberally dispensed, universally possessed and read; the ancient bulwarks of the faith, the creeds, and

the sound doctrine of Catholic consent, maintained; the apostolical succession transmitting, with demonstration of the Spirit, those vital gifts which effectuate and assure the covenant; the pure worship; the known and acknowledged fertility in that sacred learning which, when faithfully used, is to the truth what the Israelitish arms were to the ark; and the everywhere reviving and extending zeal, courage, love; these are the signs which may well quiet apprehensions for the ultimate fate of the church of England in the breast of the most timid of her sons. But we need not be ashamed, with all this, to feel deeply and anxiously for our country. For that state, which, deriving its best energies from religion, has adorned the page of history, has extended its renown and its dominion in every quarter of the globe, has harmonized with a noble national character, supporting and supported by it, has sheltered the thickest plants of genius and learning, and has in these last days rallied by gigantic efforts the energies of Christendom against the powers and principles of national infidelity, bating no jot of heart nor hope under repeated failures, but every time renewing its determination and redoubling its exertions, until the object was triumphantly attained. For this State we may feel, and we may tremble at the very thought of the degradation she would undergo, should she in an evil hour repudiate her ancient strength, the principle of a national religion. We do not dream that the pupils of the opposite school will gain their end and succeed in giving a permanent and secure organization to human society upon the shattered and ill-restored foundations which human selfishness can supply. Sooner might they pluck the sun off his throne in heaven, and the moon from her silver chariot. What man can do without God was fully tried in the histories of Greece and Italy, before the fulness of time was come. We have there seen a largeness and vigor of human nature such as does not appear likely to be surpassed. But it does not comfort us that those opposed to us will fail. They are our fellow-creatures; they are our brethren; they bear with us the sacred name of the Redeemer, and we are washed, for the most part, in the same laver of regeneration. Can we, unmoved, see them rushing to ruin, and dragging others with them, less wilful, but as blind? Can we see the gorgeous buildings of such an earthly Jerusalem, and the doom impending, without tears? Oh, that while there is yet time, casting away every frivolous and narrow prepossession, grasping firmly and ar-

dently at the principles of the truth of God, and striving to realize them in ourselves, and in one another, we may at length know the 'things which belong to our peace'!"

We have dwelt thus at length upon this book—(of which we may further say, in a parenthesis, that in the British Museum Library is a copy of the first edition, copiously annotated by his Royal Highness the late Duke of Sussex; and that for the third edition which appeared in 1841, a great part of the work was re-written, without, however, any modification of the argument)—because it not only lies at the foundation of Mr. Gladstone's reputation as a thinker and writer; and may be supposed to exhibit, if not his final convictions, yet his entire capabilities; but because it has had a serious practical influence on his whole subsequent career as a politician. It was first mentioned in the House of Commons, by Lord Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle) and the late lamented Mr. Charles Buller, in the course of the education debates of 1839. Its author then declared his readiness, as a legislator, to stand by what he had therein written as a private individual; and accordingly expressed a feeling akin to horror at the proposed intermingling of Jewish and Christian children in public seminaries. In 1841, on arguments of a similar character, he led the opposition to Mr. Divett's bill for admitting Jews to municipal offices; and drew from Mr. Macaulay the satirical remark, that if the casuists of Oxford would only impart some of their ingenuity to the Jews, they would doubtless make any declaration required of them. He returned to office with Sir Robert Peel in 1841, in the double capacity of Master of the Mint and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. In January, 1845, he threw up that post; and at the opening of the session, accounted for so doing in a speech of which the following is the substance:—"I took upon myself some years ago, to state to the world, and that in a form the most detailed and deliberate, the views which I entertained on the subject of the relation of a Christian State in its alliance with a Christian Church: Of all subjects which could be raised, this I treated in a manner the most detailed and deliberate. I have never been guilty of the folly which has been charged upon me, of holding that there are any theories which are to be regarded under all circumstances as immutable and unalterable. But I have strong conviction, speaking under ordinary circumstances, and as a general rule, that those who have borne solemn testimony on great constitutional

questions, ought not to be parties to material departure from them. Now, my right honorable friend at the head of the Government, alluded towards the close of last session, to inquiries he was about to make into the possibility of extending academical education in Ireland, and indicated the spirit in which that important matter might be dealt with. I am not in possession of the mature intentions of the Government. In regard to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, I know nothing beyond what my right honorable friend then said. But those intentions were at variance with what I have stated as the best and most salutary principles. I therefore held it to be my duty, whenever such a measure came before the house, to apply my mind to its consideration, free from all biassed or selfish considerations, and with the sole view of arriving at such a conclusion as upon the whole the interests of the country and the circumstances of the case might seem to demand. I feel it at the same time my duty distinctly to declare, that I am not prepared to take part in any religious warfare against the measures of my right honorable friend."

Whilst all admired the exquisite conscientiousness of the course thus announced, there were many who felt, with Mr. Plumptre, that its explanation was not very intelligible—and that feeling was strengthened when Mr. Shiel, lamenting that "the statesman should be sacrificed to the author," quoted from Mr. Gladstone's book a passage to the effect, that if the imperial parliament had contracted for the maintenance of Maynooth, the contract should be fulfilled with dignified generosity. Still more inexplicable, upon ordinary rules of action, was Mr. Gladstone's ultimate procedure. In the debate on the first reading of the Maynooth College bill, he took no part, and in the division gave no vote. On the motion for the second reading, he came out as a supporter of the measure. Not, however, upon the hypothesis recalled by Mr. Shiel, and urged by the premier. Repudiating the reasons put forward on either side as inadequate to their object, he defended the increase of the grant upon the ground that the Irish were too poor to provide religious teachers for themselves—that those who paid taxes had a right to share in the benefits of their expenditure—and that to object to it on religious grounds, was to confound the principles on which men should act individually with those on which they must act in combination;—propositions, every one of which might be refuted, if at all,

in his own printed words. Of course, such singular vacillation did not escape sarcastic notice. "It appears," said Mr. Smythe, "as far as can be made out from his (Mr. Gladstone's) own statement, that his 'most cherished convictions' and his votes are at issue. But about the mere vulgarity of votes, the right honorable gentleman cares little; for upon this very question he has voted all ways. He voted first against, then in favor of, the grant. He went out of office because the grant was to be increased. When the measure involving the increased grant came to a first reading, he did not vote at all. Now, at the second reading, he is prepared to vote in favor of it. And is any one sure—is the right honorable gentleman himself quite sure—that upon the third reading he will not find equally good reasons for voting against the measure?" (Laughter and cheers.)

Equally incomprehensible, to vulgar politicians, was Mr. Gladstone's course upon the Jewish disabilities question. Notwithstanding his opposition to Mr. Divett's bill in 1841, he gave his silent support to a similar measure, when proposed and carried by the Government in 1845; and, in 1847, just after his election for the University of Oxford, he had the courage to reply to the speech with which his colleague (Sir R. H. Inglis) supported petitions from that venerable body against the admission of Jews to Parliament, as proposed by the then premier (Lord John Russell). The substance of his speech on this occasion Mr. Gladstone has published, and prefixed to it a preface from which we gather clearer notions of his new position than from anything he has elsewhere written or said. It is briefly this:—That whereas it is impossible to hold the state to that close alliance with the Christian church which is involved in the true idea of that union, it is alike unjust to dissenting citizens and impolitic as regards the interests of the church, to endeavor after that impossibility. This proposition is developed with much precision of thought, and beauty of language. After a very forcible exhibition of the "proposition as a matter of fact," that there is "no creed, or body of truth, definite and distinctive," in the present parliamentary profession of Christianity—that it is neither a bond of union nor a badge of separation,—but merely the symbol of "the preponderance of Christians in the constituencies;" he contends, with equal force of language, if not with equally satisfactory logic, that this fact must be taken, not as the results of the chance triumph of

party, but as organic, normal realities; must not be reasoned *upon*, but reasoned *from*. The conclusion to which he labors to bring his fellow-churchmen is this—"that as citizens, and as members of the church, we should contend manfully for her own principles and constitution, and should ask and press without fear for whatever tends to her own healthy development by her own means and resources, material or moral, but should deal amicably and liberally with questions either solely or mainly affecting the civil rights of other portions of the community."

That this recommendation was made with understanding and earnestness is amply evinced by Mr. Gladstone's subsequent conduct as a politician and as a churchman. Thus, in conformity with one half of his counsel, he is found resisting the issue of the Oxford University Commission, and advocating, in parliament and through the press, the restoration of active powers to convocation, the admission of laymen to synods, and the permission of synodal action to colonial bishops. The other half might seem to have been uttered in prophetic anticipation of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. As a High Churchman, and therefore jealous of the titular honors of the English episcopacy—as a son and representative of the University of Oxford, and therefore the natural organ of clerical sentiments—he might naturally have been expected to insist on the prompt and decided repression of what was almost universally considered as at once an insult and an encroachment. And there was nothing in his published writings—if we except the sentence just quoted—to debar him from acting in accordance with these circumstances. On the contrary, however, he was the ablest, and amongst the most persevering, of the small minority who resisted the Government measure. On the seventh night of the debate on the second reading, he delivered a speech, covering thirty-two columns of "Hansard," which exhibits with rare effectiveness the anomalous character of the arguments by which the bill was supported, and closes in a strain of pure and lofty eloquence seldom reached in the House of Commons—where sparkling personalities and party hits are more keenly relished than the luminous enunciation of great principles, or touching appeals to noble sentiments. In this speech, the orator showed himself able to excel in the former, but delighting in the latter. After turning upon Lord John Russell one of his lordship's own most effective perorations, Mr. Gladstone proceeded thus:

"My conviction is, that the question of religious freedom is not to be dealt with as one of the ordinary matters that you may do to-day and undo to-morrow. This great principle which we (the opposition) have the honor to represent, moves slowly in matters of politics and legislation, but though it moves slowly, it moves steadily. The principle of religious freedom, its adaptation to our modern state, and its compatibility with ancient institutions, was a principle which you did not adopt in haste. It was a principle well tried in struggle and conflict. It was a principle which gained the assent of one public man after another. It was a principle which ultimately triumphed after you had spent upon it half a century of agonizing struggle. And now what are you going to do? You have arrived at the division of the century. Are you going to repeat Penelope's process, but without Penelope's purpose? . . . Show, if you will, the pope of Rome, and his cardinals, and his church, that England as well as Rome has her *semper eadem*; that when she has once adopted the great principle of legislation which is destined to influence her national character and mark her policy for ages to come, and affect the whole nature of her influence among the nations of the world—show that when she has done this, slowly and with hesitation and difficulty, but still deliberately and but once for all, she can no more retrace her steps than the river that bathes this giant city can flow backward to its source. . . . We, the opponents of this bill, are a minority, insignificant in point of numbers. We are more insignificant because we have no ordinary bond of union. But I say that we, minority as we are, are sustained in our path by the consciousness that we serve both a generous Queen and a generous people, and that the generous people will recognize the truth of the facts we present to them. Above all, we are sustained by the sense of justice which we feel belongs to the cause we are advocating, and because we are determined to follow that bright star of justice beaming from the heavens whithersoever it may lead."

Mr. Gladstone's second important work appeared in 1840, under the title, "Church Principles Considered in their Results." It is virtually the supplement of his former production, developing, and largely arguing, views there only incidentally, if at all expressed; of greater interest to theologians than to politicians. It treats of the institutions or doctrines of the church, as regards their au-

thority and operation—especially of the sacraments and of apostolical succession. The author's views on the first of these two points may be thus summed up in his own words: "In the midst of all the threatening symptoms of tendency towards unbelief and disorganization with which the age abounds, we are led to regard the sacraments as the chief and central fountain of the vital influences of religion when the church is in health and vigor, as their never wholly obstructed source when she is overspread with the frost of indifference, as their best and innermost fastness, when latent infidelity gnaws and eats away the heart of her creed, and of all her collateral ordinances." On Apostolical Succession he is equally decided. His sense of the value of a question which to many is only one of "vain genealogies," is fairly expressed in the following clause of a sentence, too long for quotation entire:—"It is to us nothing less than a part of our religious obligation to seek the sacraments at the hands of those who have been traditionally empowered to deliver them in their integrity; that is, with the assurance of that spiritual blessing which, although it may be obstructed by our disqualifications in its passage to our souls, forms the inward and chief portions of those solemn rites." Venturing to transfer ourselves from the "dim religious light" of our author's diction, into the clearer atmosphere of popular phraseology, we may say;—he holds that the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper are veritable means of communicating grace, not merely the symbols of its communication; and that Episcopal ministers, historically connected with the apostles, are the only authorized, and therefore effective, administrators of those ordinances. To trace out Mr. Gladstone's collaries from these propositions, would be to overstep the province of a non-theological magazine; and to impute to him conclusions which he may possibly repudiate, would be to imitate one of the worst though commonest vices of controversy.

The Maynooth question having been removed out of his way, Mr. Gladstone re-entered the ministry in December, 1845, taking the post of Colonial Secretary, vacated by Lord Stanley, on account of Sir Robert Peel's resolution to abolish the corn laws. In the spring of the previous year he had rendered important service to the new policy by the publication of a pamphlet, ("Remarks on Recent Commercial Legislation,") exhibiting in elaborate detail the beneficial working of the tariff of 1842. Probably none of the

converts to the free-trade doctrine made a greater sacrifice of personal and party ties than did Mr. Gladstone. Not only were his father and brothers bigoted protectionists, but the late lord of Cumber so successfully exerted his ducal influence over Newark, as to prevent Mr. Gladstone's re-election; thus depriving the premier of his ablest lieutenant through the memorable parliamentary struggle of 1846. At the general election of 1847, however, Mr. Gladstone was compensated for this temporary exclusion from the House of Commons, by the bestowal of an honor two successive statesmen (Canning and Peel) have prized as nobler than any in the gift of crown or people, and have yielded up as the heaviest penalty of faithfulness to conviction—namely, the representation of Oxford University. How highly he appreciated this honor may be judged from the dedication to his *alma mater* of the first-born of his intellectual progeny, in these words of filial piety and pride:—

Inscribed to
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD;

Tried, and not found wanting,
Through the vicissitudes of a thousand years;
In the belief that she is providentially designed
to be a
Fountain of blessings,
Spiritual, social, and intellectual,
To this and to other countries,
To the present and future times;
And in the hope that the temper of these pages
may be found
Not alien from her own.

This "hope" was in some danger of disappointment. The Low-church and Anti-tractarian parties, elated by several consecutive triumphs in the University, vehemently opposed Mr. Gladstone on account of the sentiments advocated in this very work, and in that on "Church Principles." They set up against him, in conjunction with Sir R. H. Inglis, Mr. Round; but Mr. Gladstone triumphed by a majority of some two hundred votes over the latter candidate. In the course of the late parliament, he incurred the risk of displeasing alternately both sections of his supporters—the liberals, by his opposition to University reform, and his speech on Mr. Disraeli's motion for the relief of agricultural distress; the conservatives, by refusing to take office with Earl Derby, in February, 1851, and inflicting on the late Government the only material defeat they experienced through the session of 1852. He was, therefore, exposed to a determined opposition at the last general election; when Dr. Bullock Marsham polled more votes than Mr. Glad-

stone himself in the previous contest. He has just emerged from a still more vexatious and protracted struggle. By taking a very prominent part in the recent free-trade and budget debates—gaining, indeed, the most signal rhetorical success of the whole conflict—and accepting office in the new coalition ministry, he at once exasperated his old opponents, and alienated some of his warmest supporters.*

We come now to an episode in Mr. Gladstone's career which has conferred upon his name a world-wide reputation, and gained for him the admiration of millions. In the winter of 1850, he went to Naples, actuated only by such motives as carry thither annually hundreds of our affluent countrymen. He came in contact, however, with circumstances which converted his visit of pleasure into a "mission" noble as was ever undertaken by any knight errant of humanity. Naples had been conspicuous in the tragic drama of Revolution and Reaction. In January, 1846, a constitution was spontaneously granted to the kingdom of Naples, sworn to by the monarch with every circumstance of solemnity, accepted by the people with universal and peaceful joy. Under this constitution, a Chamber of 184 deputies was elected by about 117,000 votes. On the 15th of May following, a collision took place, or was assumed to have taken place, between the authorities and the citizens. The former were victorious, and made ferocious use of their victory. Nevertheless, the constitution was solemnly ratified, and the King conjured the people to confide in his "good faith," his "sense of religion," and his "sacred and spontaneous oath." On Mr. Gladstone's arrival in Naples, about two years and a half from the date of this address, he heard repeated the assertion of an eminent Neapolitan, that nearly the whole of the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies (the Chamber itself having been abolished) were either in prison or in exile. He deemed this statement a monstrous invention; but was convinced, by the sight of "a list in detail," that it was

* The following are the number of votes polled for each of the respective candidates in 1847:—

Sir R. H. Inglis.....	1700
Mr. Gladstone	999
Mr. Round	824

In 1852:—

Sir R. H. Inglis	1369
Mr. Gladstone	1108
Dr. Bullock Marsham	768

In 1853:—

Mr. Gladstone	1022
Mr. Perceval	898

under the truth—that an absolute majority of the representatives were either suffering imprisonment, or avoiding it by self-expatriation. The knowledge of this terrible fact led him on to the investigation of other and yet more horrible statements—that there were ten, twenty, thirty thousand political prisoners in the kingdom of Naples; that many of these unhappy persons were of eminent station and of unimpeachable loyalty; that few or none of the *detenus* had been legally arrested or held to trial; that, nevertheless, they were suffering intolerable wretchedness—sickness, hunger, suffocation, and irons; that, in short, the government was “the negation of God erected into a system.” Having with his own eyes tested as many of these statements as admitted of verification, and found the horribleness of reality to exceed the horribleness of rumor, Mr. Gladstone determined—despite his strong conservative prejudices against interfering in the affairs of other nations, and especially of even seeming to side with republicans—to make an effort for the abatement of such gigantic atrocities. Immediately on his return to England, therefore, he addressed a written letter to Earl Aberdeen, as ex-Foreign Secretary, reciting what he had witnessed, and suggesting a private remonstrance with the government of Naples. That remonstrance having proved ineffectual, Mr. Gladstone published, in July, 1851, that and a supplementary letter. Never did pamphlet create a more profound sensation. Fifteen or twenty editions sold in less than as many weeks; newspapers multiplied its revelations a million-fold; and Lord Palmerston presented copies to all the continental ambassadors, for transference to their respective governments. Only one English *litterateur*, Mr. Charles Macfarlane, could be found to indite an “Apology” for the power thus formally impeached at the bar of universal opinion; and that performance was justly deemed so unsatisfactory by his clients, that an “Official Reply” was put forth. Mr. Gladstone briefly rejoined; and his facts, by almost unanimous consent, stand equally unimpeachable with his motives.

That he is “a member of the *Conservative* party in one of the great families of European nations,” is alleged by Mr. Gladstone as one of his reasons for doing the very thing which has procured for him the sympathetic admiration of English and European liberalism. “Your deviation from the *Conservative* principles of finance will be followed by a late but ineffectual repentance,” was his

final appeal against the budget of a tory minister. These circumstances are strikingly significant—the explanation of his apparently vacillating career, and of his preset anomalous position. He is emphatically a Conservative-Liberal—Conservative in conviction and sentiment, Liberal by the prescience of his intellect and the generosity of his nature. One of the hereditary princes of commerce, he is also one of the elected chiefs of the republic of letters; having early set himself to win distinction in the quiet walks of scholarship, and in the noisy arena of intellectual strife. Content with no less than a triple crown, he would add to the reputation of the schoolman and the philosopher, that of the politician. He enters the senate as the champion of prescriptive power, at the moment when innovation is elate with triumph, and impatient for renewed struggle;—yet in the only decisive struggle which has since occurred, he bled and conquered in the rearguard of progress.

He asserts the principle and authority in religious faith, and of unity in political institutions, with a rotund positiveness from which even its veteran devotees recoil;—nevertheless, he surrenders one by one every remnant of the times when that principle obtained, with a promptitude shocking to many of its professed opponents. He submits to toil and sacrifice to aid in the abolition of a system, for the loss of which he is afterwards not sure those who benefited by it should not be compensated;—yet when that very position is embodied in a Government, his is the hand put forth to overturn it, and no one attributes to him an unworthy motive. He avows himself in virtual alliance with the established governments of Europe,—yet has done more to make them hateful, and therefore feeble, than any one of the revolutionary chiefs. He framed a theory of social relations which requires in the members of a Government something like a common faith and a corporate conscience; yet takes his seat in the Queen’s councils with men whose religious views are the antipodes of his own, and whose conscience has dictated conduct quite the opposite of his, on questions of the highest moment;—still no one calls him unprincipled. Though a man of nicest honor, he clings to a society in which he is insulted by some, and can have little congeniality with any,—because all are agreed, he loves the name it bears, and the cause it represents. Holding, as Mr. Gladstone does, that government is not a human arrangement, necessitated by human imper-

fection, but a divinely appointed power,—though designed for the general good, not originating in the general will,—he is necessarily a Conservative. Believing, too, that it is the function of the understanding, not to develop, but only to apply, religious truth—that there is efficacy in outward rites duly administered, deeper than our consciousness, and lasting as our existence—that to a class of men is committed the influences to which it is unspeakably important that all men should be subjected—his sympathies are engaged, beyond the utmost compulsion of the intellect, to that side of public affairs which we are agreed to call the aristocratic. Further, the natural bias of his mind, strengthened by the direction of his studies, is towards an undue reverence for the past. Thus we find, that all his arguments are based, in theology, upon revelation—in politics, upon precedent; all his appeals addressed to the religious prepossessions or historical knowledge of those whom he would

persuade. He never takes his stand upon the immutable facts of our nature, the inalienable rights of man—never rises to those prophetic heights whence pictures of social perfection may be discerned. But over against all this must be set that rectitude of intellect which makes him anxious to understand both sides of a controversy,—that keenness of perception, which detects the entrance of a question upon what he calls its “fluent state”—and that delicacy of conscience which will permit him to inflict no known injustice, nor gain for his party any unfair advantages. A philosopher among statesmen, he is also a purist among politicians. It would be most hazardous to predict the career of a man so thoroughly individual; but, reviewing the incidents of a career chequered but unblemished, we may confidently anticipate, that as that future lengthens out it will yield only honor to him, and chiefly service to his country.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

MISS MITFORD.

It has been observed by an intelligent and graceful foreign writer—who has been styled the Addison of his own country's literature*—that whereas in some lands the large cities absorb the wealth and fashion of the nation, and are the only fixed abodes of elegant and cultured society, while the country is inhabited almost entirely by boorish peasantry, in England, on the contrary, the metropolis is a mere gathering place, or general rendezvous of the polite classes, where they devote a small portion of the year to a hurry of gaiety and dissipation, and having indulged this kind of carnival, return again to the apparently more congenial habits of rural life.† Hence Geoffrey Crayon's warning to the stranger who

would correctly appreciate English character, not to confine his observations to London, but to examine our rural life. The traveller, he says, “must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens, along hedges, and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches, attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humors.” As for him who travels not, and is dependent on books for his acquaintance with the village life and rural characteristics of England, few records can compete with those of Miss Mitford, in quaint adaptation to the spirit of the subject, in graphic sketches from nature at first hand, in cordial sympathy with the diversified topics under review, and in a quiet, home-bred humor, itself racy of the soil. Like Geoffrey Crayon himself, she may be chargeable with occasionally idealizing and over-beautifying her favorite scenery and her

* “. . . . The genius of Washington Irving—the Goldsmith, nay, even the Addison of America.”—Lord Mahon's “History of England.” vol. v., p. 101.

† “The Sketch Book.” Miss Mitford has modelled her style, perhaps too closely, on that of this agreeable Miscellany, and its still more entertaining companion, “Bracebridge Hall.”

pet *protégés*; but every hearty English soul must acknowledge her skill in the difficult art of description.

The "difficult" art of description? Is that a tenable phrase? Does not, on the contrary, every free Briton who writes letters—and a prodigious per centage of the population must own *that* soft impeachment, in these days when Rowland Hill and the schoolmaster are both abroad, and have met, and mutually embraced—does not every retailer of pot-hooks fancy himself, herself, or (duly to accommodate the scale to tender years) itself, a powerful hand at describing, be the object described what it may, from the Crystal Palace to the penny wax-works? Is it allowable to call that difficult which, by hypothesis, all can do; and which, by postulate, all can do well?

To describe external objects, one by one, says Christopher North, is no doubt easy; and accordingly it is often done very well. But—as he goes on to show—to produce a picture in words, there must be a principle of selection, and that principle cannot be comprehended without much reflection on the mode in which external objects operate upon the mind. "Sometimes a happy genius, and sometimes a strong passion, vivifies a whole scene in a single line. But the observer of nature, who has neither genius, nor passion, nor metaphysics, can do little or nothing but enumerate. That he may do with great accuracy, for he may be a noticing and strong-sighted person. Not a feature of a landscape shall escape him—each sentence of his description shall constitute a natural and true image, and ordinary people like himself will think it admirable. Yet shall it be altogether worthless; while one stanza of Burns' wafts you into the very heart of Paradise." And thus it is that such a man as Wordsworth will make more of

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye,

than men of low degree will make of a cedar of Lebanon, or a Royal Oak:—"he will make a better poem on a gooseberry bush, than you will do on the great Persian sycamore, which is about seventy feet in girth." There is a "knack" in first-rate descriptions; and this knack is innate, or connate, or what you will—except acquired. Improved and refined by practice it unquestionably is; but the artificial manufacture of it is Brummagem ware—and the difference between them is that between delf and porcelain, plated and plate.

Now, Miss Mitford has a natural gift for description. It is not, perhaps, of a very lofty order, or large compass; and though tinged with the *couleur de rose* of fancy which idealizes, it has little of the imaginative, creative

Light that never was on sea or shore.

But in her own sphere, she is a fine describer. Let but her foot be on her native heath, and her name is—Miss Mitford. Her testimony is not given on hearsay, or on the strength of a well-stocked library; she testifies to what she has seen, and heard, and felt, on the breezy downs of the Day-side of Nature. To her we may apply what an eminent French critic says of the greatest of living French novelists:—"On n'a pas affaire ici à un peintre amateur qui a traversé les champs pour y prendre des points de vue: le peintre y a vécu, y a habité des années; il en connaît toute chose et en sait l'âme."* Some three-and-twenty years since, the Shepherd of the *Noctes* was made to say, "I'm just vera fond o' that lassie—Mitford. She has an ee like a hawk's, that misses naething, however far off—and yet like a dove's, that sees only what is nearest and dearest, and round about the hame-circle o' its central nest. I'm just excessive fond o' Miss Mitford."† Cowper does not more effectually transport us, without material locomotion, from the fireside by which we are reading him, to the scenes of our home counties: so that there is truth as well as prettiness in Mr. W. C. Bennett's Sonnet to the Lady about whom we write:

Out have I been this morning—out—away,
Far from the bustling carefulness of towns,
Through April gleams and showers—on windy
downs,
By rushy meadow-streams with willows gray;
In thick-leaved woods have hid me from the day
Sultry with June—and where the windmill
crowns
The hill's green height, the landscape that re-
nowns
Thy own green county, have I, as I lay
Crushing the sweetness of the flowering thyme,
Tracked through the misty distance. Village
greens
All shout and cheerfulness in cricket time,

* "Causeries du Lundi," tom. i., p. 282.

† The gallant shepherd goes on, in his fervor, to protest that "the young gentlemen o' England should be ashamed o' theirsells for letting her name be Mitford. They should marry her whether she wull or no—for she would mak baith a useful and agreeable wife. That," concludes honest James,—"that's the best creetishism on her warks."—*Noctes*, No. xli. (1829); see also *Noctes*, Nos. xxix. and xxxix.

Red winter firesides—autumn cornfield scenes,
All have I seen, ere I my chair forsook,
Thank to the magic of thy breezy book.*

A deceased critic, who had the reputation of being crabbed and scolding in every review he penned, except when Miss Mitford was his theme, once met the stigma, or compliment, whichever he might think it, by saying, "And in *her* case how could I be otherwise than kind? she speaks to the heart and to the understanding, and deals in national beings and landscapes, such as a plain man may hope to see without going to another world. She is the only painter of true English nature that I know of: the rest are splendid daubers—all light and shade, darkness and sunshine; Mary Mitford gives the land and the people, and for that I honor her." It was something to win a sweeping panegyric like this from such a censor. Miss Mitford, indeed, enjoys the privilege of favoritism in all quarters: broad England loves her as one of its true aborigines—loves her hearty interest in its mannerisms, her appreciation of its excellences, her cheery, blythe, hopeful spirit, in which, ever beaming with sisterly good-will, her every fellow-countryman recognizes tokens of personal sympathy—

Φαίδρα γοῦν ἀπ' ἑμαυτῶν
Σαίνει μὲ προστείχουσα.†

This cheerful temperament imparts a special charm to the autumn of her days; for though it is right that the man at manhood should put away childish things, it is not right that he should include in his renunciation the child-like spirit, the faith and buoyancy and promise of life's spring. Happy that soil of the heart which yields this after-math! blessed that existence whose dimpled six years and furrowed sixty are bound each to each by natural piety! If Sparta so honored Age, in its universal, and therefore its commonly forbidding aspects—how should we delight to honor these white hairs which have a crown of glory all their own, brightened not dulled, brightening not fading, with years that bring the philosophic mind.

Of Miss Mitford's early literary ventures in "high art," we have not much to say. "Christina, the Maid of the South Seas," was introduced to the public in six cantos; and we sadly fear the public found them half-a-dozen cantos too many. Those were

the days when the imitative epidemic had Walter Scott's poetry for its *fons et origo*, when the press teemed with metrical romances quite equal in quantity, and gloriously unequal in quality, to the stories of William of Deloraine and Ellen of Douglas—with noble "Margarets of Anjou," and "Legends of Iona," and "Fights of Falkirk." Miss Mitford's verse is pronounced by Moir deficient in that nameless adaptation of expression to thought, which is accomplished by some "indescribable collocation of the best words in their best places." Yet, in one at least of her tragedies, she has been thought to rival Joanna Baillie herself. Tragedy perhaps ill squares with the popular notion of "Our Village" gossip; yet has she written and succeeded under the tutelage of Melpomene. At the "Feast of the Violets," Apollo exclaims:

And Mitford, all hail! with a head that for
green
From your glad village crowners can hardly be
seen:—

whereupon the Apollonic secretary, Leigh Hunt, observes,

And with that he shone on it, and set us all blinking;

but is careful to add,

And yet at her kind heart sat tragedy, thinking.

"Rienzi" and "Julian" were both attractive plays for a season, and, in reference to them, Allan Cunningham said that the author had witnessed that slope of wet faces, from the pit to the roof, which, according to Cowper, is the accompaniment of a well-written and well-acted tragedy. Her "Charles the First," produced under indifferent auspices, made less stir.

But it is to "manners-painting Mitford"—at home amidst her Hampshire and Berkshire haunts—that one turns with a more ready and abiding interest. A pleasant depôt of rural characteristics is "Our Village"—with its close-packed inhabitants, insulated, as the author says, like ants in an ant-hill, or bees in a hive, or sheep in a fold, or nuns in a convent, or sailors in a ship—everybody interested in everybody: a spot over which we are invited to ramble, and form a friendship with the fields and coppices, the birds, and mice, and squirrels—with the retired publican's tidy, square, red cottage; and the blacksmith's gloomy dwelling; and the village shop, multifarious as a bazaar, a repository for bread, shoes, tea, cheese, tape, ribands, bacon, and everything

* Poems by W. C. Bennett, p. 97—a collection of pleasant verses, "affectionately inscribed to" Mary Russell Mitford herself, by a seemingly congenial spirit.

† *Œdip. Coloneus*.

except the one particular thing which you happen to want at the moment; and the village inn, whitewashed and bow-windowed, with its portly landlord in his eternal red waistcoat; and the cottages up the hill, where the road winds, with its broad green borders and hedge-rows so thickly timbered; and the old farm-house on the common, with pointed roofs and clustered chimneys, looking out from its blooming orchard, and backed by woody hills—the common itself half covered with low furze, and alive with cows and sheep, and two sets of cricketers. A delightful companion is the author along the high-ways and by-ways of her village;—there is something contagious in her keen delight at pioneering you about, and you get to walk with step well-nigh springy as her own upon the mazy roads of her favorite coppice, and amidst its steep declivities, sunny slopes, and sudden swells and falls, with the dark verdure of fir-plantations hanging over the picturesque unequal paling, partly covered with moss and ivy—the firs interspersed with shining orange-leaved beech, and the glossy stems of the “lady of the woods,” the delicate weeping birch; while beneath grows a rich underwood, where the old thorn’s red-spotted leaves and redder berries, and the bramble’s scarlet festoons, and tall fern of every hue, seem to vie with the brilliant mosaic of the ground, now covered with dead leaves, and strewn with fir-cones, now, where a little glade intervenes, gay with various mosses and splendid fungi. On she guides us, on a calm mild November day, along a beautiful lane, decorated with a thousand colors: the brown road, and the rich verdure that borders it, strewn with the pale yellow leaves of the elm, just beginning to fall; hedge-rows glowing with long wreaths of the bramble in every variety of purplish red; and overhead the unchanged green of the fir, contrasting with the spotted sycamore, the tawny beech, and the dry sere leaves of the oak, which rustle as the light wind passes through them; a few common yellow flowers, still blowing in spite of the season, and ruddy berries glowing through all. On she posts us up the hill where the road widens, with the group of cattle by the wayside, and the little boy-messenger, trundling his hoop at full speed, making all the better haste in his work, because he cheats himself into thinking it play: and so we reach the patch of common on the hill-top with the clear pool, where three cottar’s children—elves of three, and four, and five years old—

without any distinction of sex in their sunburnt faces and tattered drapery, are dipping up water in their little homely cups, shining with cleanliness, and a small brown pitcher with the lid broken, which, when it is filled, their united strength will never be able to lift: and as we gaze, we *ex animo* subscribe assent to our guide’s assertion that these infants are quite a group for a painter, with their rosy cheeks, and chubby hands, and round merry faces; and the low cottage in the back-ground, peeping out of its vine leaves and china roses, with the good wife at the door, tidy, and comely, and smiling, preparing the potatoes for the pot, and watching the tiny laborers at the pool. Or she makes us cross the river, and lean as, by instinct, over the rails of the bridge, and gaze on the fine grounds of the Great House, with their magnificent clusters of limes, and firs, and poplars; the green meadows opposite, studded with oaks and elms; the clear winding Loddon itself; the mill with its picturesque old buildings bounding the scene. Not a ramble do we take with her, but her pretty Italian greyhound, Mayflower, is there also—for May is as welcome a presence as the season of that name—and, confesses her mistress, to accomplish a walk in the country without her, would be like an adventure of Don Quixote without his faithful squire Sancho. And then, what real village life-and-blood personages we are introduced to! That retired publican, for instance, who piques himself on independence and idleness, talks politics, reads newspapers, hates the minister, and cries out for reform—who, in chronic *ennui*, hangs over his gate, and tries to entice passengers to stop and chat; who volunteers little jobs all round, smokes cherry-trees to cure the blight, and traces and blows up all the wasp-nests in the parish. And big, burly Tom Cordery—that gentlest of savages, and wildest of civilized men—rat-catcher, hare-finder, and broom-maker—whose home menagerie of ferrets, and terriers, and mongrels, do really look, as his crony, the head-keeper, can’t help hinting, “fitter to find Christian hares and pheasants, than rats, and such vermin.” And there is Jack Hatch—as mystic a personage in some respects as Geoffrey Crayon’s Stout Gentleman—whom not to know argues oneself unknown in “Our Village.”—Not know Jack Hatch? the best cricketer in the parish, in the county, in the country: Jack Hatch, who has got seven notches at one hit: Jack Hatch, who has trolled, and caught out a

whole eleven:* Jack Hatch, who is more over the best bowler and the best musician in the hundred—can dance a hornpipe and a minuet, sing a whole song-book, bark like a dog, mew like a cat, crow like a cock, and go through Punch from beginning to end! Not know Jack Hatch! Such ignorance is of course preposterous, and it would be equally an affectation to pretend ignorance of Aunt Martha, that most delightful of old-maids; and Hannah Besit, that energetic little dairy-woman; and Lizzy, the spoiled child of the village; and the old family-servant, Mrs. Mosse, in appearance so eminently "respectable" (not at all in the sense of Steerforth's Littimer); and that comely vulgarian and boisterous sportsman, Tom Hopkins; and Lucy, that wholesale coquette; and Doctor Tubb, all-accomplished barber-surgeon, with accommodations in his pocket-book for distressed man and beast; and gentle Olive Hathaway, lame and pensive, the village mantua-maker "by appointment," the sound of whose crutch subdues every rough temper, and whose fame is far-spread for begging off condemned kittens, and nursing sick ducklings, and giving her last penny to prevent a wayward urchin from taking a bird's nest. On the whole, little wonder was it that an obscure Berkshire hamlet, as Mr. Chorley says, by the magic of talent and kindly feeling, was converted into a place of resort and interest† for not a few of the finest spirits of the age.

"Belford Regis" transfers and enlarges the

* Miss Mitford has been charged with speaking at random on her favorite theme, the cricket-field. Who but Miss Mitford, asks an authority both in literature and in field sports, ever heard of a cricket-ball being thrown five hundred yards! And the conclusion is, that ladies never can make themselves mistresses of the rules, technicalities, and character of male games. Which conclusion need not exclude those ladies, however, from taking their revenge in the thought that equally fallible are their barbarian critics, when a game is going on from the "Lady's Own Book," or some labyrinthine recreation in crotchet and Berlin wool.

† "Miss Mitford," says one of her transatlantic visitors (though 'tis twelve summers since), "is dressed a little quaintly, and as unlike as possible to the faces we have seen of her in the magazines, which have all a broad humor, bordering on coarseness. She has a gray, soul-lit eye, and hair as white as snow: a wintry sign that has come prematurely upon her, as like signs come upon us, while the year is yet fresh and undecayed. Her voice has a sweet, low tone, and her manner a naturalness, frankness, and affectionateness that we have so long been familiar with in their other modes of manifestation, that it would have been, indeed, a disappointment not to have found them."—Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad."

sphere of observation from a village to a market town. There are some touching sketches—as that of "The Old Emigré," and humorous ones by the dozen, such as Mrs. Tomkins, the cheesemonger; and Mrs. Hollis, the fruiterer; and that "useless old beau," King Harwood. The description of the good town itself is perhaps better still; we become as familiar with its ins and outs as though we had paid rent and taxes there, and had run up long bills with Mrs. Tomkins for double Gloucester, or privately effected a barter with her of unsold (alas unsaleable) copies of our last "octavo, cloth boards," for base instalments of butter and eggs.

Miss Mitford's scattered contributions to annuals and magazines, who shall reckon up? With her, literary occupation is evidently a labor of love. Literature has ever been to her at once a passion and a solace—from the days when she found such sweetness in the stolen waters of Corneille and Racine, to the present time, when she corresponds so zealously with unnumbered dons in the republic of letters. How cordial and catholic her taste is, in estimating the merits of "all the talents," may be seen in her latest work, "Recollections of a Literary Life" (1851). The book is a disappointing book, if taken up, as naturally it is, in the expectation of enjoying a connected biographical narrative. It is a thing of shreds and patches—an *omnium-gatherum* of waifs and strays—a *mélange* of tid-bits, ana and analecta from scribes and scribblers, old and new, native and foreign, known and unknown. The "courteous reader" is told in the preface—why was he not told in the title-page?—that he must just take the three volumes for what they are—"an attempt to make others relish a few favorite writers as heartily as" Miss Mitford has relished them herself. However, having once recovered from the sense of being "at sea," through the "false colors" hung out at the mainmast of this contraband trader, we settle down to enjoy such stores as it carries, including, perchance, occasional scraps of dry remainder ship-biscuit. And after all, books of this kind are valuable, as introducing to more general society the names and works of neglected or unrecognized authors; as in this case, those of witty, accomplished, refined Mackworth Praed, and the rising American poet-doctor, Oliver Holmes; and Daniel Webster's forensic oratory, little known in the Old Country; and the slenderly-observed merits of John Kenyon and George Darley, Catherine Fanshaw and Thomas Davis, besides such old-fashioned performances as

"Cowley's Essays" (which the world should not, and which Miss Mitford *will* not, willingly let die), and "Richardson's Correspondence," and "Holcroft's Memoirs:" the last, by the way, is worthily lauded by Tom Moore in his "Diary," as a model of a literary man's personal recollections, and has recently acquired something of its due popu-

larity by being reprinted in Messrs. Longman's well-selected "Traveller's Library."

It is to be hoped that Miss Mitford will yet, with many another work, give us a more methodical and detailed history of herself—the present memoir being a misnomer. Seems it so?

Seems, madam? nay, it is; we know not seems.

From the North British Review.

LOUIS NAPOLEON: HIS CHARACTER AND PROSPECTS.

WHEN, exactly twelve months ago, we called the attention of our readers to the state of France, it was at a moment when a Republican form of Government and representative institutions had just been overthrown by one of the most audacious and unscrupulous usurpations of which history makes mention. By naming Louis Napoleon President for ten years, with unlimited power to frame a constitution—by raising him on the bucklers of seven millions of voters—the nation sanctioned the usurpation, and adopted the usurper. By passing such a prompt and ample bill of indemnity, according to one point of view, France made herself a *particeps criminis*, an accessory after the fact; according to another, she declared that Louis Napoleon, by his high-handed *attentat*, had only forestalled her designs, and interpreted her will aright. No one, however, believed that the last act of the drama was played out: in spite of all protestations of moderation, of all disclaimers of ulterior ambition, it was obvious that the Empire was "looming in the distance;" and the long foreseen 2d of December 1852, when it arrived, was felt to be only the fitting sequence and the natural completion of the 2d of December 1851. For four years France has been firm and unchanging in her decision, and to all appearance not only faithful but increasingly attached to the man of her choice: six millions elected him President; seven millions made him Dictator; nearly eight millions have named him Emperor. The dynasty of Napoleon again sits upon the throne of France. Like all its predecessors, the Imperial régime has had its restoration. The old race of Bourbons was restored after an

exile of twenty-one years; the Republic after the lapse of forty-eight; the Empire after an abeyance of thirty-seven. Who believes that the phantasmagoria of changes is run out?

Meantime there is no doubt that the present Government is decidedly and generally popular in France. If we would rightly estimate either the position of our neighbors or our own, we must indulge and persist in no illusion on this head. The election of the Emperor we believe to have been in the main a fair one. There may have been undue influence; there may have been gross ignorance; there may have been scandalous misrepresentation; there may have been bribery; there may have been intimidation:—undoubtedly there were all these; there are all those in every country where popular elections are known. Some may have voted in terror; some may have been urged by self-interest; the priests may have persuaded some; the prefects may have bullied more;—but all these considerations combined, still leave it impossible to believe that the result of the voting just terminated does not in the main truly and faithfully represent the real wishes and opinions of nine-tenths of the French nation. We may be amazed that it should be so; we may despise the French because it is so; we may grieve that a people who have once tasted the pleasures and the dignity of self-government should be willing to abdicate their functions into the hands of a supreme and irresponsible Ruler: we may moralize as we please over the blind insanity of a nation whose notions of the national *summum bonum* are so strangely at variance with our own—but we must accept

the fact—as one to be deplored, if we like, and to be explained, if we can—but still to be received and laid to heart as the basis of our reasonings, if we would not run into perilous and fatal blunders. For, be it observed, Louis Napoleon's position is a very different one, both as regards his stability and his power of acting upon other nations, if he be the welcome, chosen, and accepted Emperor of the French, from what it would be were he a mere bold adventurer, who had usurped by stratagem and force a throne from which an oppressed and outraged people were watching for a favorable opportunity to hurl him. In the one case his whole strength must be reserved for and concentrated upon the preservation of his ravished sceptre from his numerous internal conspirators and foes;—in the other, it will be all available for whatever ulterior designs he may entertain against foreign enemies and rivals.

But though his rule is popular, there is no enthusiasm either for the Government or for the man. Neither his manners nor his character are fitted to excite enthusiasm. The official attempts to create it, and to represent it as existing, have been both injurious and unsuccessful. In all his grand displays, his splendid shows, his gorgeous progresses and parades, intended to dazzle and please the populace, he appears to us to have made a great mistake, and to have incurred merited failure. He has carried these *spectacles* so far as to annoy and disgust the more rational and thoughtful of his supporters; he has carried them too far even for the childish and meretricious taste of that splendor-loving people; he has over-shot his mark, and created even among his popular allies an uneasy feeling that he is treating them rather too much like barbarians or babies. He is popular, not because he has dazzled the excitable imaginations of the people over whom he rules, not because he commands or can arouse any of that loyalty or devotion which the Highlanders felt for Charles Edward, or the old veterans for Napoleon the Great—it is a blunder on his part to pretend that he has it, or to fancy that he can excite it;—but because there is a general, cool, deliberate, *motivé* conviction, that the man and the régime are those best suited to the actual position, and possibly to the habitual character of France; that no hand less resolute, no form of government less dictatorial, would be competent to deal with so shattered, wearied, and demoralized a country; and that only out of the strengthening, recreating, reorganizing rest which a despotic rule

can ensure and enforce, can be hoped to dawn a healthier and better state of things.

It is a mistake to imagine that the Empire is popular only with the ignorant peasantry and the ambitious army. From different motives and in different degrees it is popular with nearly all classes,—except the *Rouges*, who for the most part are enemies of all government, and comprise the wild, turbulent fanatics, the sanguinary ruffians, and the hopeless, incorrigible rascals who abound in most communities, and whose party, though still numerous and restless, has been too effectually *beheaded* to be as formidable as it once was,—and the *Doctrinaires* and their followers, who naturally, and perhaps justly, are furious at having been jockeyed, defeated, gagged, and reduced to insignificance. It is the hostility of this section which weighs most strongly against Louis Napoleon and the imperial régime in the opinion of Englishmen; and it is quite natural that it should do so. This section includes nearly all those politicians whose names are known in England; it includes the dynastic opposition, as well as the principal ministers of Louis Philippe; it includes most of the literati whose reputation has crossed the Channel; and its members were nearly all admirers of the Parliamentary constitution of England, and the persevering advocates of the introduction of a similar system in France. All these things naturally give the opinions of this party overwhelming influence in this country; and it is difficult to believe that a Government which ignores, banishes, or repels at once Guizot, Thiers, De Tocqueville, De Beaumont, Broglie, Molé, and Dufaure, can really be welcome to, or fairly represent the French nation. We have long been accustomed to regard those men as the most able and enlightened politicians in France, and to consider them as the defenders and promoters of a constitutional freedom somewhat like our own; it is their writings we have been accustomed to admire; it is from them that we have been accustomed to take our notions of French interests and French opinions. They formed a galaxy of political and literary talent which shone in the eyes of foreign nations with a lustre which obscured and put out all lesser but more national lights. For the truth we believe to be, that these eminent men, with all their brilliancy, never had any strong hold on the nation; they were beyond it, above it, apart from it, rather than its leaders and representatives; their ideas and objects of admiration were English rather than French; their talents, as writers

and speakers, gave them vast influence as long as Parliamentary government prevailed; but they have never inoculated the people with their views; their party was select, but their followers were few. Partly from their merits, but still more from their faults; partly from the *Parliamentariness* and therefore the *unfrenchness* of their notions; partly from the intriguing character of several among them; partly from the notorious and awful corruption of the government which they administered in turn; and partly from the deplorable, disresponsible, and clumsy catastrophe in which they finished their career, they are now with five-sixths of Frenchmen the most utterly damaged, discredited, and unpopular party in the country; and were they to join the Emperor and become his ministers, such a step, which we in England should regard as his sanction and his safeguard, would, in France, probably be fatal to his power. This position and situation of the *Doctrinaire* party, in their own country, must be fully understood before we can judge of the actual posture of French affairs.

The present Government, as is universally allowed, is popular with the peasantry, especially with that preponderating part of them who are proprietors; and for these reasons: *First* and foremost, on account of the name which stands at its head. The first Napoleon, as we have more than once had occasion to observe, wrote his name indelibly upon the soil of France, and no subsequent ruler has left any impression there at all. His memory is still venerated, not only as the great representative of military glory, but as the strong and skilful reorganizer of the nation after the calamities and confusions of the Revolution. Mere relationship to him is a tower of strength. *Secondly*, The French peasantry, as proprietors and peaceful cultivators of the soil, feel the want of steadiness and order as distinctly as any part of the community: they had been kept in a perpetual state of disturbance and uneasiness by the changes and rumors of change which succeeded one another for so many years with such bewildering rapidity, and the political motives and causes of which excited in them no interest, and were altogether beyond their comprehension; and they believe that Louis Napoleon has the strong arm and the iron will needed to secure for them the rest they sigh for. Moreover—and this is a point which has been almost entirely overlooked—they do not, it is true, love despotism, or deliberately wish to place over them a wholly

irresponsible or autocratic master, but they comprehend the rule of one man; they do not, and never did, comprehend the government of a mob of masters—a numerous, divided, and wrangling Assembly. We may deplore this incapacity on their part; we may despise their ignorance and their proclivity to servitude; but we must accept the fact, and reckon on it. During the only period when they were without a sovereign, they were governed and harassed by the Clubs, the Communes, the Revolutionary Committee, the Paris Commissaries, the imbecile Directory; and we can scarcely wonder that they shrink from anything which reminds them in the least of those gloomy, anarchical, and sanguinary times. *Thirdly*, The influence of the priests, a great part of them at least, has been diligently exerted on behalf of the present régime, and this influence is very great in many districts, and has of late years been steadily, and to some degree deservedly, increasing. Their control and direction would often, according to our views, be exerted for mischief; they are in many places as ignorant and prejudiced as their flocks—blind leaders of the blind; but still it is said, that ever since the Revolution of 1830 they have unremittingly performed their duty among the poor, administered to them the consolations of their religion, visited them in sickness, advised and assisted them in trouble, supported them in the hour of death, and kept up in their hearts the much needed sentiments of obedience and devotion. They are now reaping their reward; and their influence—much as we may regret that such power should be wielded by such unenlightened hands—has been laboriously earned. Whether Louis Napoleon will ultimately turn out to be either the sturdy friend or the obedient son of the Church which the priesthood hope that he is and will remain, may well be doubted; but at present, throughout the rural districts of France, they are his zealous and efficient allies.

The present Government is popular among a great proportion of the *ouvriers* of most of the towns, of Paris in particular. Many of these, no doubt—the idle and dissipated of them to a man—belonged to the *Rouges* whom Louis Napoleon scourged and decimated with such stern severity; and these, we must suppose, nurse against him a bitter spirit of animosity and revenge. But the Assembly were as hostile to the *Rouges* as Louis Napoleon himself, and he suppressed and outwitted the Assembly. Cavaignac slaughtered and deported them even more mercilessly than Louis Napoleon, and Louis Napoleon

defeated and imprisoned Cavaignac. Then Louis Napoleon hates the *bourgeoisie*, whom the *Rouges* also hate. So that if the President and the anarchists do not love each other, they have at least the bond of union of having most of their enemies in common. But the industrious and well-disposed workmen have many solid reasons for adhering to the new Government. They look to employment from the public works which the President is carrying forward on a great scale. At present, not only the regular workmen of Paris, but numbers who have been summoned from the country, are in receipt of ample, even large, earnings. Then the Empire is, or is believed and suspected to be, order and stability; and order and stability are to the workmen the synonyms of plenty and comfort. In times of quiet and repose men make money and spend it; in times of anarchy and disturbance men save money and retrench. Hence the tailor, the grocer, the shoemaker, the armorer, the coachmaker, the saddler, the watchmaker, the jeweller, are all Napoleonists, where no personal feeling, arising out of the death or deportation of a *Rouge* relative, interferes to overbear the dictates of material interest. The paralyzing effect of 1848 upon Parisian and Lyonnese industry is not, and will not be for long, forgotten.

Again: strange as it may seem, a considerable portion of the Socialists are, for the moment, adherents of the new Emperor. It is true, that it is from them he is said to have "saved society;" it is true, that where he imprisoned one *bourgeois* he imprisoned a hundred Socialists; it is true, that Socialism is still the bugbear which his advocates hold up before the upper and middle classes as the mysterious horror against which he is their only bulwark. But the Socialists must not be altogether confounded with the Red Republicans. No doubt, in many places, and to a great extent, they are identical; but the objects and aspirations of numbers who bear the proscribed name are social rather than political: and it is believed, and we think with reason, that Louis Napoleon is strongly imbued with some of the Socialist notions; it is known that he has occupied himself much with the subject of pauperism; and it is supposed that he is busy with some scheme for its extinction, which will be promulgated as soon as it is ripe and he is firmly established on the imperial throne. He has all along shown a disposition to base his throne rather on the support of the masses of the people, than on the middle or upper classes; and many of the former are in the habit of

saying, "Ah! Louis Blanc and Louis Napoleon are both Socialists, but the former was an extravagant theorist—the latter is a practical man."

The commercial and manufacturing classes—as men who can only thrive in peace and permanence—are generally friends to the duration of the present Government, and will remain so as long as the Emperor keeps clear of war, which would be fatal to his popularity among them. These classes and those whom they employ have been enormously prosperous ever since the *coup d'état*; and the proclamation of the Empire seems like a seal set upon that stability which has already done so much for them. They are everywhere extending their transactions, embarking in longer and more distant adventures, and even fixing capital which, since 1848, they had kept in realizable securities or in actual cash. They know that a change would be fatal to all their plans, and they will discourage everything which tends even to excite the fear of one.

There can scarcely be a fairer or more speaking indication of the condition and state of feeling among the industrious ranks than is afforded by the Savings Banks accounts. Now we find that in the *Caisse des Rétraites*, as it is called, in the quarter ending last October, the deposits amounted to 22,000,000 francs, and the sums withdrawn to only 3,000,000 francs, showing an actual accumulation of capital, on the part of the industrious classes, to the extent of 19,000,000 francs. But what more especially merits remark, is the extraordinary progress of the *Caisse des Rétraites for old age*. It was only founded in May, 1851, and, on December 31, had only accumulated 1,212,000 francs. On the 30th of September last it possessed a capital of 22,572,000 francs. Out of 15,431 depositors, 6602 are work-people, properly so called, of whom 2966 are women, 771 artisans or petty dealers, 611 servants, 2105 *employés* in humble situations, 363 soldiers and sailors, 718 persons exercising liberal professions, principally priests, and 4361 without professions, half of them minors.

Further: the new régime is popular with a very large portion of the Legitimists, and this portion comprising the most energetic, wise, and far-sighted of that party. They believe that Louis Napoleon is not ill-disposed to the Comte de Chambord, and that, if he has no children, he will not be averse to look upon the Comte as his successor. The gentle and almost respectful tone in which the recent manifesto of the Comte was spoken of

in the *Moniteur* goes far to confirm this impression. At all events, the Legitimists feel that every year that Louis Napoleon can hold sway in France will make their future advent and power more probable and more easy, if he should not succeed in founding an hereditary dynasty, and living till its consolidation. They feel that he will settle the disturbed and suppress the turbulent elements of French society,—that he may accustom the French once more to a firm and autocratic rule,—and that not improbably he will re-establish an aristocracy which may ultimately blend with and reinforce their own. They believe also, that, while doing all this, he will fall into blunders and create enemies which will make many persons willing to exchange him for Henri V. Finally, they feel and admit that he is a fitter man for the present posture of affairs than the Comte de Chambord would be; that the Prince is doing the work of the Comte better than the Comte could do it for himself;—for the one is soft and yielding, the other stern, inflexible, and unrelenting. Few among the Legitimists are anxious for an immediate restoration.

Lastly, the new régime is popular among all who want repose; among those who are weary of perpetual turmoil, and those who are sick of repeated failures; among those—and there are many of them—who believe that as soon as he feels himself firmly seated on the imperial throne, Louis Napoleon will discard some of his worst associates, and relax much of that despotic gripe which is endurable only in a crisis of peril and transition; among those real and deeply-thoughtful friends of true freedom—and there are such—who know from history and from reflection that civil liberties can be more easily won by gradual encroachment from a monarch, than ingrafted upon anarchy, or created by a stroke; and who hope that the present darkness may be a starting-point for the dawn of a better day. And, to sum up and conclude the whole, the continuance and stability of the new Emperor are earnestly desired by those politicians who feel with deep anxiety that he has no rival, and that if he were now to be cut off he could have no successor,—*who believe and know that between Louis Napoleon and anarchy lies at present no third alternative.* The honest Republicans are surprisingly few and feeble; the old politicians of the Chambers are loathed and scouted by all but their own small following; the country has not yet received the idea of the possibility of a Bourbon restoration; and the sins and short-comings of the Orleans princes must have

time to be forgotten before their chance can become a hopeful one. We doubt, from the best information we have been able to obtain, whether (putting aside the Reds and the *mauvais sujets*) out of the thirty-six millions of the French nation, a hundred men could be found who did not deliberately believe that the destruction or discomfiture of Louis Napoleon would be the most awful calamity that could happen to the country in the present posture of affairs.

But though the restoration of the Empire is thus generally welcome and popular in France, it is not to be denied that it has inspired profound disgust and melancholy among many of the better and more aspiring spirits of the nation. Few even of these, indeed, would be prepared to overthrow it, or to wish it overthrown; but they are cut to the heart that their country should so cheerfully acquiesce in such an oppressive rule, and by that acquiescence should confess its suitability. It is not that they resent the tyranny as a violent and wrongful imposition; they admit that France has resigned her liberties unreluctantly, if not voluntarily; but they feel grieved, disappointed, and discouraged by the unfitness for more advanced institutions implied in this ready submission to a despot. They are for the most part men to whom the free constitution of England has long been an object of unbounded admiration; who dreamed that it might be acclimated in France; who have toiled in faith and hope during the best years of life to make it strike root in their country, and to educate their countrymen to a perception of its value; and who are now forced to confess that their hopes were too sanguine, and their enterprise and exertions premature. They would have gathered France under the wings of freedom, under the ægis of a Parliament,—but she would not! They feel as men may be expected to feel who have sold everything to purchase a pearl of great price, and cast it down, as an offering of love, before trampling feet and unappreciating eyes. They laid, as they conceive, a real treasure on the altar of their worshipped country, and she has spurned the gift, and cursed the givers. They feel hurt, wounded, and disheartened. They look to the past, and they see every party in succession tried, and found wanting; every form of government in turn adopted and in turn cast aside as unsuitable, or falling to pieces from its inherent weakness; they see France slavish under a despotism, restless under a constitution, turbulent and unmanageable under a

republic,—seeking, like a sick man, in feverish changes of posture, the ease which his internal malady denies to him in any. They look at the present, and they see a military usurpation sanctioned by popular acclaim; the higher classes ignorant, prejudiced, and apathetic; the *bourgeoisie* corrupt, selfish, unpatriotic, and material; the working-classes victims of delusive theories, and ready to abjure their political existence. As orators and statesmen their mouths are closed and their occupation gone; as writers they are fettered and warned away; as patriots they scarcely know what to wish or recommend. Some have sought refuge in mere literary studies; some have abjured politics and public life for ever; some speak of voluntary exile, that at least their children may be citizens of a free land, and inheritors of a more hopeful future; some sit by in patient vigilance, waiting for whatever faint possibilities of amelioration may come to light in the next turn of Fortune's wheel; some—and these among the most thoughtful—are utterly despondent of the future, and speak of one military revolution after another, like those of the late Roman Empire, as the only prospect before them.

We, who, as our readers well know, never augured well of the Republic, and were never sanguine as to the success of Parliamentary Government, do not now despair as it is natural for those to do who were accustomed to look in that direction only for the realization of their patriotic hopes. Last year, and the year before, we explained at some length those features in the national character and moral condition of the French which made free political institutions so unworkable among that peculiar people; it is worth while now to give a glance at some of those *social facts* which make liberty so difficult and so unstable, and an autocratic rule so comparatively easy; and to inquire whether the dawn of a better day ought not to be looked for in a very different direction from that in which alone it has hitherto been deemed sane to seek it, and whether even the restored Empire, with all its bad antecedents and its inauspicious birth, with all the corrupt and all the sanguinary and all the tyrannical preliminaries of its inauguration, may not be designed by Providence as the avenue—sure though long—gloomy, ignominious, and full of tribulation, but still direct and unavoidable—to a quieter haven and a brighter sky.

I. The power of expansion—a field to ex-

patiate in—is a necessary of life to all energetic races. The multiplication of lucrative occupations, of means of livelihood, of productive channels of industry, is a necessary of life to all increasing populations. If numbers increase, and remunerative branches of industry do not increase in an equal ratio, poverty and distress must ensue; and poverty and distress generate discontent; and discontent thus generated inevitably makes the task of government difficult and thorny. The uneasy class is always a restless, and generally a turbulent and formidable one. If the activity and energy of the middle and educated classes, from want of objects, openings, and outlets, is compressed and denied a vent, it will find an irregular and dangerous expression in explosive action, which only the strongest government can successfully deal with. So long as each young man, as he arrives at manhood, finds scope and field for his powers and aspirations in some occupation or enterprise within his means and suited to his class—so long as employment is waiting for the peasant, commercial industry for the merchant and the clerk, the service of the state for the ambitious and the roving, and a political position for the wealthy and the noble, there is comparatively little to disturb or menace the stability of government or the peace and good order of society. But if any of these vents are closed, or if they should not increase as fast as numbers and energy require, the vigor which ought to be spent in pursuit of individual fortune will assuredly be directed to creating difficulties for the community and for its rulers.

Now we believe it will be found that one of the great permanent social difficulties of France arises from the fact that the openings and outlets for her increasing population, and especially for the middle and upper classes, are still inadequate, notwithstanding their decided augmentation in late years. We do not intend to weary our readers with statistics, though we have volumes of them at hand; but we will ask them to give a comparative glance at the condition of England and France with regard to the relative number and expansibility of their respective *débouchées*.

The population of the United Kingdom may be taken at about 27,000,000, and its annual augmentation, by the surplus of births over deaths, at 230,000.* The population

* The average surplus in England and Wales, during the five years ending with 1851, was 173,000. Of Scotland we have no account, and in

of France is now rather above 36,000,000; and its annual augmentation (which varies enormously from year to year) has averaged for the last eight years on record, about 135,000, reaching, however, sometimes as high as 200,000 and upwards. That is, we have to provide outlets or occupations for 230,000 persons annually, and our neighbors for 135,000, on pain of discomfort, discontent, and possible disorganization.

Now, the openings or *débouchées* for these numbers are, for Great Britain, the military, naval, and civil service of the state, commerce, manufactures, railways, India, and emigration to the colonies,—for France, the service of the state, commerce, manufactures, railways, and Algeria (which corresponds to our India), *but no colonies*. The army of France is far greater than ours, and her marine is said to employ nearly as many as ours,* but in time of peace the *increase* in the numbers employed cannot be much greater with them than with us; and it is with the *absorption of the annual increase of the population* that we are now concerned. The civil *employés* in France are nearly twenty times as numerous as those of Great Britain,† but their army of *employés* can scarcely be augmented; and, as a more liberal commercial policy and a freer system of intercourse are adopted, it will have a tendency to diminish; whereas the tendency with us is rather towards an increase.‡

The increase of manufactures, and their power of absorbing the annual augmentation of the population, we have no means of ascertaining with statistical accuracy for either country. We know, however, that this increase has been very great in France, and still continues so, though there is no reason to believe that it advances with a pace as rapid as with us.§

Ireland, we believe that there has been no surplus at all. The last two years, however, the increase in England has been much greater than this average. In 1851 it was 220,000.

* The French army numbers 393,000 men; ours, 130,000. The French marine 27,000; ours, 40,000.

† French civil servants, 535,000; ours about 25,000.

‡ The real difference, too, it must be remembered, between the number of civil servants in the two countries is by no means as enormous as it appears—many of those who hold under the crown, in France, holding under the people or the local authorities in England.

§ It is, however, very important to bear in mind that as the tendency is always towards an *economy of labor* in manufacturing productions, any given amount produced represents yearly fewer hands employed, i. e., a smaller amount of absorbed labor

The introduction of railways has, in recent years, supplied to France a most important opening for the industry both of the laboring and middle classes, and has done much towards finding a harmless and beneficial vent for the restless energy and active ambition that would otherwise have gone to swell the social elements of turbulence. Of the number employed in the construction of railways we have no account; but it must have been great. The number to whom the railways now completed (or about to be so) will furnish permanent occupation we estimate to be about 30,000, of all classes, workmen, engineers, clerks, and superintendents;* and we shall not be far wrong if we anticipate an increase to this number, as railways spread, of about 1000 a-year.

Algeria is to France what India is to us, and more; for though its soil is far less productive, and its commerce incomparably smaller, yet it employs a much greater number of European troops, and attracts a much larger porportion of permanent colonists of the middle and laboring classes. It is, in fact, a colony as well as a military settlement. The number of civil *employés* of the upper classes (exclusive of clerks, policemen, &c.) in Algeria are now about 250; and the military force employed varies from 60,000 to 80,000 men. The native population resident in towns and villages, amounts to about 85,000, of whom 4000 are negroes, and nearly 20,000 Jews; the unsettled Arabs are about 3,000,000; and the European population in 1852 reached to 133,000, of whom however only 67,500 were French, and 42,500 Spaniards. During the last eight years the Europeans have increased about 74,000, of whom half may be French; but as part of this is natural augmentation, we cannot assume that Algeria affords an outlet of permanent colonization to the mother country for more than about 4000 persons annually.

and population. Two persons now produce as much as three or four did twenty years ago, in many branches of industry.

* We have not been able to procure from the French public offices any complete account of the railway *employés*; but the Rouen and Dieppe line of 174 miles, employed 947 persons, exclusive of engine drivers and stokers. By a Parliamentary return up to 30th June 1849, 5447 miles of railway then open in England gave regular occupation to 55,968 persons. From these data we calculate that the 3000 miles of French railway will employ about 30,000. The length of lines open at the beginning of 1850 was 1720 miles, with 1270 more in process of completion; a great proportion of which is now finished, or on the eve of being so.

There can be no doubt that Algeria is to France a possession of great value, and will probably become more and more so every year. The country now under French rule is about two-thirds the size of France, and contains 39,000,000 *hectares*; the soil is said to be fertile and well watered; the climate similar to that of the most favored parts of the south of Europe; and the productions many, various, and all excellent of their kind. The wheat, oil, and tobacco are said to be of the finest quality, and iron, zinc, and copper are among the exports. The country is being colonized, though not at our Anglo-Saxon rate; culture is extending, irrigation is much attended to, and many of the public works of the ancient possessors are being cleared out and made available. The French fondly look forward to the time when, by the help of Algeria, they will become altogether independent of foreign commerce, or (as they, in their ignorance of economical science, express it) when "they will be able to free themselves from the *tribute* which they now pay to other nations." They expect, too, gradually to extend their African territory by the ultimate absorption of Morocco on the one side, and Tunis on the other; they believe, and with reason, that they will be driven to this extension, as we have been in India, by a sort of inevitable fate—*i.e.*, by that train of natural events which almost invariably succeed one another when a strong and intrusive race are side by side with feeble but aggressive neighbors. If we are wise, we shall offer them no hinderance in this fated career, which will occupy them probably for generations, and may drain off energy, wealth, and numbers that might and would be otherwise mischievously employed in Europe.

Other countries which have no colonies of their own relieve themselves of their superabundant numbers by emigration to foreign lands. The Germans, as we showed in a recent Article, are flocking to America at the rate of 100,000 a year. But this expatriation to alien countries where a different language and different habits prevail is distasteful to a sociable race like the French, and if we except a few who go to South America, Algeria remains their only vent. If, then, we add to the fact of their slowly developing commerce, of their stationary marine, of their only moderate progress in railway communication, and of the scantiness of their colonial resources, the further consideration that, with them, women engage in many of the occupations which are exclusively confined to men

with us, (as clerks, accountants, &c.)—and that, while many rush into *speculation*, the slow gains, and the laborious, obscure, and unexciting employments of regular commerce are still despised by the great majority of the educated classes,—we shall see ample reason to conclude that the various outlets and careers which France at present provides are insufficient for the absorption of her rising numbers or the employment of her restless energies. From this insufficiency inevitably arises one of the greatest dangers a government can have to encounter: in this is presented one of the hardest problems a government can be called upon to solve. Now, there is good reason to believe that both the Emperor and many among the party which supports him, are perfectly aware of the serious nature of the difficulty which is here presented to them, and will do their best to meet it; though imperfect education and confused ideas of political economy may often lead them to seek a solution by illegitimate means and in a wrong direction. Still he may do much, and his adherents expect that he will. He may, by preserving external and internal peace, give scope and time for that development of private enterprise which needs only security to achieve almost miracles of wealth;—and the spring which industrial undertakings have exhibited since the *coup*, affords a most encouraging earnest of the progress which, if guarded from interruption, they will make. He may facilitate and encourage the formation of new railways, which, both while constructing and when constructed, not only give employment to so many of all ranks, but open new channels of adventure, and aid prosperity and progress in a thousand ways;—and we know that he is anxious to do this. He may, both by the multiplication of railways, and by the many channels which are open to a centralized and interpenetrating administration like that of France, spread among the provinces the knowledge of new modes of investment and easy access to them, and thus, by showing to the people other and more lucrative ways of employing their savings, mitigate that inordinate competition for land, and that irrationally high price for it, which now create so much mischief and embarrassment among the peasant proprietary. Ignorant of shares and funds, and suspicious of the risks of trade, the industrious provincial has at present no conception of any other way of disposing of his cash except by purchasing some field adjoining to his own, which will probably yield

him only two per cent., while perhaps to complete the purchase he borrows from some notary at eight per cent. The new *Banque du crédit foncier*, questionable as are its principle and management, shows that the Government has its eye upon the evil. Lastly, Louis Napoleon may do something to make commercial occupations honorable, by honoring and respecting those engaged in them; and he may do much to mitigate one of the greatest difficulties of French enterprise and industry, by insuring and maintaining that tranquillity and order which alone is able, and is alone sufficient, to induce foreign capital to flow in torrents into the country. Want of capital is felt throughout France, and peace will not only attract it from abroad, but enable it to accumulate at home.

The subject of the condition of the working-classes is known to have occupied the mind of the new Emperor for many years;* he is believed to be engaged in meditating some schemes for raising that condition, almost socialistic in their tendency; and he is certainly more fully alive than most of his predecessors on the throne to the vast importance, as regards the stability and comfort of Government, of securing ample employment and a low price of food for the people. Some recent mysterious and most costly operations in the corn market, which have been, with much appearance of probability, traced to his Government, and which must have been undertaken with the view of keeping down the price of wheat in France, throw considerable light upon the views and notions of Louis Napoleon on this head. They were most ingeniously exposed in the *Economist* two months ago.†

II. One of the peculiarities in the present state of French society, which is most hostile to the stability of political institutions and the extension of regulated liberty, is the absence of an Aristocracy—of a permanent, powerful, and wealthy class, which could act both as a connection and a barrier between the subject on one side, and the monarch on the other: which could at once maintain the throne against the discontent and turbulent aggressions of the populace, and protect the people against the encroachments of despotic power. The privileged and influential body which we have found throughout our history

such an invaluable bulwark both of liberty and of authority, exists no longer as a class in France. Many of the old noble families remain, but shorn of their influence, impoverished in their means, and shattered in their organization. Though the distinction of *feeling* between a noble and a *roturier* exists nearly as marked as ever, the *order* is gone. The law of equal inheritance destroyed it, far more effectually than the decrees which abolished a privileged Peerage by direct enactment. We are not going to discuss the relative merits of the law of primogeniture, and the law of equal subdivision of the patrimonial property: such an argument would require an entire treatise to do it justice. We are concerned now with only one or two of the social consequences of the latter system as it prevails in France. Primogeniture creates and maintains a class whose large possessions make them essentially conservative; whose ancestral traditions make them too proud to surrender, without a tenacious and prolonged struggle, any of their privileges to assaults from below, or any of their liberties to encroachments from above; whose mutual jealousies prevent them from combining to oppress the people, whose organization and common interests prevent them from succumbing to the unconstitutional ambition of the throne. The law of equal inheritance, by dissipating the wealth, dividing the estates, and destroying the feudal influence of the noble and the great, at once relieves them from the political obligations of nobility, and renders them powerless to fulfil them. The intermediate constitutional barrier is removed; and the people and its chief stand face to face, each left to his own unaided strength.

Further: The case of equal division creates great numbers who have just enough to live upon: enough to command many of the enjoyments of life—not enough to impose upon them the duties which large property, especially in land, almost always brings with it. They do not, like our younger sons, who have little or nothing, set to work to become the architects of their own fortune, and the creators of a new name; they live upon their scanty income, and the energy that ought to have been spent in earning a livelihood, is diverted into public channels; the excitement which the pursuit of wealth might have furnished them, they are driven to seek in political intrigue and party strife. They can afford to be idle; but idleness brings ennui, and ennui seeks refuge in exhausting dissipation, in the strife of journalism, in the passions

* He is the author of a work on the Extinction of Pauperism.

† See the *Economist* newspaper for 13th November, 1852.

and intrigues of the Parliamentary arena, or (it may be and has often been) in conspiracies, *émeutes*, and revolutions. Moreover, their moderate share of a divided patrimonial inheritance, laid up in a napkin, instead of being put out to profitable use, constantly drawn upon and never augmented, is, in many cases, soon spent, and often lost; and when thus reduced to poverty, they become, not diligent, but desperate. An Englishman or an American would endeavor to retrieve his fortunes by energy, industry, and enterprise: a Frenchman, unaccustomed to labour, and habituated to despise it, seeks for his re-habilitation in the chapter of political accidents. It is true enough that we in England, especially in those classes most prone to need excitement and to suffer from ennui, have numbers of indolent and unoccupied men; but the great difference between the cases of the two communities is this: our idle men are generally *rich*; the idle men of Paris are generally *poor*. The men about town in England are either wealthy, or closely connected with those who are so, and therefore essentially conservative and aristocratic: in France they are, in overwhelming proportion, needy and embarrassed. The men who came to the surface in 1848, and who guided if they did not make the revolution, were, with scarcely an exception, over head and ears in debt.

Besides the danger to Government arising from this source, the standard of public morality suffers in a deplorable degree. The habits of the actual Parisian society involve all public and prominent men in an amount of expenditure which only ample fortunes could supply. But exceedingly few men in France have private property sufficient to sustain the luxury of lofty station, and of these few only a small portion enter into public life. A statesman who is at the same time a poor man, as most of them are, is therefore involved in expenditure which necessitates some supplemental source of income. Hence, not only the constant habit of French politicians of jobbing in the public and other securities, but the ready absolution given by general opinion to conduct which, in England, would stain a statesman's reputation past redemption. It is felt that in the majority of instances, a man who becomes a minister in France, *must* job, in order to make both ends meet.

Now, we found in France, among reflecting politicians of nearly all parties, not only a general and increasing conviction of the mischief wrought by this law of equal divi-

ion in preventing the accumulation and circulation of capital, and in prohibiting the formation of a powerful, permanent, and wealthy class,—but a strong impression that the present ruler of the country would and ought to attempt some modification or repeal of the law in question. The Emperor, they say, may do this: no one else could. No popular or representative Government would dare even to propose its abrogation or alteration: the passion for equality among the French people makes them cling to this law with a morbid and irrational tenacity. But a despotic government might brave the first opposition which would certainly be aroused by the proposition of a change; and in a few months the popular indignation would have spent itself, and would die away. The greatest difference of opinion, however, prevails as to the extent to which it is desired that the Emperor should, and expected that he will, modify the existing regulation. One party thinks that, considering how small the families generally are in France, it would be sufficient to allow the father *two* child's portions to dispose of instead of only one as at present,* and that this is the limit of change which it would be safe or possible to attempt. The Legitimists, many of them, hope that Louis Napoleon will go much further than this, and leave the matter entirely at the option of the parent, in which case they imagine that most of the noblesse, and many of the wealthier *bourgeoisie*, in order to found or to maintain a family, would revert to the custom of primogeniture, and endow an eldest son. Others, again—and these we believe to be best informed as to his intentions and opinions—suppose that he will compromise the matter by authorizing the creation of *majorats*, for which step he would have the sanction of his uncle's example. The mode of operation, it is imagined, would be this:—He would enact that any man of a certain rank—or perhaps without any limitation as to rank—possessed of a certain amount of wealth, might create a *majorat*; i.e., might set apart a specified portion of his income or his property, landed or funded, as an endowment for his eldest or his chosen son, (the remainder to be divided among the

* The existing law enacts that the property shall be divided into as many portions as there are children, *and one over*. Over this supplementary portion alone has the father testamentary power. If he has five children he may give to any one he chooses, not *one-fifth*, but *two-sixths*. If he has three children, he may give one of them not *one-third*, but *two-fourths*, or *one half*, and so on.

children in equal proportion,) which endowment should descend undivided and entailed in the direct course of primogeniture. Thus, if a marshal of the Empire, or an old marquis, or a millionaire banker, had a property, say of two million of francs, he should be authorized to set apart one million as an endowment for the *majorat*, which should descend unbroken from eldest son to eldest son, through future generations, while the remaining million should be divided among all the children according to the provisions of the actual law. By this means a race of men would be created of ample and of certain incomes, who by that circumstance alone would not only become a stable class, but, as with us, would naturally form the class out of whom statesmen would be chosen, inasmuch as their wealth would give them means of studying the art of government and preparing themselves for taking part in it,—would exempt them from the low temptations to which needy politicians are exposed, and would render them too influential to be lightly neglected or alienated by any ruler. They might not be a titled or a privileged class, but they would enjoy most of the power and discharge many of the functions of an aristocracy; and they might form a body with which the old noblesse—now *soignorant*, proud, prejudiced, and indolent—might amalgamate with advantage, and in which it might in time be merged.

III. Some of the most formidable difficulties which the present or indeed any Government has to contend with in France, arise from the mode in which the army is recruited. The soldiers there do not, as with us, choose the military profession as a career, enlist voluntarily and enlist for life; but every year a list is made up of the young men in each department who attain their twentieth year, and out of this number (about 250,000) 80,000 conscripts are selected by ballot. These serve in the ranks for seven years, and then return into the mass of citizens. The evil consequences of this system are manifold. In the *first* place, as all conscripts are rejected who are under size, who are feeble in health, or who suffer under any bodily defect or incapacity, the troops consist of the *élite* of the nation's youth, physically speaking, and those who are left at home to cultivate the soil, perform the peaceful functions of citizens, and *perpetuate the race*, are the inferior and rejected portion. To this circumstance, it is said, much of the physical deterioration of the people is to be ascribed, and we can be-

lieve, with much truth. *Secondly*, when these conscripts, after having passed the seven most active and impressible years of their life in the idle, dissipated, roving career of the garrison and the camp, are disbanded and mingle with their fellow-countrymen, they are without any trade or occupation, little disposed perhaps to learn one, and at all events untaught and without the manual and professional skill which early practice can alone give. They commence industrial avocations often with distaste, always at a disadvantage; and the sentiment of superiority which they must in many respects feel as compared with those around them, increases and fosters their discontent. *Thirdly*, by this arrangement, not only is a vast portion of the French people trained to the use of arms and the manœuvres both of regular and desultory warfare, but *the army consists of young soldiers and the people of veterans*: the enrolled troops are (comparatively) the raw levies; the *disbanded* troops are the experienced soldiers. The result is, that in any insurrection, *émeute*, or street fighting, the insurgents not only can readily find admirably trained men to organize and lead them, but in the main may and often do consist of these very men. The best troops are on the side of the revolutionary mobs. In England, a handful of soldiers are a match for thousands of undisciplined civilians. In France, rebels and regiments meet on nearly equal terms. It is said—we cannot say with what truth—that Louis Napoleon is fully alive to the dangers and mischiefs arising from this source, and that he intends to reorganize at least a portion of the army on the footing of voluntary enlistment for life, or for twenty years. If he does this he may largely reduce the army without rendering it one whit less efficient.

IV. Those who have watched the interior workings of society in France long and close at hand, are inclined to attribute much of that uselessness and discontent which is one of its most striking features, and which is the despair both of the friends of order and the friends of freedom, to the national system of education. This is considered to embody two characteristic errors, both of which are dangerous, and both of which operate in the same direction,—it is too literary and too little industrial and utilitarian, and it is too uniform for all classes. The great proportion of those who attend it acquire, it is said, a smattering of literature, just sufficient to give them a distaste for the humble and useful

occupations of their parents, a desire for intellectual excitement of a miscellaneous and often of a low description, and a conceit of their own fitness for careers and professions which demand a really liberal and comprehensive education. Then members of various grades and classes in the social scale are instructed together, in the same schools, in the same mode, and on the same subjects, to a degree of which we have no example here. If the peasant, the grocer, or the tailor can scrape together a little money, his son receives his training in the same seminary as the son of the proprietor whose land he cultivates, whose sugar and coffee he supplies, and whose coat he makes. The boy who ought to be a laborer or a petty tradesman, sits on the same bench and learns the same lesson as the boy who is destined for the bar, the tribune, or the civil service of the State. This system arises out of the passion for equality, and fosters it in turn. The result is, that each one naturally learns to despise his own destination, and to aspire to that of his more fortunate school-fellow. The grocer's son cannot see why he should not become an advocate, a journalist, or a statesman, as well as the wealthier and noble-born lad who was often below him in the class, whom he occasionally thrashed, and often helped over the thorny places of his daily task. Hence numbers who might have remained useful, respectable, and contented citizens in their own humble line, are tempted to "rush out of their sphere," and emulate those whose wealth and social position give them most advantages in the race. Defeated competition with those of higher rank becomes in their ill-regulated minds conspiracy against the rank itself, and the state of society to which they attribute their defeat. Instead of following their parents' career, they aspire to that of their companions, and their parents' ambition often stimulates them to the unequal strife. They go to Paris or some large provincial town, become students of Medicine or of Law, or, if still more ambitious, and gifted with any superficial cleverness, attempt the ruinous and disappointing channel of the Press. They fail from incapacity, indolence, imperfect education, dissipated habits, or want of means to continue the struggle; they become *hommes manqués*, and degenerate into *émeutiers*, *chevaliers d'industrie*, (*Anglicé*, sharpers,) or malignant penny-a-liners.*

* Some steps have been already taken to mitigate the evil, by rendering the instructions given in the national seminaries, especially the primary and continental ones, less literary and more practical.

There is another subject which has always been one of great perplexity and surprise to Englishmen—the state of the press in France, the mode in which it is treated, and the light in which it is regarded. We have never been able fully to comprehend, in a nation so enlightened and unrestrained as the French, either the ceaseless war which every Government, whatever was its origin and constituent elements, has always waged against journalism, nor the quietness and apparent satisfaction with which its despotic and merciless repression by Louis Napoleon has been received and acquiesced in. Napoleon the Great always declared, that if the press were left free, as in England, it would not only destroy every administration and every party, but would render all government impossible in France; and every successive ruler or ministry which has held the reins of power has, either avowedly or implicitly, confirmed his statement. Legitimate monarchs, despotic monarchs, monarchs by popular choice, administrations composed of journalists and men of letters, assemblies chosen by universal suffrage,—have all vied with one another in the severity of their laws for gagging and muzzling the press, and in the rigor with which they have prosecuted editors and newspaper-writers. And what is strangest of all is, that, of late years at least, the people seem to have approved and sanctioned this repressive action of the authorities. Charles X. endeavored to put down the freedom of the press by illegal ordinances, but the attempt cost him his throne. Louis Philippe succeeded him, and called to his Cabinet the very men whose fame and fortune had been made by journalism; but no sooner was he firmly established on the throne, than he found or deemed it necessary to turn round upon the power which had mainly contributed to his elevation, and both Thiers and Guizot supported him in restrictive laws and constant prosecutions. Juries were generally ready to convict, and judges always ready to inflict the severest penalties. When Louis Philippe was replaced by a Republic, an assembly elected by universal suffrage not only required a very heavy *cautionnement* to be deposited as security for good behavior before any one was allowed to establish a journal, but struck the most fatal blow ever aimed at the influence of the press, by the law which enacted that every writer must affix his name to his articles,—thus depriving him both of the shelter and the weight of the anonymous. Moreover, during this time of popular government,

there was, we believe, only one instance in which a jury refused to convict in the case of a newspaper prosecution. Lastly, the very first act of the President after the *coup de état* was to destroy all remains of freedom and independence in the daily press; and no one of his acts assuredly met with such general, cordial, or prompt approval. Some were indignant at being denied a channel for the expression of their indignation: some deplored the impossibility which resulted of obtaining accurate information as to public occurrences; some thought the repression needlessly stringent; but of the wisdom, the justice, the necessity, and the beneficent operation of some such measure, at all events as a temporary one, we scarcely heard two opinions among the leaders and respectable men of all parties in France.

The truth is, that by little and little the newspaper press, with a few exceptions, had fallen from the high position and character it once enjoyed to a state of the most unbought and merited contempt and aversion. It had ceased to be a public protector, and had become a public enemy and a public danger. It respected nothing, and was respected by no one. After the Restoration and up to 1830, it was chiefly in the hands of able, instructed, honorable men—often ambitious, sometimes unscrupulous, but still men of earnest convictions, resolute purpose, and high attainments. About 1829, it had reached its highest glory and its widest influence. Chateaubriand and Benjamin Constant were gone from the stage; but Thiers, Mignet, Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, Salvandy, Armand Carrel, and many others, were in the noon-day of activity and strength, and labored to inculcate the country with their principles in the columns of the *Globe*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *National*. As the reading public multiplied, and the fame and power of journalism increased, new papers were set on foot, but these were unavoidably conducted by men of less ability and knowledge, supplying an inferior article, and satisfied with a lower remuneration. The Revolution of 1830 carried many of the writers of the highest genius and reputation into the Ministry; from journalists they became active and practical statesmen, and of course had to abandon their previous vocation. The consequences were two-fold:—*First*, Their places had to be supplied by men of far lower attainments and capacities and less fixed and sincere opinions, who endeavored to make up in piquancy what their articles wanted in solidity and value, and like

bad cooks, attempted to disguise by unlimited salt and pepper the poverty of their materials and the imperfection of their workmanship. *Secondly*, The success of the first class of writers, whose pens had gained them Ministerial portfolios, inflamed to the utmost degree the ambition of every smart Parisian or aspiring provincial who imagined himself endowed with any literary talent; the friends and relations of those who had been thus successful implored them to introduce them into the career of journalism; new journals were established which had to force a circulation as they best might, by universal *dénigrement*, by spicing highly, and attacking indiscriminately; the class of contributors became worse and worse, and newspaper writing from being an honorable profession, sank to the ignominy of a trade. Then one of the chief of these competitors for public favor (Emile de Girardin, we believe) set the example of lowering the price of his paper, in the hope of securing a wider circulation than his rivals. This obliged him, first, to lower the rate of remuneration to his contributors, and of course to be contented with an inferior set; and, secondly, to write down to a lower audience, and pepper more coarsely still. Political articles were not always stimulating enough for appetites that had long fed on garbage and on poison, so the *feuilletons* of Eugene Sue's stamp were introduced, and completed the degradation and denaturalization of the public taste. Things went on thus till a considerable portion of the press got into the hands of mere literary braves, assassins, panders, and adventurers, without principles, without convictions, of perverted and mutilated powers, of imperfect and superficial knowledge, mere manufacturers for money, who would often write at the same moment for two hostile journals, and on opposite sides of the same question, and who respected neither the decencies of private life nor the duties of a public station. Of course there were journals to whom these observations would not apply; but with these exceptions, if we take our "Satirist," "Northern Star," "The Nation," and other of the more violent Irish papers, we shall have a pretty fair idea of the sort of political excitement which was daily served up to the Parisian public. Journalism had lost its character, but not its power. It became a discredit to men of real ability and reputation to be connected with it. Much of it sank to what it is now—a common sewer—*un véritable égout*, as we heard one leading minister

describe it. Still it exercised influence over the hasty and fiery temperaments of Frenchmen which our cooler and more phlegmatic spirits cannot adequately estimate. It still acted as a firebrand and a poison; it still had power to arouse the passions of that excitable people, just as a dram can madden and intoxicate, though known by the drinker to be noxious and adulterated;—and when Louis Napoleon put it down with so relentless a gripe, the nation thanked him, as we might thank a despot who withheld “fire-water” from the Red Indian savages around us, or who shut up gin-shops in a time of popular fury and commotion.

The death of journalism in France was probably necessary to its resurrection in a purer spirit and a healthier frame. The time will come, sooner or later—the adherents even of the new Emperor avow their expectation of prick time—when a period of peace and quiet shall have calmed the furious passions which revolution after revolution has engendered and nursed; when France, restored by fasting to a sound and healthy appetite, shall be anxious for some wholesome food; and when the desire for the discussion of political and social interests, natural to an intellectual people, will revive, and may be safely and moderately indulged. Men qualified to instruct and guide the people, may then, without discredit, engage in periodical literature, without the fear of being dishonored by low associates, without being compelled to lower their style to the taste of pallid or *blasé* readers. Reviews, in the first instance, and then weekly papers will, it is hoped, recommence the political education of the nation, and the rational and reflective criticism of the Government; and when the tone and character of the newspaper press has been restored, daily journals may follow with comparative safety and hope of patriotic service. These are the hopes of the more thoughtful of the French politicians, and the belief of many. The present restrictions, they say, are only fitted to a state of crisis and transition, and are to be judged of only as provisional and temporary. If, when order is fully re-established, they are not judiciously and gradually relaxed, discontent and resistance will ultimately ensue. France cannot, ought not, will not submit to be permanently deprived of free discussion.

It is the opinion of many of the most experienced and philosophical observers in France that the Emperor has before him a rich harvest of splendid possibilities if he has

the talents, the judgment, and the patriotism to see them and to strive for them. His position is one of enormous and almost unparalleled advantages. He has the power of an oriental despot added to the sanction of the most unanimous choice of the people. He has no rival and no opposition. He has arrived at supreme authority at a moment when France, worn out with strife and tumult, and alarmed at the prospect of anarchy which a year ago menaced them so fiercely, is clamorous at once for a master and a protector. One point in his character is especially relied on; people are satisfied that he will shrink from *nothing* which is requisite to maintain order, and suppress insurrection; that he will not, like Louis Philippe, cast down his power from want of nerve or resolution to uphold it. We found that the burden of conversation on every side was the same—“We are weary of ceaseless and purposeless strife; we are sick of politics; we can no longer bear to live under the harass of perpetual alarms—alarms which those who know what fearful elements of mischief and disorganization exist in French society—how full is Paris, and indeed nearly all France, of liberated galley-slaves, of fanatic socialists, of escaped or pardoned insurrectionists—are little disposed to deride as unfounded or exaggerated.” With a nation in this prostrate, fatigued, and obedient state of mind, with power as unlimited as his, and with a resolute and unrelenting will, the Emperor *may* do much—everything for France. *Will* he? Has he the capacity? Has he the knowledge? Has he the due sense of his position? His friends and the cooler and more hopeful observers (who, however, are seldom very numerous in France) reason thus, in a tone which in some is little more than wish, and in others rises into sanguine anticipation, and almost into prophecy:—that the present tyranny is only transitional, adapted to a dangerous crisis and a deep-seated malady, and must be judged as such; that a period of stern and iron rule is absolutely necessary in order to crush into absolute hopelessness all insurrectionary and revolutionary parties, and to give time for the turbid and muddy elements of society to settle down into calm stagnation, and for the great central ideas of religion, of duty, of patriotism, of family, to take root again in the mind of the nation; that some years devoted to repose, to recovery, to the pursuit of national prosperity, must be allowed before France is ready again for the efforts and the sacrifices of citizen-

ship; that, in fact, an interval of calm as rigid and unbroken as the grave, is an indispensable vestibule to a better, a serener, and a healthier life. They urge, moreover, that gradual improvements may be ingrafted on a stable Government, and gradual liberties be wrung out of a despotic one; but that all history, and French history most of all, too clearly shows that from the overthrow of authority, neither freedom nor order can arise, and that revolution can only, after much tribulation and many sufferings, terminate in restoration. The nation has twice, at least, had *carte blanche* as to its own future, and both times it has failed to construct anything fitted or desirable to last. They affirm, too, that Louis Napoleon has a clear perception of the needs of France, and has planned several reforms which will be abiding blessings to the country, long after he and his dynasty shall have passed away. Finally, they declare, and we believe with perfect truth, that there exists now in France a strong reactionary tendency, an increasing and spreading conviction that something of the past must be recalled before an enduring basis for any political system can be laid; that whatever of loyalty, of chivalry, of religious sincerity yet remains in France must be satisfied, embraced, and enlisted, in any Government that is to remain. Their hope and wish, therefore,—the solution of affairs which alone seems to them to offer a rational and vivid prospect of permanent good and ultimate tranquillity,—is, that the Emperor, having done his work of pacifying, consolidating, and compressing France, and laying broad and deep the foundation of an aristocracy of statesmen, and a *bourgeoisie* of prosperous habits and commercial propensities, shall pass away without direct lineal heirs; that he should be succeeded by Henri V., who will rally to the re-established throne the clergy and the Legitimists, and that he in his turn dying without progeny, the crown shall naturally pass to the Comte de Paris, who will regather the Orleanists under his wings. In this scheme, each party in France will have had its restoration; one by one the throne will have gathered round it and attached to it all rival sections, the Imperialists, the Bourbonists, and the adherents of Louis Philippe's family; and the Republicans alone, too few to be important, will alone have been left out. Moreover, at each successive change of rulers, the French nation may easily, if it knows how, obtain an extension of its political liberties; and with the Comte de Paris will come back to power—

instructed and chastened by the lessons of the past—those friends of parliamentary government who shall have survived to that riper day, and whose offences the nation shall by that time have forgiven. The cycle of changes, twice trodden with little profit, will at length have come to a peaceable and natural termination.

Republic.	(1793.)	Republic.	(1848.)
Empire.	(1804.)	Empire.	(1852.)
Restoration.	(1814.)	Restoration.	{ }
Orleanism.	(1830.)	Orleanism.	{ }

But for the working out of this *euthanasia* of revolutionism, time, quiet, and the life of Louis Napoleon are needed. The chances of the future may be marred by three possibilities, war, bankruptcy, or assassination. The last—an accident on which it would be vain to speculate—would of course cut short all hopes. Bankruptcy might be fatal to him by the universal indignation it would excite among all that is respectable or wealthy in the nation, and how to equalize the revenue and the expenditure, without some such disgraceful catastrophe, is one of the knottiest problems he has now to solve.* Retrenchment and an income-tax combined—if he have courage for the one and self-denial for the other—may save him. Lastly, comes the question of peace and war—a most momentous one for us, for France, and for all Europe. Without peace, the calm and consolidation requisite for the reorganization of the country cannot be obtained. Does Louis Napoleon intend, and will he be able, to keep the peace? To answer this question we must consider carefully, first, his *character*; secondly, his *professions*; thirdly, his *obvious interests*; and fourthly, the necessities of his position. These are difficult problems for solution: on this subject, as on most others, accurate knowledge is not easy of attainment in France. "Truth (as Barrow says) cannot be discerned amid the smoke of wrathful expressions;" and the passions of those nearer to the scene of action, and, therefore, most favorably placed for observation, are still so violent and angry, that their statements and opinions are rather misleading than informing. Nevertheless, having had opportunities of ascertaining the sentiments of most parties in France respecting the new Emperor, and having, it is fair to state, conversed with five of his enemies for one of his friends, we shall endeavor to lay before our

* The *Moniteur* states, that the deficit of 1852 has been reduced to 40,000,000 francs, but this statement, like most official ones in France, must, we fear, be received with hesitation.

readers what, in our judgment, is the real state of the case.

In the first place, it is quite certain, and is now beginning to be admitted, even by his bitterest enemies, that Louis Napoleon is not the foolish imbecile it was so long the fashion to consider him. Those who aided in recalling him to France, and elevating him to the Presidency, under the impression that one so silly and *borné* would be rendered a pliant tool in their hands, soon found that they reckoned without their host. His *mind*, it is true, is neither capacious, powerful, nor well-stored; but his moral qualities are of a most rare and serviceable kind. His talents are ordinary, but his perseverance, tenacity, power of dissimulation, and inflexibility of will, are extraordinary. He is a memorable and most instructive example that great achievements are within the reach of a very moderate intellect, when that intellect is concentrated upon a single object, and linked with unbending and undaunted resolution. Moreover, his mental endowments, though neither varied nor comprehensive, are very vigorous. He is naturally shrewd, secret, and impenetrable. He has the invaluable faculty of silence. He has, too, been a patient and a wide observer. He has studied politics in Switzerland, in America, and in England: he has devoted his mind to that one subject. He is, too, a deep thinker. He *ponders* much; which few Frenchmen do. His six years' captivity in Ham matured and strengthened, by silent meditation, whatever natural capacities he may have possessed. He writes well and speaks well; and all his writings and speeches, even where they betray the narrow limits of his knowledge, indicate an eminently thoughtful mind. He has brooded over the history, politics, and social condition of France, till on these subjects he is probably one of the best informed men in the country, though, like most of his countrymen, wedded to many absurd and impracticable crotchets, which a better knowledge of political economy would explode.

It is certain, also, that whatever he does and says is his own. He acts and speaks for himself, without interference and without assistance. He listens to every one, asks advice from no one, gives his interlocutors no idea whether or not their arguments have made the least impression upon him, but revolves his plans in the gloomy recesses of his own brain, and brings them forth matured, homogeneous, and unexpected. The minutest details of the *coup d'état* were arranged by himself. All those, from Changarnier and

Thiers down to Faucher, who have endeavored to lead, drive, or govern him, have all been baffled, outwitted, and cast aside. When he rose at the table of Bordeaux to make his recent celebrated speech, he observed to his Minister for Foreign Affairs, who sat next him—"Now I am going to astonish you not a little." When he announced his intention of visiting Abdel Kader at Amboise, Gen. St. Amand expressed his hope that Louis Napoleon would not think of liberating him, made a long speech, expository of all the evils that would result from such a piece of Quixotic generosity, and quitted the President quite satisfied that he had succeeded in banishing any such scheme from his thoughts. Nor was it till he actually heard Louis Napoleon announcing to his captive his approaching freedom, that he was aware how much good argument he had thrown away. Whatever, therefore, of sagacity or wisdom is displayed in the language or conduct of the new Emperor, must be credited to himself alone.

But we shall greatly and dangerously misconceive Louis Napoleon, if we regard him as a man of shrewdness, reflection, and calculation *only*. The most prominent feature of his character is a wild, irregular *romanesque* imagination,—which often overrides all his reasoning and reflective faculties, and spurs him on to actions and attempts which seem insane if they fail, and the acme of splendid audacity if they succeed. The abortions of Strasbourg and Boulogne, and the *coup d'état* of last December, were equally the dictates—alike the legitimate progeny—of the same mental peculiarity. He believes, too, in his "star." He is even a blinder and rasher fatalist than his uncle. From early childhood he believed himself destined to restore the Dynasty of the Bonapartists, and the old glories of the Empire. He brooded over this imagined destiny during long years of exile, and in the weary days and nights of his imprisonment, till it acquired in his fancy the solidity and dimensions of an ordained fact. He twice attempted to pluck the pear before it was ripe. His ludicrous failure in no degree discouraged him, or shook his conviction of ultimate success. He only waited for another opportunity, and prepared for it with more sedulous diligence and caution. He "bided his time:" the time came: he struck and won. After such success—after having risen in four years from being an impoverished exile to being Emperor of France—after having played the boldest stroke for empire known in modern history—after having

discomfited, deceived, and overpowered the cleverest, the most popular, the most eminent, and the most experienced men in France,—we may well believe that his faith in his “destiny” is confirmed and rooted almost to the pitch of monomania, and that no future achievement, no further pinnacle of greatness, will seem wild or impossible to him after a Past so eventful, marvellous, and demoralizing.

Another peculiarity of his character is, that he never abandons an idea or a project he has once entertained. If he meets with difficulties and opposition he dissimulates or postpones: he never really yields or changes. Cold, patient, and inscrutable, he waits and watches, and returns to his purpose when the favorable moment has arrived. History affords few examples of such a pertinacious, enduring, relentless, inexorable will. This, of itself, is a species of greatness of the most formidable kind. If, then, to this delineation we add that, reserved and silent as he is, he has the art of attaching warmly to him those who have been long about him, and who have lived intimately with him; that, like most fatalists, he is wholly unscrupulous and unhesitating as to his agents and his means; and that he entertains and has deliberately matured the most extensive, deep-laid, and magnificent schemes of foreign policy, we have exhausted nearly all that we can speak of as *certain and reliable* regarding this remarkable man; and assuredly we have said enough to satisfy our readers that France has given to herself a master whom it concerns all European statesmen—those of this country more especially—to study closely, and to watch unresistingly. Cool, daring, imperturbable, cunning, and profoundly secret—a perplexing compound of the sagacious calculator and the headstrong fanatic—with a large navy, an unrivalled army, and a prostrate and approving nation, what is there which he may not attempt, and might not achieve? He never abandons an idea or a project; he recoils from no rashness; he believes in no impossibility. Why should he? After the marvellous past, why should he doubt the future? He succeeded in the *coup d'état*—why should he fail in a *coup de main extérieur*? He believed himself destined to restore the Empire: he has restored it. He believes himself destined to recover the imperial boundary line, and to wipe out the memory of Waterloo: is he likely to shrink from the adventure? It is said that he admires England and her institutions, and that he is grateful for the kindness and protection that he met

with while among us. Both we believe to be true; but when did considerations of this sort ever restrain a politician who believes in “his star?”

One other feature of Louis Napoleon's mind must be noticed before we can be in a position rightly to estimate the probabilities of his future career. He is a close and servile copyist of his uncle. He has studied profoundly not only the history of the first Napoleon, but his opinions on all matters of policy and administration. He believes, and we think justly, that Napoleon understood more thoroughly than any Frenchman of his day, the nature of the government which France needed, and the degree of self-government which she could manage and would bear; that his sagacity and *justesse d'esprit* on nearly all subjects of administration approached to inspiration; and that, if he treads in his footsteps, he may aspire to emulate his glory. This is a sentiment eminently misleading, and full of danger. The talents of the two men are so wholly different, the internal condition and, to a great extent, the character and feelings of the nation have been so changed by thirty-five years of peace and free institutions, that maxims and modes of proceedings sound and expedient *then*, may be utterly inapplicable *now*. The dazzling fame and the wonderful sagacity of Napoleon I. may be the *ignis fatuus* which will lure astray Napoleon III. to discomfiture and ruin.

The words of Louis Napoleon—that is, his public announcements and professions—unhappily can never be relied on as indicative of his intentions; but if regarded at all must be interpreted by the rule of contraries. By repeated and most flagrant perjuries he has forfeited all reasonable hope of being believed, even when he speaks with sincerity and truth. Hence when he proclaimed, “L'Empire, c'est la paix,” we are reluctantly compelled to put the announcement aside as conveying no meaning, and giving no clue to his real views and purposes. Other words, however, spoken and written at earlier times, and when there existed no direct or immediate motives for deception, may afford us the indication we desire of his habitual ideas, and his fixed, permanent, and long-matured designs. Now we know that long ago, at Ham and before, he repeatedly declared his belief, that he was destined to restore the Empire, and to recover the old boundaries of France. We know that before the Chamber of Peers he said, that “he represented a principle, a cause, and a

defeat: the principle, the sovereignty of the people as opposed to legitimacy; the cause, the Empire; the defeat, Waterloo." We know that very recently he held up as Napoleon's strongest title to the gratitude of Frenchmen, that he abdicated rather than consent to her dismemberment—*i.e.*, her confinement to her former limits. We believe, too, (we cannot say we *know*, because our information is at one remove from first authority,) that he has more than once avowed to his intimates his determination to have a page of history to himself, and his idea of realizing his ambitious dream by an achievement which no one since William, Duke of Normandy, has attempted. So much for his language.

His immediate and obvious *interests* all lie on the side of peace. With the great mass of the French people of all classes any war would now be most unpopular. They want rest; they want prosperity; they want time to devote to the restoration of their shattered fortunes, and the advancement of industry and wealth. They dread the increased taxation which war would inevitably bring. The more reflective among them—and in this class might be mentioned some of the first military men in the nation—deprecate a war, because they believe it would be a war of aggression; therefore, probably, a war against combined Europe; therefore, in the end, an unsuccessful one, and likely to be visited with heavy retaliation and certain dismemberment. The *ouvriers* know that war would put a stop to much of the public and private expenditure which now causes their prosperity. The commercial classes hate war instinctively as well as rationally. The railroads, and the constant intercourse they have encouraged, and the extensive intermarriages, connections, and interlacing of interests which this intercourse has brought about—all cry out loudly and powerfully for peace, especially for peace with England. The turbulent and unprincipled journalists, who used to be the great clamorers for war, and the mischief makers who strove to fan every trifling misunderstanding into a bloody quarrel, are now effectually silenced. The Emperor is well aware of all this; the enthusiastic reception of his pacific speech at Bordeaux must have confirmed his previous knowledge of the pacific desires of the people; and we have had ample opportunities of ascertaining that his own friends and supporters of all ranks of civilians, deprecate war in the most earnest manner. Louis Napoleon is, we believe, sincerely desirous

to promote the interests of France, and perfectly aware that a war would be most inimical to those interests. He also perceives clearly how dangerous and impolitic it would be for himself and his position; and he has more than once repeated the argument we put forth more than a year ago when urging upon him a pacific policy, *viz.*, that war would be a suicidal folly in a civilian like himself; for that an unsuccessful war would destroy him, and that the fruits of a successful one would be reaped by the general who led it. If, therefore, Louis Napoleon is guided by his own interests, or by his own clear perception of those interests, he will not voluntarily and deliberately engage in war.

But we must take into account not only Louis Napoleon's interests, but his passions. Now, it is notorious that his anger is vehemently excited against both England and Belgium, and for the same reasons. Both countries harbor his personal enemies and the refugees from his tyranny; and the press in both countries has been unmeasured and unceasing in its abuse of him. Both countries he believes to be centres of perpetual plots against his government; and if he supposed that he could seize the conspirators by a sudden inroad, like that by which his uncle obtained possession of the Duke d'Enghein, we greatly question whether any motive of decency or prudence could restrain him from making the attempt. In the case of Belgium, too, his irritation is shared by a great number of persons in France; and with the French nation the strongest motive for an attack on Belgium would not be the territorial aggrandizement, but the hunting out of what they regard as a nest of calumniators and conspirators.

Now let us cast a hasty glance at those peculiarities of Louis Napoleon's *position* which may leave him no free choice as to the line of action he shall adopt, and may compel him to be guided neither by his judgment, his imagination, nor his passions, but by his necessities. The present prosperity of France is great, and the revenue is improving, but the deficit is large, and the public expenditure on a most extravagant scale. The unfunded debt is more extensive than is at all safe, and it is scarcely likely that a loan could be easily negotiated, at least in the open market of the world. Embarrassed finances, though in one point of view they may make war difficult, may, on the other hand, drive the Emperor into some rash and desperate step to rehabilitate them. A war in

an enemy's country can be made to support itself; and a triumphant army abroad, besides the possibility of levying tribute and indemnity, it might be hoped, would cost less than an unemployed but fully equipped army at home. This may not be a very wise or sound speculation; but we know that men in pecuniary difficulties are notoriously adventurous and wild; and something must be done soon to bring expenditure and revenue to a balance.

But the real difficulty lies with the army. *Res dura et regni novitas* may compel the Emperor to do what, if left to himself, and if omnipotent, he would most desire to avoid. Though it is not true that he relies solely on the army; though his hold over the affections and wishes of the nation is general and strong; yet it is unquestionably to the army in the first instance that he owes his elevation; the army is now the active agent in all political movements; and he must content the army if he wishes to retain his power. It is exceedingly numerous, reaching to nearly 400,000 men of all arms. Of these, Algeria employs at the outside 80,000, and Rome 20,000. The remainder are either employed as policemen, or are not employed at all. Now, the members of every profession wish for occupation: no man likes to rust away; and the members of the military profession long, in addition, for prize-money, and promotion, and adventure. Only a very limited number of them can be satisfied and kept quiet with decorations and pecuniary advantage; the others become only the more restless, envious, and ambitious. If we except a few of the older and wiser generals, the army as a whole desires war. It cannot be otherwise: it is natural: it is notorious. Part of the army is already disaffected, and can only be restored to and retained in its allegiance by the lucrative and tempting prospects which war holds out. If the President reduced the army to such a number as could be fully employed in Algeria, Italy, and at home, he might keep his hold upon it without war, but he would make irreconcilable enemies of the officers who were thus reduced to half-pay. If he retains the army at its present or nearly its present magnitude, he must, in order to satisfy it, and to regain and enforce his hold upon its affections or adherence, employ it. He must engage in war, whatever be its dangers, at home or abroad. When placed, as he must soon be, between the alternatives of disgusting the people by war, or disgusting the army by peace, he must choose the former; for the army might

defend him against the people; the people could never defend him against the army. The people would be passive: the army would be active.

The army is even now notoriously restless and dissatisfied. The Algerine regiments are inclined to the Orleans family; many of those at home are strongly infected with Republican or Socialist opinions;—a war, especially a sudden, dashing, and successful war, would at once rally them all to the imperial régime. Louis Napoleon knows all this well. He will not like to be forced or hurried; and war may probably be his last card, but it is one which, sooner or later, he must play. His only security, and ours, would be in a disbanding of 70,000 of the most disaffected troops, and the suspension or great reduction of the conscription for the next two years. If he does not do this we may look out for the only other resource.

But Louis Napoleon may not only be driven to war as a matter of necessary policy, which, if successful, would consolidate his throne, and even if not immediately or brilliantly so, would postpone his dangers;—he may be driven to it, if his fortunes become gloomy, and failure and destruction threaten him at home. If he sees his power slipping from under him, he is exactly the man to make a desperate, even an absurdly wild attempt to recover it, by a sudden attack upon England. If such an attempt should be temporarily successful, or even brilliant in its failure, it would give him a new lease of power:—if otherwise, it would, as he well knows, dazzle the excitable and jealous fancies of the French, and impart a sort of lurid and grandiose lustre to his fall. At all events, if a landing were effected, and a serious amount of injury inflicted, (as could scarcely fail to be the case,) he would have gratified one passion of his morbid mind, and have gained a gaudy, though a stained and disgraceful "page of history to himself."

To sum up the whole. All the obvious and well understood interests of Louis Napoleon dictate to him the preservation of peace, and the direction of all his energies to the development of the commerce, internal industry, and general resources of France; and he himself is perfectly, coolly, and avowedly aware of this. But he believes that, sooner or later, his destiny is war; he is conscious also that the necessities of his position may leave him no choice in the matter; and, finally, desperation may drive him to what prudence would peremptorily forbid.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MISCELLANEA LITERARIA.

ON HEREDITARY MISFORTUNE IN CERTAIN FAMILIES.

"Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus,
Et certam præsens vix habet hora fidem."

OVID.

"Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee."

DR. JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

"The world is full of strange vicissitudes."

"Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men."

LORD BYRON.

MANY people fancy, or try to persuade themselves, that there is no such thing as good or bad luck. The words are simple, colloquial, intelligible, of honest Saxon descent, and as much in use as any in our language. But there are stiff, prim objectors, who affect to be shocked when these terms are applied to the affairs of men. They start as if piety was invaded, and the doctrine of predestination making insidious approaches under a masked battery. According to their orthodoxy the events of every man's life are in his own hands, to be regulated by his own conduct. If he is in the right course he will succeed. If he has strayed into a wrong path he will fail. The wise man cannot miss the mark, which the fool can never approach. Actions govern fate. "Fate," says the greatest of modern poets, in 1823, "is a good excuse for our own will." Home, the author of *Douglas* (and a clergyman besides), many years before, wrote and printed in the first edition of his tragedy that circumstances could be controlled by determination, and that

"Persistent wisdom is the fate of man."

But he raised an outcry under which he quailed, and in the next edition expunged the line, and explained away the hypothesis. A theory such as this is plausible as well as wholesome, if it could be carried out to a logical or practical conclusion. But it breaks down before arriving at either. Daily experience, the authority of history, and above all, the study of the inspired writings, teach us that it is impossible. Le Sage (in "Gil Blas") quotes from an anonymous Pope, who

says, "Quand il vous arrivera quelque grand malheur examinez vous bien, et vous verrez qu'il y aura toujours un peu de votre faute"—

"Whenever any heavy misfortune happens to you examine yourself well, and you will be sure to find that it is in some measure your own fault." With all deference to his Holiness, his dictum will encounter many dissentient voices. Reader, were you ever in a house when the next room lodger set fire to his curtains by reading in bed, and burnt you out in a mortal terror, with the loss of all your moveables? Were you ever upset with the fracture of ribs, arms, or legs, in a stage coach, or a railway train, by the wilful carelessness of the conductors? Were you ever gored by a bull, bit by a mad dog, or shot by an unskilful sportsman when you were walking in the fields? Were you ever assaulted, plundered, and thrown into a ditch by three footpads, when you were sauntering in a secluded lane, full of gentle aspirations, and enjoying the tranquillity of the evening? Were you ever run over by an omnibus when you were not crossing a crowded thoroughfare, but trying hard to keep out of the way? Were you ever arrested in mistake for another, or subpœnaed on a trial in a case of which you knew nothing, when you were just setting out on a most important journey? Did your carriage ever break down when half-an-hour would have enabled you to prevent a weak relative from making a foolish will? Did you ever get your eye knocked out by a stone intended for some one else? Were you ever injured in purse or reputation by evil reports which had no shadow of a

basis? Did you ever suffer from a treacherous friend, a scolding wife, an insolvent partner, or an extravagant son? Were you ever more than half killed, and your constitution ruined by a physician who mistook your case, or by a ruthless surgeon who treated you as a subject to try experiments on for the advancement of science? All these are among the severer casualties of existence; some or other of them happen almost daily, but what reasoning will convince the sufferer that he has helped to bring them on himself? A satirical poet, in summing up a list of second and third class annoyances, arising from the proceedings of others, observes justly,

"———These are paltry things, and yet
I've scarcely seen the man they did not fret."

There can be no doubt we sometimes produce our own miscarriages by wilfulness, want of judgment, unsteadiness in principle, or by not knowing when and how to seize the favoring opportunity. But, on the other hand, our ablest efforts are often rendered abortive by a counter-tide of disaster we have not set flowing, and which we can neither stem nor turn. For purposes we are unable to fathom, the presiding providence which governs the universe dispenses or withholds the blessings of temporal prosperity without reference to personal character. The good are often hunted by calamity, while the bad appear to be selected as the special favorites of fortune. Some cannot succeed by any effort of genius or virtue, while others are impervious to failure, although not distinguished by superior talent or integrity. It is better to study and draw profit from this lesson than to cavil on the causes by which it is produced. As long as human nature exists under its present construction, so long will human beings believe in the predominant influence of what all understand when they apply the terms, lucky and unlucky, to particular families, individuals, or transactions. They are not led to this by any want of proper notions on the subject of religion; neither do they build temples to the Goddess Fortuna, nor hold faith with the Pagan doctrine that Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos regulate the destinies of mortals, as laid down in the ancient mythology. We have volunteered these few words of explanation as a preliminary defence, to prevent the ultra-pious from being scandalized, to avoid misinterpretation when we use common expressions in their ordinary sense, and to anticipate and disarm the possible charge of disseminating heterodox opinions. Lord Littleton, in the preface to his

"Dialogues of the Dead," quotes a very apposite passage from certain Italian writers, "Se avessi nominato Fato, Fortuna, Destino, Elysio, Stige, &c., sono scherzi di penna poetica, non sentimenti di animo cattolico." "If I have named fate, Fortune, Destiny, Elysium, Styx, &c., they are only the sports of a poetical pen, not the sentiments of a catholic mind."

A De Moivre calculates with mathematical nicety what he calls "the doctrine of chances." Experience falsifies the calculation in nine cases out of ten. The profound arithmetician tells you, that if you take the dice in your hand it is thirty to one against your throwing a particular number, and a hundred to one against your repeating the same throw three times in succession, and so on in an augmenting ratio. You take the dice and throw. At the first cast up comes the unlikely number, and you repeat it eleven times running. Away goes the calculation, but neither he nor you can explain the agency by which it is foiled. And thus it is from the veriest trifles up to the gravest avocations of life. Fortune decides everything; and what we mean to convey by fortune is well expressed in the closing sentence of the historian of the Peninsular War, "that name for the combinations of infinite power, without whose aid the designs of man are as bubbles on a troubled ocean." Shakspeare conveys the same meaning in two impressive lines—

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

Cardinal Mazarin would never employ a general proverbially unfortunate, no matter how strongly recommended or how evident his capability. With him luck was all, talent nothing, if linked to an unpropitious star. His great predecessor, Richelieu, thought differently. His favorite maxim was, "an unfortunate and imprudent person are synonymous terms." Juvenal said the same thing long before him: "Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia." The rule may hold good in general, but it abounds with exceptions. Thousands dislike commencing any important undertaking on a Friday. Many strong minds (Cromwell included) have believed that particular days had a particular influence on their fortunes. Uneven numbers are more popular than even ones. A superstitious, or religious origin may be claimed for this preference. Virgil assures us that "Numero Deus impare gaudet." Superstitious fancies are not of necessity linked with weak-

ness or want of courage. No one can doubt the bravery of Marshal Saxe, yet it was said of him that he always looked under his bed every night, and locked his chamber door. He had a peculiar horror of cats or other nocturnal intruders. Cumberland, a very moral writer, makes one of the characters in his most popular comedy deliver himself as follows, on the subject of perpetual ill luck. The speaker had not changed his sex like Tiresias, but he had shifted his character as often as Proteus did his form. He is a rogue, but he reasons from experience. "It is not upon slight grounds," says he, "that I despair. There had used to be a livelihood to be picked up in this country, both for the honest and dishonest. I have tried each walk, and am likely to starve at last; there is not a point to which the art and faculty of man can turn that I have not set mine to, but in vain; I am beat through every quarter of the compass. I have blustered for prerogative, I have bellowed for freedom, I have offered to serve my country, I have engaged to betray it. Why I have talked treason, writ treason, and if a man can't live by that, he can live by nothing. Here I set up as a bookseller, and people leave off reading immediately. If I was to turn butcher I believe o' my conscience they'd leave off eating."

Sylla assumed the surname of *Felix*, or the Fortunate. Napoleon considered himself the chosen favorite of destiny, and christened Massena, one of his ablest marshals, "L'Enfant gâté de la Fortune." Cicero, when he proposed Pompey to the Roman senate to undertake the war against the pirates who had nearly annihilated the naval power of the republic in the Mediterranean, recommended him as "*semper felix*," always lucky, before he spake of his superior abilities or experience. The prestige of success alone surmounts many difficulties. Ascending from those named to much higher authority, we find it written in the Psalms (Prayer-book version), "We have wished you good luck, ye that are of the house of the Lord."

The heathens treated their chosen deities with marked disrespect. The private history of the court of Olympus is certainly neither edifying nor exemplary; nevertheless, it seems inconsistent that mankind should not be held more in awe by those beings, in whose divine attributes they affected to believe, and to whom they went through the external mockery of offering sacrifices. The old Greek poet takes them to task roundly, who says,—"The gods are disgraced by the prosperity of the

wicked."* Seneca repeats the sentiment in speaking of Sylla—"Deorum crimen, Sylla tam felix"—"The gods were criminal in allowing Sylla to be so fortunate." Cicero also declares, that the lasting good fortune of Harpalus, a successful pirate, bore testimony against the gods. Lucan depreciates the popular immortals to enhance his compliment to Cato of Utica.

"Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."†

"The gods and Cato did in this divide:

They chose the conquering—he the conquered side."

There can be no doubt that Cicero had a clear idea of the immortality of the soul, and of one omnipotent intelligence. When he wrote, he must have felt the utter absurdity of the existing system. Lucan, an avowed heathen, has recorded his own internal conviction in another very impressive passage, which is often quoted:—

"Estne Dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus, et aer,
Et cælum, et virtus? Superos quid quærimus
ultrâ?

Jupiter est, quocunque vides quocunque moveris."

"Is there any other seat of the Divinity than the earth, the sea and air, the heavens and virtue? Why do we seek for God beyond? He is whatever you see; He is wherever you move." These contradictions are remarkable, but many parallel cases may be readily produced from the ancient writers. They appear to have looked upon their own received mythology as an ingenious allegory.

History shows how misfortune has dogged the steps of certain families for many succeeding generations. For eminent examples, let us trace down the annals of three royal houses. The successors of Charlemagne, or Carlovingian kings, who occupied the throne of France for one hundred and seventy-three years; the race of Stuart, who reigned in Scotland and England for three hundred and forty-three years; and the second line of Valois, succeeded by the collateral branches of Bourbon and Bourbon-Orleans, who numbered, jointly, thirteen French sovereigns, extending over three hundred and thirty-three years, counting from the accession of Francis I. to the deposition of Louis Philippe.

* θεον ὁνειδίζας, τοὺς κακοὺς ἐνδαιμονεῖν.

† Lucan's Latinity is certainly good for a Spaniard, and his poem very creditable to a very young man. Had he lived, he might have ranked among the best writers of the Augustan age, in spite of the sentence of Scaliger, who says, he barks rather than sings.

Charlemagne was a great man, a great conqueror, and a most successful monarch. He consolidated and left a mighty empire to his posterity, of whom it is difficult to decide whether they are most remarkable for their misfortunes or their unworthiness. Louis the Meek, only son of Charlemagne, was fitter for the cowl than the sceptre. He was a melancholy, subdued religionist, who never smiled. His court resembled an hospital. His life (like that of Henry II. of England) was embittered by the disobedience of his children; in the course of these domestic quarrels he was twice deposed, and finally died for want of food, in consequence of a superstitious panic. His son and successor, Charles the Bald, was poisoned by Sedecias, his Jewish physician, and died in a miserable hut, while crossing Mont Cenis. During this reign a remarkable plague of locusts occurred in France. Louis the Stutterer, son of Charles the Bald, reigned only eighteen months, when he too was carried off by poison. Charles, King of Aquitaine, brother to the Stutterer, was killed by a blow on the head, from a nobleman named Albuin, whom, for an idle frolic, he sought to terrify in a childish disguise. Louis III. and Carloman, sons of the Stutterer, were crowned together on the death of their father. Both died before either had reached the early age of twenty-two. The death of Louis is attributed to two causes, poison and an accident. Some historians say, that riding through the streets of Tours, he pursued a handsome girl, the daughter of a citizen named Germond. She escaped from him in terror, by a low and narrow gateway; the king endeavored to force his horse through, broke his back and died. Carloman was killed by the spear of one of his attendants, aimed at a wild boar. It pierced his thigh, and in a few days deprived him of his crown and life. In his dying moments he had the generosity to screen from the mistaken resentment of the public his unfortunate domestic, by imputing his wound to the rage of the animal he pursued. Charles the Fat, the next king of the race of Charlemagne, but not the direct heir to the throne, was set aside for utter incapacity within four years, and reduced to such a state of indigence, that he was left without a single servant, or the common necessities of life. Luitprand, Bishop of Mayence, relieved his immediate wants; and Arnulf, his successful competitor, accorded him a scanty pension; but he perished shortly under the combined evils of indigence, grief and violence. Charles the Simple, posthumous son of Louis the Stammerer,

succeeded on the death of Eudes, who was not a scion of the family. After reigning nearly thirty years, Charles was imprisoned at Peronne, where he was put to death by Herbert, Count de Vermandois. Louis IV., called the Stranger, from having been educated in England, succeeded his father the Simple. He was killed, when hunting, by a fall from his horse. His son, Lothaire, and grandson, Louis V., or the Slothful, were both poisoned by their wives, for presuming to pay too much attention to their little indiscretions. The Sluggard was the last of the Carolingian monarchs. His uncle, Charles, Duke of Lorraine, survived him, the only remaining representative of the blood of Charlemagne. His character was so worthless and contemptible, that the nobles unanimously excluded him from the crown, to which Hugh Capet was as unanimously elected. It has been pointed out by French historians, that the epithets given to the princes of the Carolingian race, were almost all expressive of the contemptuous light in which that family was held by the people over whom they reigned. It would seem as if they assisted lineal misfortune by lineal imbecility and ill conduct.*

Let us now turn to the house of Stuart. Robert II., the first sovereign of that family, succeeded to the throne of Scotland on the death of David (Bruce) II. without issue. Robert was the son of Margery, daughter of the great liberator of his country, Robert Bruce, and his direct representative in default of male descendants. The lineage sprang from the Anglo-Norman race of Fitz-Alan. This pedigree has been distinctly traced by late antiquaries, to the suppression of many fabulous legends. The surname of Stewart, or Stuart (it is spelt both ways by learned authorities), supplanted that of Fitz-Alan, in virtue of the dignity of seneschal, or steward of the royal household, which had become hereditary in the family. Robert II. reigned nineteen years, without any signal disaster; and though not possessed of brilliant talents, or much personal activity, was a reasonably good monarch, and, on the whole, better and more fortunate than many of his successors. Robert III. died of a broken heart, in consequence of the murder of his eldest and the captivity of his second son. David, Duke of Rothsay, and Prince Royal of Scotland, was

* The surname of Capet may be derived from the Latin word *Caput*, as the founder of a dynasty; from a cap called "Capet," which he introduced; or from his having a very large head.

confined in the palace of Falkland, and cruelly starved to death, through the machinations of his uncle, the Duke of Albany. James, his younger brother, succeeded to the throne, after a long imprisonment in England. He put to death, under judicial prosecutions, several of his nearest kindred; and was murdered in a conspiracy, headed by his uncle, Walter Earl of Athol, who, for perpetrating this act of regicide, was executed with dreadful tortures. James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon, at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was called James with the fiery face, from a red spot which disfigured his otherwise handsome countenance. But he merited the title of fiery more justly from the natural violence of his temper, which led him to slay the Earl of Douglas with his own hand, and under his own roof, at Stirling Castle; much after the manner in which the Roman Emperor, Valentinian III., assassinated his great general and deliverer, Ætius, in a private conference. James III., flying from a battle with his rebellious nobles, his horse started at the sight of a woman drawing water at a well, and threw him to the ground. He was borne into the neighboring mill, and incautiously proclaimed his name and qualities. Some of the enemy who followed entered the hut, recognized and slew their monarch, whose body was never found, neither were the murderers ever identified. He was a weak and unfortunate, rather than a bad sovereign, although suspicions rest on his memory, of having participated in the death of his brother, the Earl of Marr. James IV., his son and successor, was forced into the rebellion against his father; as a penance for which, he ever after wore an iron belt next to his body. He fell, in the forty-first year of his age, and twenty-sixth of his reign, with all his principal peers and knights, on the fatal field of Flodden. His death in this battle was long disbelieved and disputed by the Scottish chroniclers; but the accuracy of modern research has placed it beyond an "historic doubt." James V. died of vexation for the ruin and dispersion of his army at Solway Moss—he was then only thirty years of age. His two male children had expired within a few days of each other in the preceding year. His last words, on being told, when on his death bed, that his queen was delivered of a daughter, were long remembered and often repeated—"The crown came with a lass, and it will go with a lass." Mary Stuart, a widow before her nineteenth year, was deposed and imprisoned by her own sub-

jects, and compelled to take shelter in England, where she was beheaded, after a lengthened captivity, by her rival, Elizabeth. The fretful valetudinarian, Pope, called his life "a long disease." The existence of Mary Queen of Scots may be designated one accumulated calamity, with scarcely an interval of enjoyment, after she grew to womanhood. Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, her cousin and second husband, was blown up by conspirators in his own country residence, near Edinburgh. In the person of James VI. of Scotland, and first of England, the only child of Mary, the hereditary claim to family misfortune appears to have been suspended for a time, to descend with increased weight upon his posterity. But James sustained the domestic affliction of losing his eldest son, and heir apparent, Henry Prince of Wales, whose early death extinguished a brilliant promise, and whose dawning excellences might (had it been so permitted) have removed the ban from his house. The unhappy father was even accused of hastening the end of his son, from jealousy; and his own demise has been imputed to poison, through his favorite, Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham. But neither of these charges rest on sufficient grounds. We are not to believe such secret histories as that of Sir Anthony Weldon. Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., and direct ancestress of the house of Brunswick, was one of the most unfortunate princesses that ever lived. Her life reads more like a romance than a reality. The sufferings, privations, and domestic afflictions she endured, are almost equal to those of her grandmother, except that she was not brought to a violent end, but lingered through a neglected old age, in obscurity and dependence. Of the two lots, it is difficult to say which is the less enviable. Charles I., after a stormy life, in a great measure produced by his own obstinacy, perished on a scaffold. With all our monarchical propensities, we hesitate to call him a martyr. Charles II. endured ten years of poverty and exile without reform; returned, set an example of unmatched profligacy, equally regardless of national honor or private reputation, and died suddenly of apoplexy, without time for reform or repentance. Bishop Burnet states, in his history of his own times, "that there were apparent suspicions of his having been poisoned." Churchill echoes the opinion, and points directly at the object of suspicion; but a professed political satirist is always doubtful authority. He sums up his biting philippic against the Merry Monarch, thus:—

"To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
Which through his reign he little understood,
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim,
He re-assumed a bigot brother's claim;
And having made time-serving senates bow,
Suddenly died—that brother best knew *how*;
No matter *how*—he slept among the dead,
And JAMES, his brother, reigned in his stead."^{*}

James II. was driven from the throne in the third year of his reign, and consumed his old age in poverty, in "hope deferred," and in fruitless efforts to recover what he needed never to have lost, but for his own unprovoked bigotry. His eldest daughter Mary, consort of William III., died childless, of the small-pox, in her thirty-eighth year. Anne, after a reign of twelve years, which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the loss of a numerous family, and the quarrels of her favored servants. Prince James, known in history as the Old Pretender, or Chevalier de St. George, in attempting to recover the throne from which he was excluded by the Act of Settlement, occasioned only his best friends and most devoted adherents to perish by the executioner. His life was inglorious and unfortunate; he died an exile at Rome, having lived to the advanced age of seventy-eight. His son, Charles Edward, after the failure of his chivalrous attempt in "forty-five," endured incredible hardships and misfortunes, and, finally, gave himself up to indolence and low debauchery, which enervated his constitution, and weakened his intellects. Henry Benedict, his younger brother, became Cardinal of York, lived at Rome on a pension badly paid, and died at the advanced age of eighty-two, in 1807. With him, the race became extinct in the male line. The tomb of the last Stuart in St. Peter's, at Rome, bears the futile and ostentatious inscription, "*Henricus IX.*"

Francis I. of France, founder of the second house of Valois, was a monarch of brilliant endowments and daring courage. His ambition involved his country in constant wars, and the defeat of Pavia inflicted a wound on his power, from which he never recovered. His life was embittered by imprisonment, by the premature death of his eldest son, and shortened by personal excesses. His reign was equally distinguished by outward splendor, internal exhaustion, and constant vicissi-

tudes of fortune.* Henry II., his second son and successor, was accidentally killed in a tournament by the Sieur de Lorges, Count de Montgomeri. It seems something like a fatality that the father of this same "Capitaine de Lorges," had severely wounded the king, Francis I., on the head, with a fire-brand, when amusing himself by attacking a house with snow-balls. Henry II., by his demon-queen, Catherine of Medicis, left four sons, so that the permanent succession seemed to be quite assured in his immediate progeny. Notwithstanding this, they all died without issue in a single generation, and the crown passed away to a distant collateral branch. Francis II. died in his eighteenth year, and Charles IX. in his twenty-fourth. The first, of an abscess in the ear, the last of a strange and unnatural disease in which blood oozed out from the pores of his skin. This horrible death was pronounced by many a judgment from Heaven, in consequence of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; but there are good grounds for supposing that Catherine de Medicis assisted in removing her two elder sons to make room for her favorite, Henry III. Henry III. was assassinated by James Clement, a Jacobin friar, before he had reached his fortieth year, and in the sixteenth of his reign. With him was finally extinguished the race of Valois. His younger brother, the Duke of Anjou, had died of a decline a short time before. Henry IV., justly surnamed the Great, the founder of the Bourbon dynasty, was the best and ablest sovereign who ever sat upon the throne of France. His life had been one perpetual struggle with danger and difficulty; he had escaped countless perils, as if protected by an *egis*, but fell at last by the hand of a fanatical assassin. His son, Louis XIII., proved himself a degenerate representative of an illustrious sire, while his daughter Henrietta, consort of Charles I. of England, has descended to posterity, as remarkable for her misfortunes, as for the many doubts that cloud her reputation. The prosperous youth and manhood of Louis XIV. were more than balanced by the domestic afflictions and public reverses which accompanied his old age. Louis XV., the only living great-grandson of his predecessor, long survived the title of "well-beloved," which the early enthusiasm of his subjects had too hastily bestowed. He became so universally detested, that his

^{*} See Churchill's Poem of "Gotham," Book ii.

* The recent "Life of Francis I.," by Miss Pardee, has stripped much of the gilding from his hitherto brilliant and captivating character.

death was considered a national blessing, and he ranks deservedly among the worst kings who are handed down in the annals of his country. His personal example, encouraging the vices and debauchery of the court and higher classes, sapped the foundations of royalty, broke up the long-cherished ties between the sovereign and the people, and led the way to the subsequent horrors of the revolution which dragged Louis XVI. into the balcony of his own palace, with a cap of liberty on his head, in place of a crown, and shadowed forth the outline of the guillotine, on which he shortly afterwards perished.

The execution of Louis XVI. took place on the 21st of January, 1793. The first movements of the revolution occurred in 1789. If natural phenomena have any designed connection with human events, either as warnings or coincidences, more than one of no ordinary character heralded the important changes which were soon to unhinge the whole fabric of civilized society, and endanger the best established institutions. On Sunday, July 13th, 1788, about nine o'clock, an almost total darkness covered several parts of France, without any eclipse. This was followed by a storm more tremendous than any that devastated Europe, since the great tempest of November 26th, 1703. Louis XVII., the dauphin, and legitimate successor of his father, was closely confined by the terrorists, apprenticed to a shoemaker, named Simon, who treated him with savage barbarity, and died in prison, as was generally believed, of poison. Louis XVIII. was restored on the first abdication of Napoleon, in 1814, under the title of "Le Desiré." He fled within the year, returned a second time in a few months, surrounded by the bayonets of foreign allies, and died on the throne in 1824. His brother, Charles X., was driven out by the revolution of 1830, which substituted the Orleans branch. They, in turn, succumbed under another revolution in 1848, brought on by the Ulysses of the family, Louis Philippe. The Duke d'Angouleme, eldest son of Charles X., and Dauphin, died childless. His brother, the Duke de Berri, was assassinated in 1820, by Louvel. The only male representative of the house, the Duke de Bourdeaux (son of the Duke de Berri), is unmarried and an exile. The present aspect of political opinion looks very unfavorable to the chance of his restoration. But in these days of rapid change, a few turns of Fortune's wheel may effect miracles. His affairs are scarcely in so desperate a condition as were those of Louis Napoleon, when a prisoner in

the citadel of Ham; and there he is now, Emperor of France, with unlimited power, his foot firmly planted on the Imperial throne, and his title acknowledged by every power in Europe.

These eminent examples, selected from an almost endless list, convey an impressive lesson. They may serve to check ambition, and console humility. When we ponder over them, we feel the truth with which the satirist wrote, who says—

"How much do they mistake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which
flow

From royalty, who fancy that a crown,
Because it glitters, must be lin'd with down.
The gem they worship, which a crown adorns,
Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with
thorns.

O might Reflection, Folly's place supply,
Would we one moment use her piercing eye,
Then should we learn what woe from grandeur
springs,

And learn to pity, not to envy kings."*

Pope Adrian VI., a virtuous prelate and most exemplary man, was well aware, although his reign was short, that the couch of a monarch is anything but a bed of roses. He rather possessed, than enjoyed, supreme dignity, and expressed a wish to have this inscription engraved upon his monument—"Here lies Adrian VI., who was never so unhappy in any period of his life, as in that wherein he was a prince." Sovereigns are not to be judged by the common standard of human character and opportunity. The philosophic mind, instead of looking with discontent on their superior state, will rather rejoice to have escaped their superior cares. A natural and entertaining historian, Old Philip de Comines, with goodness of heart and clear understanding, says:—

"In all the princes that I have served, and have ever known, there was always a mixture of good and of bad, which I plainly discerned, and indeed without wonder, for they are men like to ourselves, and perfection belongs only to God himself. That prince, however, whose virtues exceed his vices, is certainly worthy of extraordinary commendation and applause; for persons of their rank and dignity are more obstinate and inclinable to violence in their actions than other men, on account of the education which they receive in their youth, that is always less strict, and with less of discipline than that of others; and when they are grown up, the greater part of those that are about them, make it their business and their study to conform to their humors."

Comines had good personal experience of

* See Churchill's Poem of "Gotham," Book iii.

royalty in two masters of very opposite characters—Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and Louis the XI. of France. In his "Memoirs of his own Times," he tries to palliate the atrocities of the latter, who has descended to posterity, despite this attempt to white-wash him, as a mass of wickedness, with no redeeming points. It may be truly said, that Nature, in compounding this unique specimen—

"Having given all the sin,
Forgot to put the virtues in."*

ON CERTAIN PROVERBIAL AND COLLOQUIAL
EXPRESSIONS.

"Orditur ab ovo."—HORAT. DE ARTE POETICA.
Let things be traced to their origin.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE," meaning "This or none." Few phrases are in more common use. It takes its rise from Tobias Hobson, a celebrated Cambridge carrier, in the times of Charles I. and II. A short account of him may be found in the *Spectator*, No. 509. He was the first man in England who let out hackney horses for hire. The collegians of that day, as at present, when they engaged a horse, spared neither whip nor spur. Hobson kept a stable of forty sound roadsters, always ready for saddle and bridle, and in good order for travelling at a moment's notice. He was thrifty and ingenious, but benevolent withal, and he made it an invariable rule that each of his horses should have an equal portion of rest as well as labor. Accordingly when a customer came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there were many to choose from, but he was compelled to take that which stood next to the stable-door, being the one which had rested the longest, or to have none at all. Thus every customer had the same chance of being well served, and every horse performed a similar duty. Hence it became a proverb, in all cases of general application where there was no alternative nor freedom of election, to say—"Here is nothing but Hobson's choice." This worthy speculator's house of call, in London, was "The Bull" in Bishops-gate-street, in one of the rooms of which Steele writes, in 1722, that his portrait was drawn in fresco, with an hundred-pound bag under his arm, and this inscription on the said bag—"The fruitful mother of an hundred more." Milton honored the memory of the Cambridge carrier with two quaint epitaphs, of which we transcribe the shortest, as it also appears to us the best.

* Churchill, "Duellist," Book iii.

"On the University Carrier, who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the plague.

"Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his
girl,
And here, alas! hath lain him in the dirt;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him
down;
For he had any time, this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt "Cambridge" and
"The Bull:"

And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd.
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
(In the kind office of a Chamberlin)
Show'd him his room, where he must lodge that
night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has slept, and 's newly gone to bed."

DUN. To dun, to press importunately for payment of a debt. This term has been deduced from the French *donne*, give; implying a demand for something due. The following seems a better origin. There was a man named John Dun, a bailiff of the town of Lincoln, who was so extremely active and so dexterous in his unpopular vocation, that it became a proverb when any one was indisposed to pay a debt, to say, "Why don't you dun him?" That is, "Why don't you send Dun to arrest him?" The phrase from this became customary, and may be traced back as far as the days of Henry VII.*

To dine with DUKE HUMPHREY. This old saying was applied to certain *impransi* who were accustomed to walk in St. Paul's Church, during the time usually occupied at dinner. In more recent days, it was common to say of peripatetic dinnerless dandies—"They are counting the trees in the park for a dinner." Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was a man of great hospitality, who kept open house, and a most excellent table. As he was supposed to be buried in St. Paul's, the analogy of the expression explains itself. But the fact is, he was not buried in St. Paul's, but in the old Abbey Church at St. Alban's, where we have beheld his veritable bones enclosed in an ancient oak chest. Authentically handed down, and as surely genuine, as the skull of Duke Schomberg, slain at the Boyne, which used to be exhibited to the

* See Gale's "Recreations," and Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates."

curious in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, or that of Oliver Cromwell, which may still be investigated in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford. Some ten years since we happened to visit the last named museum. The curator placed in our hands, with considerable reverence, a cranium, which he evidently considered the gem, or great gun of the collection. "This," said he, importantly, "is the skull of Oliver Cromwell." We manipulated the relic with less emotion than Hamlet does the brain-pan of Yorrick, having already seen three before, of which fact we apprised the custodian. "It is impossible!" he exclaimed, with indignation, "there can be but one." "Precisely so," we rejoined—"There can be but one *real* skull, but which that is, it would puzzle Solomon to determine, when the evidence is equally good for all." "Ours is the right one, the rest are humbugs," said he, as he carried back to its resting shelf the grinning memento of mortality. We have heard of another more circumstantial virtuoso, who has improved on this, by exhibiting the skull of Oliver Cromwell, when he was a boy. The pedigree of an erratic skull is more difficult to trace than even that of a picture, a horse, or a hero.

"I have caught a Tartar;" or, "He has caught a Tartar." A common saying, which means a man in a difficulty, from which he can neither advance nor recede. The expression is supposed to be founded on a story of a trooper meeting a Tartar in the woods, and exclaiming to his comrades, who had a little preceded him, that he had *caught* one. "Bring him along with you," cried they. "I can't," replied he. "Then come yourself." "He won't let me." The story is apposite; but it proceeds from the phrase, and not the phrase from the story. We find in Terence, "*auribus teno lupum*," I hold a wolf by the ears—which has precisely the same meaning, and is evidently the Latin father of the English descendant. More of our proverbial sayings are derived from the ancient classics than are generally recognized, until we take the trouble of tracing them to their source.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." This proverb comes lineally from the Latin of Laberius, preserved in the "Fragmenta Veterum Poetarum," by Stephens and Maittaire. "*Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra*." From thence it ascends to the Greek,* originating in an

oracular prediction. The responses of the oracles of old were contrived with such ingenious ambiguity, that the solution was equally borne out, whether fortunate or disastrous. Many celebrated instances are preserved by Herodotus, Xenophon, Strabo, and other writers. Cræsus, when he consulted the oracle of Delphi, was told, that if he crossed the Halys, he should destroy a great empire. He supposed it was the empire he was about to invade, but it proved to be his own. The words, *Credo te Æacide Romanos vincere posse*, which Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, received for answer, when he wished to assist the Tarentines against the Romans, convey opposite meanings according as they are read. He interpreted them in his own favor, and they proved his ruin. Nero was ordered to beware of seventy-three, but he expected to live to that age, and misinterpreted the caution, until Galba, then in his seventy-third year, dethroned him. The oracles of old were open to bribery and corruption. Lysander failed in his attempts to purchase favorable responses, but Philip and Alexander were more fortunate. These oracles, for the most part, were mere priestly impostures, but occasionally a happy coincidence in the prediction and the result gave them current popularity. As late as the sixteenth century, Michael Nostradamus, a celebrated French empiric and astrologer, obtained much reputation in this way. He published a volume of quatrains, in 1555, entitled, "Prophetical Centuries," obscure and fantastical, which may mean anything or nothing, according as they are translated by credulity or caprice. He gained great credit by the following lines, which are applied to the death of Henry II. of France, killed at a tournament by the Count de Montgomeri, the lance piercing his eye through the golden visor:—

"Le Lion jeune le vieux surmontera,
En champ bellique par singulier duel,
Daus cage d'or les yeux lui crevera,
Deux plaies une, puis mourir: mort cruelle."

"The elder lion shall the young engage,
And him in strange and single combat slay;
Shall put his eyes out in a golden cage,
One wound in two. Sad death, in such a way!"

In another quatrain he had said, "*Les Oliviers croîtront en Angleterre*." This was afterwards affirmed to be verified in the elevation of Oliver Cromwell to the protectorship. When the French, under the reign of Louis XIII., took the city of Arras (anciently spelt Aras) from the Spaniards, after a very

* Χίλσαι ποτε δυαι εἰσι παρὰ Ἀλκείων καὶ Χείλην.

long and most desperate siege, it was remarked that Nostradamus had said—

"Les anciens crapauds prendront Sara."
"The ancient toads shall Sara take."

This line was then applied to that event, by showing that *Sara* is *Aras* backward, and that by the ancient toads were meant the French, as that nation formerly had for its armorial bearings three of these loathsome reptiles, instead of the three fleurs-de-lys afterwards adopted. Hence the origin of "Jean Crapaud," or "Johnny Crapaud," as a generic term for our Gallic neighbors. This Nostradamus had been a Jew, and claimed to be of the tribe of Issachar, because it is said in the Chronicles—"There shall come learned men from the sons of Issachar, who know all times." He lived in good repute, and died at Salons in 1566. Jodelle commemorates him in a punning Latin distich, not easily translated—

"Nostra damus cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est;

Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus."

Two very extraordinary instances have been pointed out of predictions fulfilled to the letter, without straining or round-about interpretation; where no gift of prophecy was darkly assumed, no imposture intended, and no supernatural agency can by any possibility be supposed. The first is mentioned by the learned Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, in his preface to his sermons on prophecy (1768-9). It is part of a chorus in the "Medea" of Seneca:—

"Venient annis
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
Pateat tellus Tiphysque* novos
Detegat orbes."

This is obviously fulfilled by the invention of the compass, and the discovery of America. The other is in the first book of Dante's "Purgatorio":—

"J' mi volsi a man' destro, e posi mente
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente."

This is an exact description of the appearance of the four stars near the south pole, and yet Dante is known to have written in the early part of the fourteenth century, long before the discovery of the southern hemisphere. "Lord," as an English title of nobility,

is from the Saxon, Hla-ford, a giver of bread: Hlaf, a loaf of bread; Ford, to give, or afford. The descent is regular: Hlaford, Laford, Lord. The great men in ancient days kept great houses, and fed the poor, for which reason they were called givers of bread. The ladies distributed the loaves with their own hands, and were called Lef-days, bread-givers. "My Lord," as vulgarly applied to hunchbacked persons, was probably a school-boy joke in the beginning, and evidently comes from the Greek word, λορδος, crooked.

"*Revenons a nos moutons*," and "*Apropos des bottes*," are two of the commonest French colloquial phrases, constantly used in quotation. The first will be found in the old farce of *L'Avocat Patelin*, known in England as the *Village Lawyer*. The second is from the comedy of *Le Distrain* (*The Absent Man*) by Regnard. The principal character comes on the stage with only one boot on. His valet, after some observation relating to it, passes to another subject. The ludicrous transition of which he makes use, is, "*Apropos des bottes*" ("Talking of boots"); since which the expression has become proverbial.

"*Tally-ho!*" the cry set up by the huntsman when the fox breaks cover, is derived from the old Norman French, "*Il est allé hors!*" ("He is gone out"), as may be seen explained in "Dame Juliana Bermer's Book of Hawking and Hunting," and other ancient treatises on the noble art of venerie.

"Feed a cold and starve a fever," is a common saying, which, when taken in the literal sense, has led to dangerous mistakes. The correct reading is directly opposite, and means, "If you feed a cold, you will have to starve a fever." Sensible and useful as our English adages are justly reputed, the tongues of warmer and more southern lands possess a strength and piquancy of which ours is unconscious. With how much more force does the Spaniard express our "Misfortunes seldom come alone," when he says to the frowning visitor, ill-luck, "*Ben vengas si vengas solo!*" ("Thou art welcome if thou art unaccompanied.") There is a touching humility in another saying of the same nation, to which we have no parallel:—"Defienda mi Dios! de mí" ("Preserve me, O God! from my own follies.") The Italian "*Semper il mal non vien per nuocere*" ("Misfortune does not always come to injure"), is better than "Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good;" while our "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be," &c., is by no means so comprehensive as "*Passato il pericolo, gabbato il santo*"

* Tiphys, it will be remembered, was the Pilot of the good ship *Argo*, in the Golden Fleece Expedition. See "Virgilii Bucolica." Ecl. iv. l. 34; and "Valerius Flaccus," *passim*.

("When the danger is over, the saint is cheated.") Neapolitan and Sicilian sailors use their saints after a singular fashion. When there is either a storm or a calm, they put up an image of Saint Anthony against the mast, and call upon him to send a fair wind immediately. If he is sullen or dilatory they thump him vehemently about the head, or against the deck, depose him for another, and so run through the whole calendar, kicking, cuffing, imploring, and blaspheming, until their wishes are accomplished.

No less a personage than the same Saint Anthony, in *propria persona*, was for a long time marshal-general of the troops of Portugal, and still retains his rank, unless he may have been lately cashiered. In 1706, during the war of the succession, when affairs were going badly, the saint was made a soldier, subaltern, and captain, and, being dressed up in the successive uniforms of the several gradations of rank, he was at length elevated to that of marshal-general, with a pension of an hundred and fifteen ducats. The first cannon ball fired by the army of the Duke of Berwick at Almanza, unfortunately took off the head of the holy general, who had been placed in the van in an open carriage; whereupon the Portuguese army lost heart, turned tail, and fled to a man, leaving their English adherents to fight it out as they best could. It is said that the pay of this unlucky commander is still punctually deposited by the sovereign in the Chapel Royal, every year, in a purse of red velvet. There are several Saint Anthonies. We know not whether the general be the same who sailed from Reggio across the straits to Messina on his cloak, steered by his staff, and founded a celebrated convent, still in existence, at the neighboring village of Saint Agata. When we were in Sicily the veritable cloak and staff were still preserved, and exhibited by the good monks for the trifling consideration of three bajocchi.

There have been many disputes as to the origin of the line—

"Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim."

Erasmus quoted it with a dissertation, yet acknowledged that he was utterly ignorant of the author. It runs well and smoothly, as if it came from an ancient classic, and has a Virgilian sound. Many bets have been made and lost that it occurs in the third book of the *Æneid*, where the Trojan hero relates to Dido how, when he was in Epirus, the prophet-king Helenus cautioned him to avoid sailing through the Straits of Messina, lest he

should be wrecked between the rocks and the whirlpool. But the line is not there. It is to be found in a poem little known, by Gualterus Gallus, called, "*De gestis Alexandri*," a poor version of Quintus Curtius into Latin hexameters. The passage in which it is introduced is as follows, and speaks of the flight of Darius from the field of Arbela:—

"Quo tendis inertem

Rex periture, fugam? Nescis, Heu! Perdite, nescis

Quem fugias. Hostes incuris, dum fugias hostem, Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim."

This was first pointed out by Galleotus Martius of Narni, who died in 1476, and repeated in Dr. Johnson's conversation, as recorded by Boswell. Another still more common quotation, ascribed to Juvenal, has never yet been traced—

"Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis."

The well known story of the Ephesian matron, adopted with variations by so many subsequent authors, originates with Petronius, and may be read at page 286 of his "*Satiricon*" (Amstelodami, 1669, 8vo.) At page 521 of the same work will also be found the line, affixed as a motto to the Globe Theatre, in Shakspeare's time—

"Totus mundus exerceat hi-trionem."

A few clever sentences, with an occasional scrap of satirical philosophy, are all that can be gleaned from the volume of Petronius; and to get at these what a mass of profligate and disgusting debauchery must be turned over! Truly, the profit is not worth the labor. The inscription over the proscenium of old Covent-garden Theatre, "*Veluti in speculum*," is not in any classic. The nearest to it, and the same in meaning, is "*Tanquam in speculum*," from Terence.

After the fight of Bannockburn, so fatal to the English, in the reign of Edward II., the Scots, by way of insult, formed a proverb, which is valuable, as it points out the fashion of the day—

"Long beards, heartless—painted hoods, witless—

Gay coats, graceless—make England thriftless."

Boursault, in his Letters, relates an anecdote of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, daughter to Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII., to which he was an eye-witness. She was amusing herself, and endeavoring to get rid of some of the many heavy hours mixed up with the gaieties of a court, by playing with her domestics at the game of proverbs, expounded by gesticulation. She had already found out

several, but endeavored in vain to comprehend the meaning of one of her gentlemen, who capered about, made faces, and played a thousand antic tricks. Tired with attempting to discover this enigma, she ordered him to explain himself. "Madam," said he, "my proverb means '*One fool makes many.*'" The princess looked on this as a reflection on her imprudence, in being too familiar with her servants, and banished the unlucky proverbialist from her presence for ever.

The following passage is quoted perhaps more frequently than any in the English language:—

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he that's in the battle slain,
Can never rise to fight again."

Where are the lines to be found? Every one will answer readily—of course, in Hudibras. You may search Hudibras with a microscope, but you will not discover them. Lowndes says (Bibliogr. Manual, vol. iii.), that they are in a small volume of facetious poems, by Sir J. Mennis and Dr. James Smith, entitled "*Musarum Deliciæ; or, Muses' Recreation,*" published in 1655. But Lowndes is in error; they are not there, nor in Hudibras neither. This is the passage, as it stands in the latter book (Book III., canto 3), and from this it would appear the other has been altered:—

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

ON CERTAIN ANCIENT EDIFICES.

What are the oldest buildings in the world? There can be no doubt that the Pyramids of Egypt take the lead before all others. With no pretensions to architectural beauty, they astound by vastness, and seem built to last until the final breaking up of all terrestrial matter. Certainly in existence 1,400 years before the Christian era, their origin has been traced back by some learned enthusiasts to the date of Moses and Aaron, who have been even quoted as their builders—a theory without a plausible basis. Herodotus says, the first and largest was erected by Cheops, King of Egypt, to enclose his remains. It occupied the labors of 360,000 workmen for twenty years, during which time one thousand and sixty talents were expended in supplying them with leeks, parsley, garlick, and other vegetables. This enormous pile of stone weighs six millions of tons; the base occupies an area equal to that of Lincoln's-inn Fields. The pyramids, as approached, seem less gi-

gantic than they are in reality. Standing in an open plain, they are visible at a great distance. It is so with the ruins of Stonehenge from the same cause. The very remote antiquity of Stonehenge has been carried by some writers to a period almost as far back as that of the pyramids. We once met with a tract published by a resident of the neighborhood, a schoolmaster, in which he undertook to show that the remains of that remarkable pile are antediluvian. He may have convinced himself, but he gained no converts. The best-founded opinions establish it as a Druidical temple; but when, or by whom erected, it is impossible to make even an approximate guess. Perhaps it was in existence even before the Druids, and may have originated with the Guebres, or fire-worshippers, for the purpose of observing the heavenly bodies. The two leading points in the Druidical system were secrecy and safety. For these reasons their temples were erected in the recesses of thick forests of oak, where they could only be discovered with difficulty, and whence it would be almost impossible to eject them, except as the Romans did, under Suetonius and Agricola, by starving and burning them out. It seems difficult to believe, that an open space, like Salisbury Plain, should ever have been selected for either concealment or defence. Oaks could never have grown where the chalk lies within a few inches of the surface. The mysterious round towers of Ireland have been deduced from the same origin, and have given rise to many fanciful and ingenious dissertations. O'Brien, who was roughly handled by the critics, although he failed to establish his own theory, demolished those of his predecessors. The able and convincing work of Dr. Petrie appears to have settled a question long supposed to be insolvable. It is now decided that the towers were built for Christian usages, and can show no claim to a heathen pedigree. Under all circumstances, they may be considered the most singular, as well as the most interesting relics in the world.

The "Tower of the Winds," at Athens, was built B.C. 550, by Andronicus. The Temple of Theseus, at this day, the most perfect specimen of the kind, about one hundred years later. Trajan's pillar, still remaining at Rome, stood in the centre of the Forum. It dates from A.D. 100. The architect, Apollodorus, expressed himself lightly on a plan submitted to his judgment by Adrian, for a temple. He told the emperor, that if the goddesses and other statues which were seated in the area should take a

fancy to rise, they would break their heads against the ceiling: an untimely pleasantry, which cost him his life. The Mole of Adrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo, was erected A.D. 120, by Detrianus, who bears the repute of having been a worker of miracles, as well as an able architect. He conveyed the temple of the "Bona Dea" from one station to another, long before the *Casa Santa* of Loreto began to travel from Galilee to Dalmatia, and so on to its present resting place. The miracle of the monks thus loses all claim to originality. Adrian's sepulchre is a huge mass, with little to admire beyond strength and antiquity. The Roman sovereign, in his architectural taste, is well designated by Lord Byron, as the "Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles," and "colossal copyist of deformity." The oldest religious building in a perfect state is the Church of Saint Sophia, at Constantinople, built by Anthemius and Isidorus, under the reign of Justinian, in the sixth century. It is, therefore, twelve hundred years old. In dimensions and general beauty, it is not to be compared to St. Peter's, at Rome, St. Paul's, London, or many of the Gothic cathedrals; still it is an object of great interest, from its immense antiquity, and the historical associations. All the Greek emperors, from Justinian, were crowned there, and several murdered at the altar. Six of its pillars are of green jasper, from the temple of Diana, at Ephesus; and eight of porphyry, from the Temple of the Sun, at Rome. The dimensions are small: length, 269 feet; breadth, 243 feet. The effect of the interior is perhaps increased by the total absence of all ornament or decoration, while the dome is so light, that it almost looks suspended in the air.

The city of Venice originated from a single house, built on one of its smallest islands, A.D. 450, by Entinopos. The cathedral at Rheims dates back to A.D. 840; the architect, Rumaldo. The cathedral of Strasburg, by Erwin de Steimbach, was completed in the year 1020. The celebrated Campanile, or leaning tower of Pisa, is the work of Guglielmo, A.D. 1174. It inclines seventeen palms out of the true perpendicular, yet has stood in this state seven centuries, and is likely to stand. On a simple mathematical principle, there is no danger of it falling, so long as a plummet dropped from the centre falls within the base. The local *ciceroni* stoutly maintain that it was built so, but the conclusion is most improbable. A settlement, or an earthquake, after all was complete, is a much more intelligible cause. Who could ever

credit that an engineer would designedly erect a bridge with a broken back, or an arch without the key-stone?

WOMEN, AS DESCRIBED BY THE ANCIENT POETS.

The ladies are not much indebted to some of the old classics, who have treated them with unjust depreciation. An action for libel would lie against more than one, if they could be summoned into court. Homer draws two respectable matrons in Hecuba and Andromache. The Greek tragic poets have given some noble heroines; but Euripides was such an avowed enemy to the fair sex, that he was sometimes called, *Μισογύνος*, the "woman-hater." Perhaps from this deeply-rooted aversion arose the impure and diabolical imaginations which appear in his female characters. He endeavored to refute the charge, by saying that he had faithfully copied nature. In spite of all this antipathy, he was married twice; and, as Sir Peter Teazle says, "the crime carried the punishment along with it," for his choices were so injudicious, and the ladies so ill-conducted, that he was compelled to divorce them both. Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal, are terrible scandal-mongers: they step out of their way to describe women unfavorably, and lack the courtly delicacy of the elder Lord Lyttleton, who, when asked by a literary lady of note, why he did not insert in his life of Henry II. the well-supported tradition, which makes that prince the offspring of an amour between the Empress Matilda and her competitor, Stephen,—"*Madam*," replied the noble biographer, "my work shall never become the vehicle of antiquated scandal against a lady of rank and character." The ancient Egyptians treated the better half of the creation with becoming respect. It appears from Seneca, that in arranging the genders of their nouns, a singular and delicate compliment was paid to women. In the four elements, beginning with water, they appointed the ocean, as rough and boisterous, to the male sex; the more gentle streams and fountains they left to the females. As to the earth—they made rocks, stones and mountains male; but meadow-lands, gardens and bowers, female. Air they divided thus:—to the masculine gender, rough winds and hurricanes of every kind; to the females, the sky, the balmy breezes, and the zephyrs. Fire, when of a consuming nature, they made male; but artificial and harmless flames they consigned to the feminine class. Not so the Romans!

They made a most awkward, and, in some instances, a peculiarly ridiculous distribution of genders.

The women of Plautus are almost uniformly bad. Those in Terence are little better; and the only one among them who has done a good action, begs pardon of her husband, as being convinced of her own criminality in doing it.—“*Mi Chreme, peccavi! Fateor, Vincor!*” (*Heautontimor.*)—(I was wrong, my Chremes, I own it! I am conquered!) It will hardly be believed by the unclassical reader, that the fault for which the good lady begs pardon, in these humble strains, was neither more nor less than the saving her child from being murdered, as *her* husband, and *its* own father, had humanely commanded.

Virgil, far from showing the least consideration for the female sex, has treated them (even according to his warmest panegyrist, Dryden) in an unjust, unmanly style. He has falsified both the era and the history of Dido to render her odious and contemptible. By an anachronism of nearly three hundred years, he has taken away the character of an honest woman who committed public suicide, because she had sworn fidelity to the manes of her first husband, and preferred death to a compulsory marriage with a second.* Virgil also makes Queen Amata turbulent and tippling; and the Princess Lavinia, undutiful and unbelieving. Dryden adds, “that she looks a little flickering after Tumas.” His goddesses are no better than his mortals. Juno is always in a passion, and surely (as Dryden observes), Venus adopts rather a strong measure, when she impudently expects that her injured husband should provide a suit of impenetrable armor for the offspring of her amour with Anchises. Camilla is the only female of whom the poet begins to speak well, but he soon dashes down her character by calling her “*Aspera*” and “*Horrenda Virgo*”—a bitter, awful virgin. This is almost as bad as Boiardo’s “*Gatta, fiera, cruda, dispietata*”—a fierce, cruel, pitiless cat—as applied to his heroine, Marfisa. Both contain meanings as distant from anything attractive or amiable as words can paint. As to Horace, it would puzzle any one to find one woman of pure fame spoken of in any part of his poems. We must except the compliment paid to Livia, the wife of Augustus

* Hence her appellation of *Dido*, a valiant woman, instead of *Elissa*, her original name. The ghost of Sicheus, her uncle and first husband, appeared every now and then to remind her of her vow, and prevent any backsliding.

(more in flattery than in truth), when he calls her *par excellence*—“*Unico gaudens mulier, marito*”—the wife contented with a single husband. His ladies are all Chloes, Delias, Lyces, Lydias, Lalages, and Cynaras. Their characters are all measured by the same light standard, and most of them seem to have added the worship of Bacchus to that of Cupid. He treats them accordingly, and recommends one of them to take care lest her keeper, in a fit of jealousy, should spoil her fashionable cap. One tolerably modest woman, indeed, Neobule, he seems to have known; but his idea of her delicacy does not prevent him from condoling with her on the severity of her uncle, who will neither permit her to entertain a lover, nor wash away her cares with rosy wine. Juvenal need not be mentioned. His trade was universal satire; woman-kind he treated with peculiar severity. He declares that he had scarcely ever heard a tradition of a thoroughly modest woman since the golden age. The prose writers of the Augustan era seem to have favored the sex no more than the poets; and Seneca’s account of the ladies of his time is at least as bitter as the sixth satire of Juvenal. In later days, Pope has written severely on female follies, but he has depicted some beautiful instances as a set off. Take the following for an example:—

“O blest with temper, whose unclouded ray,
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day:
She who can love a sister’s charms, or bear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne’er answers till her husband cools,
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting ways,
Yet has her humor most where she obeys.”

Shakspeare, Lord Byron, and Sheridan Knowles, are amongst the ablest champions of the fair. Antiquarians consider them necessary evils, or, at best, endurable superfluities. Youth, beauty, and elegant accomplishments have no charm in their eyes.

“There Venus must be old and want a nose.”

The diary of Anthony à Wood contains many grotesque illustrations of his dislike to women, and the learned Selden records his own want of gallantry as follows:—“It is reason a man that *will* have a wife, should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that *will* keep a monkey, it’s fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks.”

We conclude with an anecdote, which shows that ladies sometimes, when they please, can find opportunities of retaliating se-

verely on those who treat them not with the respect they merit. A gentleman who had married a second wife, indulged himself in recurring too often, in conversation, to the beauty and virtues of his first consort. He had, at the same time, not discernment enough to discover that the subject was anything but agreeable to his present lady. "Excuse me, Madam," said he; "I cannot help expressing my regrets for the dear deceased." "Upon my honor," replied the fair incumbent, "I can most heartily affirm, that I am as sincere a mourner for her as you can be." Reader, never mind the ancients, and the fusty antiquaries, but study from living editions. If you are not satisfied with your own observations, and want to be assured from other sources how women ought to be valued, read

Dryden's "Epitaph on Mrs. Anne Killigrew," Lord Lyttleton's "Monody on his wife," and remember what Sir Walter Scott sings in the last canto of "Marmion":—

"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade,
By the light, quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

Then turn to the Bard of Hope, and learn these lines by heart, if you have not done so already:—

"And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—A world without a sun."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

This year goes out in storm. The sky is full
Of vaprous turmoil; the Atlantic waves,
Convulsed and batter'd into tawny froth,
Welter upon the beach, or, thundering white,
Scale the black cliff, and ever fall rebuff'd.
To-night the spirits of air rage round this house,
And sometimes through the wafted curtain bow
My taper's slender pyramid, whose light
Flickers on names of power, that live emboss'd
In jewels on great shrines (their wealthiest shrines
And durablest are here), with others, too,
This age keeps count of on her civic roll,
Scarce proudly enough, and humbly not enough,—
Amidst th' antique and new perennial peers,
Thine, LANDOR. Ruffle not, ye wintry blasts,
That brow beneath its coronal, for Time's
Unwearing breath may never thin a bud
The coronal upon that brow! Blow soft
Along the Vale of Springs whilst he is there!

Nor visit fiercely my unshelter'd door,
Who from this utmost edge, remote and rude,
Dare to that valley on your pinions waft
A hymnal greeting—ah, too wildly dare!
Were not the lower still the harsher judge.

Yet hear me, tempests!—as ye drown that toll!
Time's footfall on the mystic boundary

That severs year from year—could such a wind
Blow out of any quarter of the heaven
As to lay ruin'd, worse than Nineveh,
The thrones where men of serpent forehead sit,
And eyes of smoky hell-spark, with their spur
Firm in the people's neck; nor less indignant,
Shatter their chairs, whose white, angelic robes
Drape the hog-paunch, or lend the juggler sleeve—
Swift purifier! whirl them to the mud!
Ay, the Lord lives, and, therefore, down with ye!
Rotten impostors, down! Could such a wind
Blow out of any quarter of the heaven,
Content, my habitation, like a twig,
Torn in the mighty tempest, would I crawl,
Shivering for shelter, or scoop out a cave
Among the rabbits in the benty sand,
Or else need none.

Dark clouds are taking wing
Out of the wave continually. They fly
Over those heaps of benty sand, and moor
And mountain, eastward, hurrying to the dawn;
There where a New Day and New Year roll up
In misty light. Eastward I look and hail
Thee, LANDOR, with the Year; inscrutable
In all its fates; and over all its fates
The throne of God, eternal, just, serene.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

New Year's Eve, 1852-3.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LIFE OF THE REV. W. KIRBY.*

WHY do we love to contemplate the lives of those who, having by their deeds or works been public benefactors, are passed away full of years and honor? Gratitude, doubtless, has its share in the eagerness with which we trace their pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and read the record of their progress and habits; but is there not a higher, a holier cause for the interest with which we mark the respect which they obtained, and the love which, after shining upon their mortal path, still clings to their memory after they have entered the house appointed for all living? Chalmers has well answered the question; and in an eloquent passage of his eloquent Bridgewater Treatise,† has pointed to our cherished hope, that death but transforms without destroying them; and that the present is only an embryo or rudimental condition, the final development of which is in another and future state of existence.

It has been said, but few who have said it have ventured to print it, that physiology and natural history, when deeply studied, have made more skeptics than the whole school of Voltaire put together.

That there have been nominal physiological and zoological skeptics is very true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true. But that the *deep* student of the organization of animated beings can arrive at the wretched conclusion of those so-called physiologists and zoologists who have come to the soul-depressing doctrine of Lucretius and of those besotted spirits who in a neighboring country, some sixty years since, cursed God and died, we deny.

The subject of the memoir which we are about to consider, approached the question in a pious and humble spirit. A perfect master of the branch of natural history to which he added so much, he thus writes to a friend, when preparing for publication a work which

is in the hand and head of every entomologist,* from the parsonage, Barham, in 1800:

In this work, my aim is to unite two sisters, that through the fault of the admirers of one of them, have long been separated, and the consequence has been much mischief. I mean Religion and Natural History. The author of scripture is also the author of nature, and this visible world, by types, indeed, and by symbols, declares the same truths as the Bible does by words. To make the naturalist a religious man—to turn his attention to the glory of God, that he may declare his works, and in the study of his creatures see the loving kindness of the Lord—may this, in some measure, be the fruit of my work.

Happily, we do not require *now* a Ray, a Kirby, or a Buckland to impress upon us the wisdom of God in the creation present and past; but our gratitude is not the less due to those good and mighty men who fought and won the battle.

Time was when the entomologist was vilified as a butterfly-hunter, and the conchologist as a cockle-collector; but those days, when the contented and self-satisfied ignorant despised everything but their own comfortable, but not very elevated guinea-hunting, are gone by. True it is that a good many of the *virtuosi*, as they are somewhat apocryphally dubbed, were mere Vistos, who fancied they had a taste, and who valued a specimen merely for its supposed rarity. A well-known shell collector, some years since, gave a large price for two shells, the only examples of the form then known, and as soon as the lot was knocked down, crushed one of them under his foot, in the face of the agonized assemblage, in order that he might be the possessor of an 'unique,' forgetting that there was no act of parliament to regulate the production of the mollusca, and oblivious of the commerce of a country that vexes every sea with its keel. In a very few months, this selfish one was rewarded by the arrival of a cargo of the species, whose only representative he thought he had stamped as

* *Life of the Rev. William Kirby, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c., Rector of Barham.* By John Freeman, M.A., Rural Dean; Rector of Ashwick, Norfolk. 8vo. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1852.

† Vol. i. p. 163.

* *Monographia Apum Anglia.*

his own; and which were sold, individually, for as many pence as the tenths of hundreds of pounds which he had paid for his whistle.

But there were then, and long before then, men who, though they saw through a glass darkly, wrought out the rich vein of Nature as far as their lights permitted them; and who have left their imperishable works as a lanthorn to the paths of their more fortunate successors.

And how much is left for those successors! All Nature is so full, that there is no fear of exhausting the well of living waters which she presents; and perhaps there is no class of creatures, small and insignificant as the majority appear to be, more worthy of study than insects. In no animals is instinct, properly so called, more entirely developed—in none does the impulse that actuates them seem to come more directly from above. Well might the Mantuan in his fervor exclaim—

Ignes est ollis vigor et cælestis origo.

Their anatomy and general organization is passably well known; but their senses and modes of communication are, for the most part, as yet a closed book and a fountain sealed. Two emmets or two bees will meet, and by contact of their antennæ evidently impart ideas to each other. One insect will carefully use those organs as explorers by touch; another will as carefully strive to keep them from touching anything, and appear to be at its wits' end if a determined meddler pertinaciously forces them into contact with any foreign substance.

Look at the architecture of these wonderful creatures. To say nothing of the bee and the ant, and a hundred others, take one of those considered by the eye of prejudice the vilest and most loathsome, and see if you can give any answer but one to our own Queen Anne's man, when he asks, in the often misquoted couplet—

Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?*

'All very fine,' quoth some type of the utilitarians of this utilitarian age, 'but *cui bono?*' If one must sound the base string of humility, just observe, most exemplary utilitarian, the effects produced by the infinitesimal tiny legions on man, and on the results of his industry. Have you land and beeves? Are you an agriculturist or a forester? Have

you a garden? 'Yea, verily.' Then give me your attention for a few moments.

To say nothing of those familiar beasts which may signify love, but which, nevertheless, we never heard praised as being peculiarly desirable, we find the following orders, which, though they do not live on the body, can make man's life sufficiently uncomfortable by their attacks:—*Coleoptera*, *orthoptera*, *hemiptera*, *neuroptera*, *hymenoptera*, *lepidoptera*, *strepsiptera*, *diptera*, *myriapoda*, *arachnoidea*. Now turn we to the catalogue of persecutors of the domestic animals. First, we have an army of the genus *pediculus*, Linn.; and no one conversant with the subject will deny the attention which these foul swarms deserve from the cattle-breeders, when, from want of cleanliness or other causes, they have so multiplied as to be developed in such numbers as to become a disease.* Then we have the horse-bot (*oestrus equi*, Fab.), and another bot still lower in the intestinal scale (*oestrus hæmorrhoidalis*, Linn.; *gasterophilus hæmorrhoidalis*, Leach.) But be not alarmed, gentle reader; you are not about to be overwhelmed with an avalanche of scientific names. The catalogue shall, with slight exception, be continued in English; and if you want the learned names, and will ask *Fraser*, we will undertake that he shall give them to you. To proceed, then, in the vernacular. Here is the ox warble; there the red bot. That sheep does not thrive. How should he? he is the victim of the sheep bot. That other woolly one falls off daily. What else can be expected? he is a walking colony of the sheep tick. What can make your horse 'spang on end,' as gentle King Jamie was wont to say, to the imminent danger of your limbs, if not of your life? Don't you see that the dreaded *forest fly* is endeavoring to make a settlement? What can ail my Cochin Chinas? Why, they swarm with the bird spider fly, the most tenacious of parasites, whether tenacity of locality or of life be considered. Unless expelled—and it is very difficult to catch, running backwards and forwards with wonderful agility—it will remain lording it over its living domain till death has stopped the supplies with the circulation, when it quits the inanimate feathered biped, as the headlouse leaves the corpse of the unfeathered one who seldom or never put the hostile comb in action during his life.

Then there is the minute but terrible Hungarian gnat, which, though not parasitic, not

* In most instances, this trite quotation is given thus:—

Who made the spider's parallel design?
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?

* Phthiriasis.

unfrequently causes the death of cattle by the inflammation occasioned by the insufferable irritation of its bites, or by choking from a sudden swelling of the throat and stopping up the windpipe.

The bee-master knows to his cost the havoc made in his hives by the bee louse, spiders, the honey-comb moth, ants, wasps, and hornets, and though last not least, by robber bees. Of a verity, robbers and parasites do everywhere abound; and who shall say that the poet who wrote the following exquisite lines drew merely on his imagination:—

The very fleas have other fleas,
And smaller fleas to bite 'em;
And those fleas have lesser fleas,
And so *ad infinitum*.

Grain in the field and in the granary is subject to the attacks of the gibbous ground beetle, the German or field cockchafer, the lined click beetle, the winter or dart moth, the white-line dart moth, the millet moth, the corn moth, the corn weevil, the horrible Hessian fly, the wheat midge, and the barley midge.

The meadows are laid waste by the unspotted lady-bird; that destroyer of every green blade, the migratory locust; the ryegrass moth; and the antler or grass-moth.

Our kitchen and flower gardens suffer from a host of winged invaders.

The culinary vegetables are attacked by the spring beetle or skip-jack, the asparagus beetle, the twelve-spotted leaf beetle, the earth-flea beetle, better known under the terrible name of the turnip-fly; the mole cricket, the painted field-bug, the plant lice (*Aphides*), with their never-ending generation-power; the large cabbage white butterfly, the small white butterfly, the green-veined white butterfly, the gamma moth, the cabbage moth, the white line brown-eyed moth, the cabbage garden pebble moth, the carrot moth, Roesel's tineæ, the cabbage fly, the lettuce fly, the onion fly, and the negro fly.

But we should weary our friends and occupy valuable space if we were to continue, as we might, the names that blacken this dark catalogue. Suffice it to record their numbers.

The vine has to sustain the attacks of six species, and some of these are also injurious to greenhouse and hothouse plants, orchards, and woods.

Eleven species revel in the destruction of the beauties and dainties of our greenhouses and hothouses. Thirty-seven infest fruit-trees.

If we wend our way to the woods and forests, we find a legion of destructive species

working silently but surely. The deciduous trees have their share of vigorous destroyers, and the pine and fir tribe alone are subject to twenty species of ravagers.

Enough has been stated, we hope, to satisfy the most unimaginative utilitarian of the strictest school, that entomology is not what we have heard it called by one of them, a mere frivolous branch of science. Without a knowledge of the destructive animal and its habits, its ravages can rarely be stopped. But we take higher ground, and claim for entomology a distinguished place in the justly popular science of zoology.

The life of one of the worthies who devoted himself to the study of insects, with the best results to the public, without in the least neglecting his sacred duties, is recorded in the book now before us; and of the way in which the amiable and reverend biographer has performed his part of the task we would write in the kindest spirit, though we must confess that we were not sorry when we were greeted by the more lively pages wherein the zoological career of his departed partner is recorded by his gifted and scientific friend and survivor: long may he continue to delight us by his presence!

In truth, we have lately had too many examples of the otiose mode in which biographers, so by courtesy called, have performed their tasks. Too often they get possession of all the letters written by the departed and his friends, and pitch them, pell-mell, before the unhappy reader. But every letter-writer is not a Swift, a Pope, a Southey, or a Scott; and a heap of stones, even if they be all hewn, do not make a symmetrical monument. We know the almost incredible quantity of raw material in this shape that was presented to the appalled eyes of the author of the *Life of Sir Walter Scott*; and all have seen with what a judicious selection of that good and great man's correspondence the most perfect biography which has appeared in our time is enriched.

But as biographies go, the Rev. John Freeman has done his work in a good and righteous spirit; and if we occasionally find the theology somewhat ponderous, and the pleasantries now and then rather heavy, we are on the whole gratified by the honest simplicity and true piety of his record.

William Kirby was born at Winesham Hall, in the county of Suffolk, on the 19th of September, 1759, and no time was lost in making him a member of the church of which he was an ornament; for he was baptized on the same day. His father was a solicitor, of

a respectable family; his uncle, Joshua, was the friend of Gainsborough, and a kindred spirit; for he, too, was a landscape painter but more celebrated for his treatise upon perspective, published under the title of *Dr. Brook Taylor's Method of Perspective made Easy*, and that bearing the title of *The Perspective of Architecture upon Dr. Brook Taylor's Method*, which last was published in 1761, and magnificently printed at the expense of the King, by whose royal hand one of the plates was designed. This patronage Joshua Kirby owed to the Earl of Bute, who obtained for him the important office of comptroller of the works then in progress at Kew; and in Kew churchyard he sleeps, by the side of his immortal friend Gainsborough, who had requested that when he died his body might be laid by the side of the mortal remains of Joshua Kirby. Joshua's son died early and suddenly, but his daughter, Sarah, was the celebrated Mrs. Trimmer, to whose fascinating pen so many youthful heads—some of which still survive with their locks of silver gray—were indebted for their first literary teaching.

William, the father of our entomologist, married, in 1750, Lucy Meadowe, of an ancient family; and the result of the alliance was, that he took up his residence at the Hall, renting the farm of his father-in-law. It was a saying of the great Napoleon, that the character of the child depends in great measure on that of the mother; and our entomologist, when more than eighty years had slightly palsied the head which once nestled on her beloved bosom, seemed to renew his youth when he spoke with delight of the early lessons which "his very dear mother had taught him."

An old family cabinet was the storehouse from which issued the treasures which determined our William's future career. It contained a collection of shells, which were among the first playthings that his mother laid before him. Attracted by the diversity of their shape and color, the boy was soon taught to ask for each by its proper name; then led on to describe with accuracy the shells which he desired; "next, to mark their distinctive characteristics; and, at last, to know every shell in the collection, not merely from habitual sight, or from hearing the name repeated, but from intelligent observation;" and so the child became the father of the man; and as he grew, the love of nature waxed strong in him. The bright skies, and those stars of the earth, the flowers, drew him forth into the freshness of the fields, and he became a botanist. A small herbarium, in which the pre-

servation of the plants had been so well managed by the youthful naturalist, that the colors of the flowers are almost as bright as when they were gathered, attests the diligence and success with which he followed this charming pursuit. But he was no idle boy: the village school of Witlesham first received him; and in due course he was sent to Ipswich grammar school, over which the Rev. John King then presided. That his time was not lost, some remaining exercises, and especially a very creditable translation of Aristotle's *Art of Poetry*, made at the age of sixteen, prove. But before this, he had suffered his first heavy sorrow; when he was fifteen, his tender mother was called to the better country. This greatest and most irreparable of afflictions fell upon him in the year 1766.*

In due time his father sent him to Cambridge, and the college founded by the renowned Dr. Cains received him. We find nothing remarkable during his residence at the University, with the exception that a cloud appears there to have settled down upon him, and he narrowly escaped Socinianism. But the cloud cleared away; and in 1781 he took his bachelor's degree, and removed his name from the boards to return to the seclusion of his father's house and prepare for holy orders. In 1782 he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Norwich, and was appointed to the cure of Barham—an appointment which he owed to the friendship which existed between his father and Mr. Nicholas Bacon, who was rector of that parish and vicar of Coddensham, where he resided. Barham was left under his sole charge, and he was required to perform one duty on Sunday at Coddensham.

The scenery around had many charms for one who possessed a mind that could be amused and exhilarated by the contemplation of the beauties of nature, for the country, in its general aspect, is wooded and well-cultivated, with undulating and broken ground at intervals. It abounds, too, in sequestered nooks and shady lanes, for which this part of Suffolk is justly celebrated, and which make up in some measure for the bolder and more striking landscapes of other countries. The soil, in the course of a moderate walk, passes through various changes of sand, gravel, chalk, and clay, presenting an ever-varying field for flowers, and consequently for insects, which make them their habitation or their food. The streams and ditches of the low meadows abounded with the yellow iris, the purple loose-strife, and the fragrant spi-

* In 1791, he lost his father, who died in the seventy-second year of his age, after a long and gradual decay.

ree, and the banks of the canal amused and charmed the stroller with the beauty and elegance of the brilliant dragon-flies and the skimming gnats. The gravel supplied the plants which despise the thirsty nature of their neighbors by the stream; the woods abounded with the orchis, the blue-bell, anemone, and a host of plants which provoke inquiry. Here bees and butterflies, beetles and ants, spiders and other insects, are found in so many forms, that it would exhaust a life before it could be said that all had been entered upon the naturalist's catalogue.

Young Kirby was happy here for a season; but there was something wanting. It is not good for man to be alone, and in 1784 he married Sarah Ripper, whom he seems to have chosen upon the principle of the most worthy Dr. Primrose. Heraldic claims she had none (whatever her husband's mother had), for she was the daughter of the grocer and draper who kept the village shop. Her parents were soon removed from the cares of business to the quiet and repose of Barham parsonage. With a family of love around him, warm friendships, and the seasoning of a little controversy,—he seems to have taken especial pleasure in buckling on the armor of faith to destroy one Evanson, a forgotten imp of the Tom-Paine school:

How happily the years
Of Thalaba went by.

Kirby's general love of nature was concentrated on one class of objects by chance, which he thus records in a letter dated from the parsonage, in November, 1835:—

About half a century since, observing accidentally one morning a very beautiful golden bug creeping on the sill of my window, I took it up to examine it, and finding that its wings were of a more yellow hue than was common to my observation of these insects before, I was anxious carefully to examine any other of its peculiarities, and finding that it had twenty-two beautiful clear black spots upon its back, my captured animal was imprisoned in a bottle of gin, for the purpose, as I supposed, of killing him. On the following morning, anxious to pursue my observation, I took it again from the gin, and laid it on the window-sill to dry, thinking it dead, but the warmth of the sun very soon revived it, and hence commenced my farther pursuit of this branch of natural history.

The 'bug' was a lady-bird, and encouraged by Dr. Nicholas Gwyn, to whom he told his tale, Kirby set to work in earnest.

As yet the multitude of scientific societies was not; but almost immediately after our entomologist entered upon his researches, the Royal Society ceased to stand alone. In 1788, Doctor, afterwards Sir James Smith, laid the foundation of the Linnean Society,

now so worthily presided over by ROBERT BROWN, who has well earned the title of *Botanicorum Princeps*, by which he is known throughout the civilized world. Kirby was one of the original members; and on the 7th May, 1793, contributed his first paper, which did not relate to the class in which his labors became so conspicuous. It was 'A description of three new species of *Hirudo*;' but his next paper was 'A History of three new species of *Cassida*,' and appears to have been his first contribution on insects.

But it must not be supposed that Kirby was negligent of his higher duties while indulging in these *amanitates*; and those who are interested in the theology of the eighteenth century will be well rewarded by a perusal of his correspondence with Mr. Rodwell (ch. vii.) His favorite study was, nevertheless, pursued with ardor in the company of his friend Marsham, secretary of the Linnean Society, his 'tutor in entomology,' who was among the foremost to call science to the aid of the farmer during the panic that prevailed in this country, at the close of the last century, in consequence of what was supposed to be a new disease in the corn; and who, for the purpose of acquiring information which would warrant his prescribing an antidote, corresponded on the subject with Dr. Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, Mr. Markwick, and his 'pupil.'

It was soon evident that the *Hymenoptera* more particularly secured Kirby's notice; and he gives the reason for this preference in a paper of a new genus (*Ammophila*), read at the Linnean Society in 1797:

In no department of the animal kingdom is the Divine wisdom more eminently conspicuous than in the constitution and economy of the insect tribes, and amongst them, none, perhaps, are more worthy of our attention, on both these accounts, than the individuals which compose the class* *Hymenoptera*. Though they do not, like many of the *Coleoptera* and *Lepidoptera*, immediately attract our notice by the brilliancy or gaiety of their coloring (though some are singularly beautiful even in this respect), yet when we examine them closely, and observe the consummate skill manifested in their construction,—when we attend to their history, replete, be they gregarious or solitary, with entertaining anecdotes, and furnishing instances of the most astonishing sagacity and most prudent precaution, we feel inclined to prefer the study of this order of insects to that of any other, not only as most prolific of materials to set forth the praises of Him who hath created them, which is the first duty of the naturalist, but also as gratifying in a high degree our natural taste for the inspection of things that are remark-

* 'Class' is here used for 'order.'

able either for their beauty, their structure, or their uses.

In 1796 the rector of Barham died; and the fears of those who dreaded the removal of Kirby from a cure and residence of fourteen years were agreeably relieved by the rector's bequest of the next presentation to his curate, who, after some preliminary suffering from the law's delay consequent on an abortive attempt of Mr. Bacon's relations to set the will aside, found himself master of the comfortable parsonage, where, in 1799, he received his cousin, Mrs. Trimmer, as a visitor; and with her he kept up a regular correspondence, in which works of charity and piety were not forgotten. We wish our limits would permit us to give more of this gifted and excellent lady's letters, but we must restrict ourselves to the following account of her interview with the good old King and the royal family:—

Nov. 9, 1808.—I have lately had a very great enjoyment, of which little James was a partaker. I took him with me to Windsor. As soon as the Royal Family knew I was coming thither, they sent to our friend Mr. Plomley, to desire him to tell me the Queen wished me to attend her on Thursday at two, and the princesses at twelve, and to take the child with me. We accordingly obeyed the Royal invitation on Thursday last, and each of the princesses admitted us to her apartment in succession, and behaved with the kindest condescension. The child was greatly caressed and highly gratified with all the new objects which a Royal residence afforded to him. Unfortunately for us, the Duke of Clarence arrived just at two o'clock, and it was four before he left, to visit one of his sisters. The Queen then desired us to attend her, and with her Majesty we found our gracious Sovereign, who spoke to us in a manner I shall never forget, of his afflicting malady, with so much pious resignation, as showed the goodness of his heart in the strongest light. He took very kind notice of the little boy, though he said he could only tell how tall he was, without discerning his features. Two mornings I attended at the private chapel in the castle, where the King goes constantly to prayers every morning, and delightful it was to witness the fervency of his devotion, and to hear him make the responses. You would have enjoyed it more particularly on Saturday, the 5th of November, when the service was in many parts so applicable to the present times, especially when the King made the response to the sentence, 'O Lord, save the King;' I humbly hope his trust will not be in vain.

In little more than two years after the date of this letter, Mrs. Trimmer was called away. She died on the 15th December, 1810.

In 1802 appeared the *Monographia Apum*

Angliæ, which at once placed the author in the highest rank as an entomologist and Christian philosopher. Praise flowed in from all quarters, but we must content ourselves with the pregnant brevity of one well qualified to judge:—'I will venture to say that it is the most valuable critical work on entomology that ever was published,' writes Mr. Mac Leay, in June, 1802.

But let it not be supposed that the publication of this excellent little book, and the extensive correspondence, foreign and domestic, to which it gave rise, occupied the whole of the author's attention. In addition to his religious duties and writings, we find him, during the anxiety which spread over the whole kingdom in the early part of the present century, taking an active part in the measures for repelling the threatened invasion. Secretary to the little volunteer regiment in his neighborhood, he performed his office with exemplary diligence. Every man in the parish, from the highest to the lowest, had his weapon allotted to him and his post assigned. The cattle and wagons were all numbered, inventories of the stock made, and watchwords and signals appointed. To the pastor himself was assigned the duty of collecting the wagons in the hour of danger, and providing for the safety of the women and children.

In 1813 his wife's mother died, to his great sorrow and that of his beloved but suffering wife,* who herself departed this life on the 13th of December, 1814, in the fifty-third year of her age. He bowed to this heavy dispensation with christian resignation; but he did not the less feel the weight of the blow.

The fifteenth chapter, one of the best in the biography, is contributed by Mr. Spence, whose first acquaintance with Kirby commenced in 1805. This soon ripened into friendship; and in 1809, Mr. Spence, agreeably to Kirby's invitation, transferred himself to Barham, and for several weeks they were hard at work, laying the foundation of one of the most interesting and useful books in our language. At length, in the spring of 1815, the first edition of the *Introduction to Entomology* came forth, just in time to allow Mr. Spence to take a copy with him to show to their friends on the continent, where Mr. Spence made a four months' tour, after

* In an entry of the 21st June, 1814, Kirby, after a fervent prayer for her perfect recovery from an illness under which she had been laboring, writes:—'Illa enim mihi est, ut nunc expertus scio, auro et gemmis pretiosior.'

the battle of Waterloo. A second edition was called for next year, and a third in 1817, when also was published the second volume, of which a second edition was required in 1818, and a third in 1822.

In 1818 a sad interruption to the joint labors of the Beaumont and Fletcher of entomology took place, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Spence, now, to the great gratification of his friends and zoologists in general, entirely restored to health. During this illness, though Mr. Spence took no part in the completion of the joint book, he gave suggestions on various points; and in 1826, the concluding volumes (iii. and iv.) were published: in the same year he removed, for the benefit of travelling, to the continent with his family, where they spent the next eight years.

In 1823, the first volume of a translation of the *Introduction* was published at Stuttgart, by Professor Oken; the second in 1824; the third in 1827; and the fourth in 1833.

In 1828, a fifth English edition of this charming work was called for, and this being exhausted, it became necessary to bring out a sixth edition of vols. i. and ii., which appeared in 1843, with the addition of upwards of 100 MS. pages. The preparation of this fell to the share of Mr. Spence, as his venerable friend's age precluded any attention to it on his part.

Mr. Spence thus closes his too brief memoir:—

I will not encroach on the province of my friend Mr. Freeman, who is so well able to do justice to it, by expatiating more largely on the admirable traits which, in every point of view, distinguished the character of my dear old friend; but I will conclude this slight sketch of the history of our long friendship, which, for forty-five years, formed one of the great pleasures of our existence,—I know that I may truly say of his as of mine,—by pointing out to our brother entomologists, whom I have had chiefly in view in writing it, two circumstances in his study of insects by which I was forcibly struck on my visits to him at Barham.

The first was the little parade of apparatus with which his extensive and valuable acquisitions were made. If going to any distance, he would put into his pocket a forceps-net and small water-net, with which to catch bees, flies, and aquatic insects; but, in general, I do not remember to have seen him use a net of any other description. His numerous captures of rare and new Coleoptera were mostly made by carefully searching for them in their haunts, from which, if trees, shrubs, or long grass, &c., he would beat them with his walking-stick into a newspaper, and, collected in this way, he would bring home in a few small

phials in his waistcoat pockets, and in a moderate-sized collecting-box, after an afternoon's excursion, a booty often much richer than his companions had secured with their more elaborate apparatus.

The second circumstance in Mr. Kirby's study of insects to which I allude was the deliberate and careful way in which he investigated the nomenclature of his species. Every author likely to have described them was consulted, their descriptions duly estimated, and it was only after thus coming to the decision that the insect before him had not been previously described, that he placed it in his cabinet under a new name. It was owing to this cautious mode of proceeding, which young entomologists would do well to follow, that he fell into so few errors, and rendered such solid service to the science; and a not less careful consideration was always exercised by him in the forming of new genera and in his published descriptions of new species, as his admirable papers in the *Linnean Transactions* amply testify.

The above remarks are meant for entomologists, but there is another moral to be derived from Mr. Kirby's life, to which, in concluding, I would fain draw the attention of all who, like him, have some leisure time to command, and reside in the country,—the great accession of happiness which he derived from his entomological pursuits, which not only supplied him with objects of interest for every walk and for every spare moment within doors, but introduced him to a large circle of estimable naturalists at home and abroad, and thus virtually doubled the pleasures of his existence, and this without neglecting any one of his professional or social duties, with which, much as he did for entomology, he never allowed his study of it to interfere.

To this excellent summing up we would add nothing except from the pen of Kirby himself, who thus writes:—

If you collect insects, you will find, however limited the manor upon which you pursue your game, that your efforts are often rewarded by the capture of some nondescript or rarity, at present not possessed by other entomologists; for I have seldom seen a cabinet so meagre as not to possess some unique specimen. Nay, though you have searched every spot, shaken every bush or tree, and fished every pool, you will not have exhausted its insect productions. Do the same another and another year, and new treasures will continue to enrich your cabinet. If you leave your own vicinity for an entomological excursion, your prospects of success are still further increased; and even if confined in bad weather to your inn, the windows of your apartment, as I have often experienced, will add to your stock.*

Resuming the general life of this good and industrious man, we find him active in his professional duties, but not relaxing in his zoological labors. Paper upon paper

* *Introduction to Entomology*.—Introductory Letter.

ornamented the pages of the *Linnean Transactions*, among which we cannot forbear to mention that on *stylops*,—a century of the non-descript insects of his own cabinet, thirty-two of which were exquisitely drawn and colored by Mr. Curtis,—and, after a short interval, another elaborate communication (Feb. 17, 1818) in which were described thirty-three species from New Holland, all *coleoptera*, with the exception of seven, collected by ROBERT BROWN.

‘Mr. Brown,’ writes Kirby, ‘(who has so ably illustrated the Flora of New Holland, and whose observations and discoveries have diffused so much new light over the science of botany) when in that country, did not overlook its zoological productions, and, amongst other subjects, collected many new and singular species of insects. Desirous of having these treasures described, and his time and attention, to the great benefit of the botanical world, being devoted to another science, though fully competent to the task himself, he has requested me to lay a description of them before the Linnean Society.’

In the arrangement of this interesting collection, it was found necessary to form three new genera.

We next find our indefatigable author describing the insects discovered by the Northern expedition under Captain Parry (1819, 1820).

In the meantime, a change had taken place in the domestic establishment of the philosophical pastor. In June, 1816, he married Miss Charlotte Rodwell, sister of Mr. Josiah Rodwell, whose interesting correspondence with Kirby is recorded by Mr. Freeman. In 1817, he made a trip to Paris, accompanied by Mrs. Kirby.

In 1822, it was proposed to establish the Entomological Society, now flourishing,* but it did not then find favor in the eyes of Kirby, notwithstanding the flattering terms in which his sanction was sought by his energetic fellow-laborer, Mr. Vigors; and perhaps the temporary abandonment of the institution led to the establishment of the Zoological Club, which was the foundation of the present Zoological Society. The first meeting of this Club was held on Ray’s birth-day, in the apartments of the Linnean Society, and Kirby filled the chair. At the conclusion of his address, Mr. Joseph Sabine was elected chairman for the ensuing year, and at the expiration of his year of office, Kirby was unanimously elected to succeed him (1824).

In 1820, he published his *Seven Sermons*

* Kirby presented his invaluable collection of insects to this society.

on our Lord’s Temptation, &c.;* and in 1830 he accepted one of the appointments made under the will of the late Earl of Bridgewater, undertaking to write the essay on the habits and instincts of animals which forms one of the well-known series called the *Bridgewater Treatises*. Of the pious spirit in which Kirby’s treatise is written, his numerous readers can unhesitatingly speak; and in the natural-history department he is, in most instances, strong on his own ground. But when he plunges into other branches of the great stream of zoology, he gets occasionally entirely out of his depth, and flounders deplorably. Had he no friend to induce him to cancel that part of the treatise wherein he exhibits to the astounded student ichthyosauri and plesiosauri, creatures long since blotted from the book of life and buried in the ruins of a former world, still gamboling in the flesh, and thriving in some subterranean limbo of his imagination? for we know not where else to look for them, unless they exist

In the Domdaniel caverns,
Under the roots of the ocean.

In 1837, the fourth part of the *Fauna Boreali-Americana* appeared, and a marvellous work it is; especially when we remember that this elaborate and vigorous volume was published in the 78th year of Kirby’s age. The number of insects described by him in this book is, 343 *coleoptera*, 3 *orthoptera*, 2 *neuroptera*, 2 *trichoptera*, 32 *hymenoptera*, 17 *hemiptera*, 1 *homoptera*, 32 *lepidoptera*, 13 *diptera*, 1 *homaloptera*, 1 *aphanoptera*.

In 1844, Kirby’s second wife died. Neither by this nor by his former marriage had he any children. The lonely can alone estimate the forlorn condition of a solitary old man. He was bowed down, and the effect was shown more in his mind than his body; for though he retained the power of comprehension, his memory greatly failed him.

It was not to be expected, (writes Mr. Freeman,) that at his advanced age he should have recovered in this respect; it is, however, remarkable, that notwithstanding the weakening of his bodily frame, his mind regained much of that vigor which it had before the calamity fell upon him. Once again he was able to enjoy the society of his friends, and even to resume his duty in the church, confining himself, however, to reading the prayers, and to the administration of the holy communion.†

* Longman and Co.

† Kirby’s church preferment was confined to the living at Barham. At least, he can hardly be said to have entered on any other. It is true that he was appointed a rural dean by the late Bishop of

One of his last appearances in public was on the opening of the Museum at Ipswich (established in 1847), of which he was President, and where he sat on the right hand of the late Bishop of Norwich, who took the chair.

The remainder of this excellent man's long and useful life was passed in the retirement of his own parsonage. Infirmities gradually

increased with the increasing weight of years. In the spring of 1850, it was evident that his mortal end was near. On the 4th of July, at the age of ninety, he breathed out his soul in prayer and praise; and he sleeps in the centre of the chancel of the church which he had adorned by his presence during sixty-eight years.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL AND ITS ARCHITECT.

A MEDIEVAL LEGEND.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLAN OF THE CATHEDRAL.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1226, a poor architect sat in his own small home in the city of Cologne.

The archbishop, Conrad de Hochsteden, had sent a faithful servitor to him that morning, ordering him to furnish, forthwith, a plan of the finest religious edifice the world had yet seen. "For such a building," said he, "shall rise in Cologne, for the glory of the saints and the honor of Germany."

The poor architect was bewildered at his high commission; not that he misdoubted his own great thoughts, for he felt in himself struggling conceptions of something infinitely glorious, beautiful, and harmonious; but he knew better than the archbishop, or anybody else, what would be the difficulty of reducing his ideas to practice, and wished to take counsel with the master-spirits of his age.

He returned, therefore, a modest and thoughtful answer, praying that the means of visiting the finest churches of Germany, France and England, might be afforded him, before he gave in his plan, and commenced the work.

The archbishop did not refuse compliance with the reasonable request, stipulating, however, that the architect's wanderings

Norwich, who was President of the Linnean Society, but he soon resigned the office. The same prelate offered him, by letter, a canonry in Norwich Cathedral, which was gratefully accepted; but, somehow or other, it was forgotten, and Kirby never received the canonry.

should not, on any account, occupy more than one year.

The allotted time expired; true to his word, the architect returned, and set himself at once to the work of drawing out a plan; but, alas! he found the task harder than ever. The emblematic character was no doubt fully written in his mind. That there should be two towers, since the earnest Christian raises both his arms in prayer, was a matter of course; also, that there should be twelve chapels, to recall the memory of the twelve apostles. Of course, too, it was to take the form of the cross, and the triple glory of God should be shown by the three windows lighting the holiest part of the tabernacle. All this was the essential, the inward idea, the *soul* of the whole: but the *body* was not yet: it had yet to be formed, indicated, shaped out. This, day and night, was the theme of the architect's meditations.

Musing constantly upon the enterprise, he sauntered one day beyond the city walls, to a spot called the Gate of the Franks; and there, seated on a bench, began tracing with a stick, on the loose sand, outlines of *that* which was ever in his thought.

At length something very grand and stately began to grow beneath his hand. His eye beheld it with a degree of satisfaction, when a sharp satirical voice behind him exclaimed, "Bravo! my good friend! so, you are drawing the Cathedral of Strasburg!"

A little keen-looking old man, of a remarkably disagreeable voice and aspect, presented himself as the speaker. The architect

did not feel much pleased by the remark, nor by its utterer, but felt that the verdict was just, and, sighing, acknowledged it.

He effaced the work, and began again. This time other lines came—a different form altogether.

Again the sharp voice remarked, "Bravo! the Cathedral of Rheims!"

"Alas, yes!" said the artist.

Again the picture was rubbed out, and he began anew. This time he worked for nearly a quarter of an hour, encouraged by the plaudits of his neighbor, who whispered several times, "Bravo! Bravo!" But at length the remark came, "You must have travelled far, my friend."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because you have been in England."

"Who told you that?"

"This drawing of Canterbury Cathedral."

The architect uttered a deep groan. It was terrible, but too true. With his foot, he effaced all trace of the building, and impatiently turning to the little old man, he put the stick into his hand.

"Here, my master," said he, "such a good critic as you are, cannot you add example to precept, and give me a specimen of what you can do?"

"Willingly," said the old man, with a dry and wicked laugh, and then he began, carelessly, and as if by chance, but with wonderful power, to trace on the sand lines so bold, so elegant, and so correct, that the architect exclaimed—"Ah! I see we are brothers in art!"

"Should you not say," replied the little old man, again laughing that scornful laugh, "that you are scholar and I master?"

"Truly, perhaps, I ought," answered the artist, with the honesty of genius, "if it were not that I have yet to see something more of the filings up of the sketch."

"Very good, something may be made of you yet," said the little old man, "but I do not choose, just now, to do any more."

"Why not?"

"Because, then, you would get *my* plan."

"Have you a cathedral to build, too?"

"I hope to have one."

"Where?"

"Here, at Cologne."

"What, my own cathedral?"

"Yours?"

"Yes, to be sure, mine!"

"Ah, true, if you can construct a plan."

"And I *will* construct a plan."

"So will I, and Archbishop Conrad will choose between the two."

The poor architect felt his heart sink. "Listen," said he, "I have a hundred crowns left of the money advanced me for my journey and plans; finish your drawing for me, and the crowns shall be yours."

The little old man laughed again, and just undrawing the strings of a small purse which hung at his girdle, displayed a treasury of glittering diamonds.

The architect sighed, for he saw that the man was worth far more than *his* price: and while sad thoughts grew on him, the master's hand went on tracing grand outlines, such as he had never conceived of. Exasperated and struck with envy, a sudden impulse seized him—he would possess himself of the idea at any rate. He grasped the old man's arm with one hand, and with the other he pointed a dagger to his breast. "Old man," said he, "finish the plan, or die!"

Hardly were the words uttered, when he felt himself seized by a more powerful arm than his own, a knee was pressed on his breast, and his own poignard glittered close to his throat.

"Ah! ah!" said the adversary, "cheat and murderer!" and he laughed again.

"Kill me!" said the artist, "but spare your laughter."

"What, if I do *not* wish to kill you?"

"Then, you will give me your plan."

"I am ready to do so, but on one condition. First, however, be so kind as to get up and sit down by me; we are not comfortably placed for conversation."

And the stranger seated himself at one end of the bench, quietly crossing his legs, and looking at the poor builder, who, rising, shook the dust from his knees, and stood still in the same place.

"Well," said the old man, "you see I bear no malice."

"But who are you?" cried the architect.

"Did you ever hear of the Tower of Babel, the Gardens of Semiramis, and the Coliseum?"

"Yes."

"Well, I constructed them."

"You are the Tempter, then?" cried the poor artist, with a violent start.

"The same, at your service," with the everlasting low laugh.

"Get thee behind me!" exclaimed the artist, making the sign of the cross.

The low laugh passed into a gnashing of teeth—a flash of lightning above, a yawning chasm beneath his feet—and the Tempter was gone.

CHAPTER II.

THE MONK AND THE ADVERSARY.

THE artist went home, and found his poor old mother waiting for him at supper; but he would not sit down at the table, and, taking a pencil, began, inattentive to her remonstrances, to fix some of the fugitive ideas which he had seen traced by the Tempter's hand.

The good woman went to bed weeping; since his return from his travels, she had scarce been able to recognize her son, so possessed was he by the spirit of restlessness and discomfort, and so changed towards herself.

The whole night was passed by the artist in drawing lines and effacing them. There had been a fantastic boldness in the mysterious plan he had beheld, to which he could not approach. As the dawn appeared, he threw himself on his bed; but sleep, instead of giving him relief, added to his disturbance. Half beside himself, he awakened, and ran to the Church of St. Gereon, the favorite scene of his devotions.

But he stopped before the portal. St. Gereon is a small Byzantine church, standing on the site of one older still, constructed by the Empress Helena. Nothing could well be in stronger contrast than the heavy, dull mass before him, and the light towers, the airy and yet bold colonnades which had grown beneath the Tempter's hand, in the sketch of the night before. He forgot that he came to pray—on he passed, not knowing whither he went, occupied by his single, perpetual thought.

All day long did he wander thus; towards evening, without design or knowledge of the way he was taking, he found himself again at the Gate of the Franks, on the terrace and near the bench he occupied before. It was now night-fall, the promenade was deserted, and one solitary man alone besides himself remained outside the walls.

That man was the stranger. In a moment the artist knew and approached him.

He stood before the rampart drawing on the wall with a metal style or pencil, and, as he drew, every line, which at the first appeared as if traced in characters of fire, faded away, so that in proportion as the magnificent plan grew, the earlier drawn part grew pale and faint, and gradually disappeared; and the eye could not at any one time follow the new lines and recall the old. Thus the artist saw pass before him the vision, even to the minutest and fullest de-

tails, of a phosphoric cathedral, lost in a moment in darkness, not to be recalled or reproduced by possibility.

He sighed sadly.

"Ah, is it you?" exclaimed the old man, turning round, "I expected you."

"I am come."

"Well, I knew we had not quarrelled. Look, I have retouched my plan. What say you to my portal?"

"Magnificent," exclaimed the artist, with undissembled enthusiasm.

"And my tower?"

"Splendid."

"And my nave?"

"Wonderful!"

"Well, you may have it all, if you wish it."

"And what do you ask in exchange?"

"Your signature."

"And then will you give me your plan?"

"Certainly, complete in all points."

"I consent to your wish, but when?"

"To-morrow, at midnight, here." And the Tempter departed, and the poor architect returned to the town.

His old mother waited for him as before. The artist sat down this time, and at first the poor woman was cheered: but soon she saw that he simply obeyed the dictates of an absolute physical necessity, and that his mind was far away.

He rose and retired to his room; his mother dared not follow, but seated herself on the threshold, ready to answer at his call.

For some time she heard him uttering sighs and prayers; this did not arouse her anxiety sufficiently to make her think it right to enter. Then she heard him lie down—long turnings and tossings followed—then a few moments of rest, then groans and cries. At length it seemed to her that some one was disputing with him, there was a sound as of a wrestle and a fall, and she heard a cry for help. Then she could not but open the door, but he was alone and in a dream, crying with all his might, "Avaunt, Tempter! thou shalt not have my soul."

"Tempter! Satan!" the case was plain; the poor mother made the sign of the cross over the disturbed brow of the sleeper, which calmed him in a measure, and then she knelt down and prayed at the foot of the bed, looking up at a beautiful picture of the Madonna, given her son by a pilgrim from Constantinople.

As the prayer proceeded, the artist's sleep became easier; and, by the time it was over, his breath was gentle and calm as an infant's.

In the morning he rose in a tranquil state of mind, and, placing himself at the window to breathe the early air, caught sight of his mother, who was going out, clad in mourning. She saw him and stopped.

"Mother, where are you going? why are you in mourning?"

"To-day is the anniversary of your father's death, dear son, and I am going to St. Gereon to order a mass for souls in purgatory."

"Alas, alas!" muttered the artist, "neither mass nor prayers can bring my soul out of the abyss into which it must go."

"Will you not come with me?" said the mother.

"No, mother; only, should you see old Father Clement, send him to me. He is a holy man, and I want to consult him in a case of conscience."

"The saints keep you in such a pious frame, my son; for, unless I am much deceived, the enemy of souls is seeking to surround you with his toils."

"Well, mother, go quickly."

The good woman went, and the architect leaned thoughtfully out of the window. Presently he saw old Father Clement turning the street corner and advancing towards him. He closed the window and waited.

The good old monk entered; a sage, experienced, pious man. The moment he looked at the artist he exclaimed, "O, my son, you have evil thoughts within."

"Yes, indeed, my father, many evils thoughts; and that is why I have called on you to help me."

"Tell me your story, son."

"Father, you know that our Lord Archbishop has given me the task of building our cathedral."

"Yes, I know it, and believe he could not have applied to a better architect."

"There you are wrong, father; I have drawn plan upon plan—possibly some of my plans may be worthy of inferior towns, such as Dusseldorf, or Worms, or Coblenz—but he who has framed a plan for a cathedral worthy of Cologne, is not your penitent, father."

"No!" said the monk; "and cannot we buy his plan for gold?"

"I have offered him all I have, and he has shown me a purse full of precious stones."

"Can we not get it by force?" for his eagerness for the honor of Cologne and the Church drew the monk somewhat beyond the bounds of justice and Christian charity.

"I would have used force," answered the artist, "but he threw me down like a child."

"Will he yield to no condition?"

"Yes; but only one, father."

"What can that be?"

"I must sign away my soul."

"The saints preserve us; it is Satan himself."

"No doubt."

The monk took the matter very quietly.

"Well, my son, beware of pride, for it is *that* only which endangers thy soul."

"And is it possible," exclaimed the artist, "that I can get the plan and *not* lose my soul?"

"Perhaps it is possible."

"Oh, father, tell me quickly—how?"

"First, go and confess and communicate in the church of St. Gereon, and then I will tell you what to do."

The architect went as he had been told; and when he had performed his religious duties, he visited the father in his cell.

Now, for what we are going to relate we do not presume to judge the matter; the Cathedral of Cologne is a very great work, and its plan worthy of a seraph. If the holy monk prescribed fraud to the artist, we doubt not he thought it an act of virtue to foil and defraud the Tempter; and so, it is likely, thought the artist also. We, in this day, do not, it may be feared, hold Satan in sufficient abhorrence.

"My son," said the monk, "take this holy relic in your hand, and to-night, when the Tempter exhibits his plan before you, do you take hold of it with one hand, as if to examine it more narrowly, while he holds it on the other side. Then take care and touch his hand with the relic, and I will answer for his letting it go. Don't be frightened,—he will storm and threaten you; but you must hold up this relic in his face, and then you need not have any apprehension. The saints are stronger than he."

"But, my father, when I have given you back the relic, will there be no further fear of him?—will he not return and strangle me?"

"No, not while you remain in a state of grace; but take care of mortal sin."

"Then I am safe," cried the artist, "father, for I am free from the seven deadly sins; I am neither gluttonous, envious, covetous, idle, wrathful, nor lascivious."

"You forget the seventh sin, my son, that of pride; it is *that* which has ruined the highest angels, and it may ruin you."

"I will watch over it, father, and you will be my helper."

"The saints guard and bless you; my son."

"Amen!" said the artist, and retired to his house, where he passed the remainder of the day in prayer.

At the hour appointed, he went to the place of meeting; but the walk was deserted, there was neither old man, nor woman, nor child. The architect walked alone for a few moments, fearing the Tempter might fail of his word. Twelve o'clock, however, struck, and at the very last stroke

"Here I am," said a loud and full voice behind the artist.

He turned, trembling, for he did not recognize the familiar voice; and indeed a change had come over voice and form and figure. It was not the little old man with piercing eyes, pointed beard, and black sur-tout; he saw a fine young man of from twenty to twenty-five years of age, of a striking figure, with large and pale forehead, furrowed, as it were, by the lines of thought. In one hand he held the plan, in the other the compact. The artist could not but recoil a step or two, so dazzled was he by the image of this infernal beauty.

"Ah! now," said he, "this once I know you, and you need not tell your name; you are indeed Lucifer, the demon of Pride."

"Well," said the Tempter, "I have not deceived you; are you ready?"

"Yes; but, before I sign, show me the plan. I pay dear enough to ensure me a sight of my purchase."

"That is fair—look!" and, unrolling the plan, he held it out, but without leaving hold himself.

The architect did as the monk had desired. He took the parchment by one corner whilst the Tempter spread it out, and while by the light of the moon he devoured it with his eyes, he slipped his other arm below, and touched with the sacred relic the hand with which the Devil held the plan.

A great cry followed: burnt to the bone, the Tempter bounded up, and let fall the plan into the architect's possession.

"In the name of the saints," cried the artist, making the sign of the cross with the relic, "départ, Satan."

The Tempter uttered a terrible cry of rage. "I know who taught you that; it is a trick of some miserable priest."

Again the artist invoked the holy name, and waved the relic before him.

Then the Tempter betook himself to his first form. "I am conquered; but mark me, this church, of which I am robbed, thou shalt never finish; and thy name, for which thou desirest immortal renown, shall be forgotten and unknown. Adieu! take care lest I surprise thee in deadly sin."

And, with one bound, he sprang into the Rhine, whose waters closed over him, hissing as if they enclosed a red-hot iron.

The happy architect returned to the city and his home, where he found his mother and Father Clement engaged in prayer for him. He told them all that had passed. The poor woman wept, crossing herself; the monk rubbed his hands, applauding his own cleverness. The artist told him the last words of the Tempter.

"Well," said the monk, "he is more fair than I thought, since he forewarns you; now it is yours to keep on your guard, and to avoid all occasion for mortal sin. Once more, beware of pride."

The architect promised watchfulness, and the monk returned to the convent, leaving him the happiest man possible. His mother also left him, not above half understanding what had passed, but happy because her son was so.

Left alone, the artist, without leaving hold of the plan which had so narrowly cost him the loss of his soul, knelt down and poured out prayers and blessings to the saints for the help given him; then he laid himself down to sleep, with the plan rolled up beneath his pillow, and slept, and saw the cathedral in his dreams.

CHAPTER III.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

ON the morrow morn, our artist went to the archbishop, (who had begun to be impatient at such lengthened delays,) and showed him the plan. The archbishop allowed he had lost nothing by the delay, and opening the treasures of the chapter, authorized him to help himself freely.

That same day the foundation of the church was laid; and as, for a long time past, crowds of workmen had been hollowing out the sides of the Drachenfels, there was no want of material; thus there grew out of the ground an immense vegetation of stone, ready to spread forth its forms in the light of the sun. Three months passed, and every week the monument advanced, when, one Friday evening, it chanced that our artist, who had been too much absorbed in the work to think during the day of eating or

drinking, was going home half famished, and suddenly met the Burgomaster, a great *bon vivant*, famous for his good dinners and his suppers. He was coming on purpose to find the architect, and invite him to sup at his house with the Burgomasters of Mayence and of Aix la Chapelle, both also notorious for their convivial habits; not having been able to find the architect at home, he had come to meet him at the spot where he was pretty sure to be found.

The architect tried to get off compliance, on the ground of not having forewarned his mother; but this objection was met by the Burgomaster assuring him that *that* point was settled, for he himself had seen her, and thus there seemed no possibility of declining, and he had nothing to do but to follow, and he led by the Burgomaster into a splendid dining-room, in the middle of which was placed a table, full of every kind of delicacy, from poultry to venison.

Now the architect, as we have said, was really half famishing; thus, at first sight of this fine collation, he congratulated himself on having followed the Burgomaster: but, on seating himself at table, it suddenly occurred to him that it was Friday, the day of holy fasting, in which, less than any day, the sin of gluttony is permissible. Therefore, having first breathed a prayer, he touched nothing but a slice of bread and a glass of water, refusing all other viands and the most delicious wines. Thus he escaped the sin of *gluttony*.

As to the three Burgomasters, they ate and drank without fear of the saints or the Devil, laughing all the while at the poor architect and his bad cheer.

Next day the artist went to his work, which prospered well, neither money nor hands being spared. From time to time he certainly recurred to the parting threats of the Tempter; but every thought of this kind seemed to give him new strength to resist temptation, and, as the cathedral progressed apace, he hoped the infernal predictions would never be accomplished.

About this time Pope Innocent IV., a Genoese by birth, wanted to build a palace at Rome for one of his nephews, and as Cologne was famous for the skill of its builders, he asked the Archbishop Conrad to send him an architect. The archbishop, accordingly, sent his Holiness a very skilful man, whom he had but a short time before thought of placing over the works of the cathedral, in order to annoy the architect, with whom he had had a slight altercation a few days be-

fore. But here he was mistaken; our architect beheld the choice without *envy*. The deadly sin in vain assailed him.

The cathedral profited by this tranquillity of the builder's mind. He lived only for it:—all his time was passed amid its stones, carving himself those parts which needed the most of delicacy and finish. And the archbishop, however cooled towards his architect, paid him right royally, inasmuch, that while dreaming of glory for his name, he amassed a fortune for his needs; and by the end of eighteen months he had realized a sum of 6000 florins, which, at that time, was a pretty considerable fortune.

One evening, on returning home, his mother gave him a letter sealed with black; it was from his sister, and announced the loss of her husband, who, dying, had left her in poverty with three little children. The poor woman entreated his help in her sorrow and trial.

The artist sent her his 6000 florins. The sin of *covetousness* was not his.

The cathedral rose higher and higher—the architect seemed to have made it his own dwelling—there he was at the break of day, and there after the night had closed in. He had under his orders some workmen skilful enough to relieve him of certain very important works; and, after having made a very exact design, he committed to one of these men a side door full of beautiful arabesque, over which was to hang, as upon a trellis-work, a vine laden with grapes. The workman who was to execute this work labored behind a screen made of wooden planks, in order not to be disturbed. The architect respected his wish to be alone, and, confiding in his skill, waited till the screen was removed. The grand day arrived—the workman took away the scaffolding, but the work proved quite unworthy of the rest of the building, so that the architect had to make the door himself, with already six months work before him; as he had said, he was not given to *slothfulness*.

From the time of beginning his labors, now four years ago, he had constantly inspected his men's work himself, in order to be sure of scrupulous fidelity to his plans; but one night his dwelling was attacked by robbers, who, ignorant of his regular habits of paying his men, thought they should find a rich harvest of money near him, instead of which, there was not more than a sous just then in the house; angry at their disappointment, they pillaged his wardrobe, leaving him not a single garment to put on next

morning. He sent for the tailor, who promised to equip him afresh that very evening, but kept him waiting for three days, all which time the artist was forced to stay in bed. At length, when, after this tiresome delay, the tailor appeared with the clothes, he could not but reproach him, yet he did it with the moderation of a calm and equable man, and thus escaped the sin of *anger*.

The rumour of a new wonder of the world began to be spread abroad. Already it was easy to perceive, by what was done, what it would be when finished; and many came on pilgrimage to see it from France, Germany, and Flanders. Often, after seeing the edifice, these pilgrims were curious to see the builder, so that in his way home from the cathedral, it was not uncommon for him to meet groups of strangers waylaying him in order to note what sort of a person this was who had had the boldness and genius to carry out such an undertaking. Among the pilgrims were some of the female sex, and one of these fell so desperately in love with our architect, that she hired a house in the street by which he passed to his work, so that, go or come when he might, he was sure to see her at the window, smiling and following him with her bright eyes; and sometimes she threw nosegays down to him, and once she let fall her handkerchief, which he picked up, and, without thinking of evil, carried it up the stairs, and gave it into her own hand, while she trembled and blushed, and, at last, made known to him, without reserve, her affection for him; but he gravely and earnestly repelled her advances, telling her how needful it was to guard against temptation, and left her in innocence. Thus he was proof against *impurity*.

Six months now passed away. Every day the number of curious spectators increased, for the portal was finished, and so were many of the arches; and though one of the towers had only attained the height of twenty-one feet, the other had risen already more than 140, and displayed very clearly what the effect would be when its entire altitude of 500 feet should be attained; still the more the work grew, the more the idea that it would never be finished, and that his name would remain forgotten and unknown, tormented the artist, and it was in order to put that last evil out of the question, that the idea came into his mind of working the letters of his name into the balustrade which was to surround the platform of the tower. By this means, that name would strike all eyes so long as the monument

lasted—they would live together. This resolution made, he became more easy in mind, and settled it with himself to put his design in execution on the morrow.

At the moment of commencing, however, the archbishop sent for him, to show him, he said, some precious relics which he had just received. The architect came down from the tower, and found his lordship in great delight. From Milan, had just been sent the heads of the three magi, Gaspard, Melchior, and Balthazar, with their precious crowns of gold adorned with diamonds and pearls. The architect knelt devoutly down at sight of these sacred relics, uttered his prayer, and, rising, congratulated the archbishop on the rich and rare gift.

"Well! replied the bishop," I have had something more valuable, still, than this, from the Emperor at Constantinople."

"Indeed! can it be a fragment of the true cross found by the Empress Helena?"

"Better still!"

"Can it be the crown of thorns pledged by the Emperor Baldwin?"

"Something worth more still!"

"What can it be?"

"The plan of the finest edifice that ever was built—"

"Oh! indeed," exclaimed the artist, with a smile of disdain.

"A plan which leaves as far behind all other plans, as the sun outshines the stars—seeing that other plans are the work of men—this is the work of heaven itself, sent by an angel to King Solomon."

"You have, then, the plan of the Temple of Jerusalem?" cried the architect.

"Yes."

"Oh, let me see it!"

"Lift up that curtain," said the archbishop, pointing with his finger to a tapestry covering a kind of frame.

The artist eagerly obeyed, and found himself standing face to face with the heavenly model, and with one glance he took in all its details.

"Well," said the archbishop, "what do you say to that?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the artist, "I like mine better."

Instantly a burst of infernal laughter sounded in his ears; too surely he recognized the well-known sound; after having escaped the six other deadly sins he had fallen into that of *PRIDE*.

He made but one bound from the spot to the Church of St Gereon, where he hoped to find Father Clement; but the father had

that night been seized with apoplexy and died. And at the moment when this stunning information reached his ears, again there came the burst of Satanic laughter, and a cold chill passed over his frame to his very heart.

Yet he summoned all his presence of mind; and feeling, as yet, no physical pain, took courage by degrees, and resolved to return to the cathedral, hoping that the enthusiasm always sure to be awakened at sight of his beloved work would drive away the remnant of fear from his heart.

And he tried to lose himself in the mazes of his own Church; but, alas! soon he found a want of air, and a sense of suffocation, as if it was a sepulchre. To escape from this he mounted the steps leading to the platform, when there he still continued the ascent by means of the scaffoldings; at the top of the scaffolding was a ladder, reaching the summit of the tower—this was the most advanced part of the work, and that from which the artist could most readily survey all the rest.

Nothing appeared altered; every one was in his place, and all remained assiduously laboring there till the usual hour of departure. The clock gave notice of that hour, as daylight began to fail.

The artist heard the workmen retire singing, pleased with their day's work. Then he remained alone as usual, for, as we have said, he was always the last there.

The sun went down in kingly splendor; only now throwing light on the most elevated spots. Soon the river and the city were wholly plunged into deep shadow, but for some time yet the tower, though it had not attained more than one-third of its height, remained light, and the artist swimming, as it were, in the glory, proudly thought to himself that when it was finished, this high tower would look like an illuminated beacon in the evening. At length the sun slowly abandoned the mountain of stone, and the architect thought it was time to descend. But when he looked for the ladder, behold it was gone!

This was nothing very extraordinary; one of the workmen, supposing the architect to have left the place, might easily have moved the ladder away; yet, under the circumstances, the architect felt his mind disturbed. In the first place, he had, as was often the case, breakfasted very lightly, and having been called down to the archbishop about two o'clock, had completely forgotten his dinner. Thus hunger now began to assail him; besides, being in the month of October,

the nights had lately been cold. He tried, therefore, in every way he could think of to get down from his post; but skilful as he might be, it was an absolute impossibility. Then he tried to call out, but as, before doing so, he had wasted nearly an hour in fruitless efforts, the streets were almost deserted, and his voice being heard in this manner, and really having taken a tone of great suffering, it so happened that the very few passers-by whom it might faintly reach, instead of stopping to inquire whence it came, quickened their steps, frightened by these strange nocturnal sounds.

So it was that the poor architect had to resign himself to his lot; great resolution was necessary. This tower now presented only a bare, unsheltered surface, and, to make the matter worse, towards eleven o'clock, a terrible storm seemed to be gathering up over the heavens. There was no possibility of sleeping, and the artist kept a reclining posture, for, from time to time such gusts passed by, that in standing, as there was no parapet, he would certainly have been carried away; and still the storm came nearer.

At about half-past eleven it seemed to halt just over the city of Cologne, and the first bursts of thunder were heard. From time to time a flash which seemed to open the deepest depths of the heavens, cut asunder the heavy sea of clouds above, and, for an instant, lighted up the river and the town with a fantastic light. The architect fancied, seen in this manner, that the town took the form of a lion, the cloud that of an eagle, and the river that of a serpent.

At a quarter before twelve, the whole ocean of clouds seemed to gather up to a point above the cathedral, as sometimes they do towards a mountain's summit. Then the architect found himself in the middle of the tempest—the thunder growled in his ear, the lightning wound itself about him.

Twelve o'clock struck: a strange murmur accompanied every stroke, and at the last came that horrid, well-known laugh, just behind the artist. He turned, and found himself face to face with the Adversary. This time it was his turn to be in his enemy's power.

The architect understood that he was lost, that there was no refuge in flight; and yet, as the Tempter stretched out his hand towards him, he made one backward step, gaining time to utter a prayer.

Satan beheld him, and seeing that the soul was going to escape a second time,

made a sudden bound towards him, and precipitated him from the top of the tower.

Rapid as the movement had been, the power of prayer had been quicker still. It had reached the throne of Mercy, and when the enemy darted after his victim to bear the spirit into hell, he found him in the arms of two angels, who were carrying him up to heaven.

For a moment the Devil was stupified, then, darting after the celestial messengers, he passed them rapidly as a whirlwind, hurling at the poor soul that word which had so

grievously tormented it when in the body. What was that one word?

"UNKNOWN!—UNKNOWN!"

And, indeed, think as we may of the preceding narrative, the prophecy is fulfilled. Centuries have passed away, and the name of the architect is as yet undiscovered.

So that we cannot but believe that the poor soul knows, even in heaven, that it is forgotten on earth, and that thus, even there, there is room for the everlasting rebuke of PRIDE!

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

EVEN the opponents of the present Ministry admit that the Earl of Aberdeen has grouped around him an unprecedented number of statesmen of the highest parliamentary and administrative reputation, and that the details of his ministerial arrangements have been organized with an equal richness in talent and practical ability. If this pre-eminence of the Conservative-Liberal Administration in the essential qualifications of a Government may be accounted for by the abundance of the materials from which the Premier could make his selection,—so great an abundance that a duplicate Administration of scarcely less commanding ability might be formed out of the statesmen of various ranks who have been necessarily excluded,—much of Lord Aberdeen's success must also be attributed to his own personal influence, and to the confidence inspired by his career and character.

Also, in accounting for the unexpected facility with which first-rate men, hitherto more or less in a condition of personal rivalry, even when holding similar political principles, have coalesced; in noting such phenomena as the assumption, for instance, of office by Lord Palmerston under Lord Aberdeen and with Lord John Russell; the return of Lord Lansdowne to public life after an all but formal retirement; or the acceptance by Sir James Graham, after three-and-twenty years brevet rank as a first-class minister, of the office with which he commenced his offi-

cial career under Earl Grey, we must always bear in mind that it had long since been generally understood that a Ministry of the colleagues of the late Sir Robert Peel was "on the cards;" that political justice, as well as the custom of public life, demanded an opportunity for those statesmen to develop their principles and vindicate their career while they were still in opposition, holding the balance between the two parties that retained the old historical names. The curious observer, uninfluenced by party passions, will perceive how a species of etiquette, born of that justice, has presided over the succession of Ministries. The same order of inheritance which led Sir Robert Peel, in November and December, 1845, to offer to Lord John Russell the legislative development of Free Trade principles, entitled the Whigs to succeed that great statesman when hurled from power by the revenge of the country party. For similar reasons, Lord John Russell saw the necessity of clearing the political path of the wrecks of "Protection," by opening the way to Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli to take office and lose it again.

The issue between the agriculturists and the rest of the community having been thus disposed of, and a Whig Ministry unsupported by the Liberal Conservatives having been proved to be an impossibility, the natural inheritors of office and power were at once declared in those colleagues and followers of Sir Robert Peel who

had aided him in carrying the great measure of 1846. To the silent operation of these laws of parliamentary chivalry we must attribute, in no slight degree, the readiness of the Whig chiefs, and (following them) of the more advanced sections of Reformers, to take office under Lord Aberdeen, and to yield the nominal precedence to the Peelists, although themselves contributing so largely to the numerical strength of the new Administration in the House of Commons.

Still, it would be unjust to the Earl of Aberdeen not to accord its full weight to his personal character and influence. Nearly a septuagenarian in years, his public service dates from a period now very nearly half a century back. He was entrusted with important diplomatic functions years before the present generation came into existence. Five-and-forty years ago, he was invested with the order of knighthood most prized by Scottish nobles and gentlemen, as a reward for some of those services; and nine-and-thirty years have passed since he was raised to the English peerage, in acknowledgment of the probity and skill he had displayed as the representative of his country at the Congress of Sovereigns met to settle the future of Europe after the downfall of Napoleon. Thus, as the basis of the respect he has inspired, we find age, experience, and the well-earned gratitude of his countrymen; while to these claims must be added his long service as Foreign, and for a brief period as Colonial, Secretary; in the first of which capacities his almost unrivalled knowledge and ability were admitted even by those who were utterly opposed to the principle of his policy. To these credentials of administrative ability, Lord Aberdeen superadds proofs of a genius for statesmanship of the order most required in a free country. Always consistently Conservative in his general principles, his sentiments on domestic questions have ever been generous and liberal. On the Catholic question he was one of the first to cast the shield of his unsullied reputation over the imperilled political character of Peel, when he boldly embraced his dangerous duty in 1829; and when the same statesman risked the rupture of the strongest Government since the days of Pitt, in order to avert the threatened consequences of maintaining the Corn Laws, Lord Aberdeen was one of the first, publicly as well as privately, with earnestness to espouse his cause and help in its triumph. Looking back at these cardinal points in the Premier's character, we find in them the evidences of a homogeneity fully justifying his attempt to

hold together a Ministry composed of such elements as those we find grouped around him.

Those administrative elements are of two classes; the old and the new. Not only have the *élite* of the hierarchy of liberal statesmanship rallied round the Earl of Aberdeen, he has also infused into his Ministry 'new blood' to an extent unparalleled since the days of Sir Robert Peel's dictatorship. At the former it is only necessary to glance, their past lives being familiar as household words. To that of Lord John Russell we not long since devoted a considerable amount of attention; tracing his career from its commencement, and showing that his undeviating consistency to the general principles of his party belied much of the adverse criticism directed against him, while it convicted of something like political ingratitude those Liberals who forgot his former services, and ignored the difficulties of his later position. Since that review was written, the noble lord has appended a commentary to the portion which touched on the only great act of his public life that could by his friends be pronounced unworthy a statesman. In the phraseology attributed to a Lord of the Treasury on a late occasion, his acceptance of office under Lord Aberdeen was a 'practical refutation' of the course he pursued at the close of 1850, and during the session of 1851, towards his Catholic fellow subjects. As the organ in the House of Commons of the 'Conservative-Liberal and Liberal-Conservative' Administration of the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord John Russell has taken a position in no way contradicting any portion of his past public life, except the episode to which we refer. Of his patriotism and fitness for the duties of a statesman he gave the strongest possible proof when he relinquished claims justified by his past official rank, and set to others who perhaps could less afford the sacrifice than he, an example of abnegation of pretensions which, although they might not have been admitted by all those who once were ranged under his banner, were yet of sufficient weight and influence seriously to have impeded the formation of a Government out of the various sections of the late Opposition.

If the personal sacrifices of Lord John Russell were great, those of Lord Palmerston have been greater. Favorable circumstances, aided by great skill in parliamentary tactics, had made the noble lord, for a considerable time, the arbiter of the 'situation' in the House of Commons. After turning out one administration, he had acquired the

reputation of having saved its successor from ignominious defeat. His pretensions were prospective, and therefore more difficult to yield than Lord John Russell's, which were retrospective. In assuming office under the Minister whose later life had been spent in opposing his foreign policy, Lord Palmerston evidenced, at least, his magnanimity; while in thus presenting England to the eyes of foreign powers, at a serious crisis, as not disunited on the question of her foreign policy, he gave unequivocal proof of his self-sacrificing patriotism.

That Lord Lansdowne should have emerged from comparative retirement to lend his sanction to the new combination, attests that, while age has matured his wisdom, long service and the desire for repose have not impaired his public spirit. Sir Charles Wood and Earl Granville complete the number of Whig statesmen who have permitted a sense of public duty to override party and personal considerations.

If it was justly remarked that, with one or two exceptions, the very best men among the Whig chiefs took service under Lord Aberdeen, it may equally be claimed on behalf of the new ministry, that it has absorbed the most able of those friends and pupils of the late Sir Robert Peel, who had been for upwards of six years excluded from power. Sir James Graham is a giant—in himself a host. As a debater, without a rival for vigor, force, and forensic aptitude; as an administrative officer, by universal admission placed in the highest rank: his invaluable services are obtained in the department where he first earned his official laurels; while his own reputation is enhanced by his self-sacrifice in thus returning to his starting-point, and leaving the Home Office, which he administered in such masterly style under Sir Robert Peel, open for the acceptance of Lord Palmerston.

Mr. Gladstone, too, requires no eulogy of his fitness for the high post to which he has been appointed. Even had he not been designated for it by the determined stand he made against the financial proposition of Mr. Disraeli, his antecedents would have suggested and justified the choice. Mr. Gladstone has the versatility which is the privilege of superior minds. His character presents striking and unusual contrasts. Originally distinguished as a masterly writer on questions relating to the Church and Church government, involving the most abstract principles relating to State religion, his first successes as a speaker in the House of Com-

mons scarcely foreshadowed his subsequent career. He had not, however, held a seat in Parliament more than two years, nor attained the age of twenty-five, when Sir Robert Peel, who was ever on the watch for this order of useful talent, on which his own fame was based, appointed him a Lord of the Treasury—an office which he soon afterwards exchanged for that of Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Between his resignation in 1835 and the return of his party to power in 1841, Mr. Gladstone had, on many occasions, developed that aptitude for financial and fiscal questions, which promised to satisfy the growing want of the time; and when Sir Robert Peel came in with full powers, in September, 1841, he marked his sense of Mr. Gladstone's value, not only by naming him Vice-President of the Board of Trade, but also by entrusting to him, under his own immediate eye, the detail work arising out of his new financial schemes. How admirably Mr. Gladstone aided the great restorer of the finances is within the recollection of most men; and there was no act of Sir Robert Peel which gave more satisfaction within the House of Commons than when he promoted Mr. Gladstone to the presidency of the Board of Trade. However much party passions may rage among the people, there is among public men, on all sides, a free-masonry on the subject of personal merit. Tories may hate Mr. Gladstone for having finally thrown his weight into the adverse scale; or Whigs, Peelites, and Radicals may vehemently denounce Mr. Disraeli as the rash champion of dangerous financial principles; but neither of these gentlemen would be grudged by their respective opponents the praise legitimately due to their talent and ability. So with the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. If we except Mr. Cardwell, who is perhaps not yet eligible, however fit, there was not one statesman in the brilliant circle round Lord Aberdeen, who was ever thought of for that high office but Mr. Gladstone; and when his appointment was notified, even political opponents admitted that a sound judgment had presided over the selection.

Mr. Sidney Herbert's chivalrous championship of his party, and of the memory of the statesman whose name they bear, furnished a political reason for his occupying a high post in the new Ministry; even if by general consent it had not been accorded to him in the goodwill of the House of Commons, inspired by respect for his highly-toned mind, his oratorical ability, and his prepossessing manners and bearing. He has, however, intrinsic

fitness for the post he occupies, in which he has already had considerable experience, while Secretary-at-War under Sir Robert Peel. His four years' service as Secretary to the Admiralty also prepared him for the more important and responsible post. Lord Aberdeen's good sense and discrimination were shown in his having placed at the head of the Admiralty, and at the War Office, two statesmen so long accustomed to act in harmony and concert; while the organization of the home defences comes under the supervision of Lord Palmerston, who, amidst the cares of his foreign administration, has always been the steady advocate of an efficient militia force.

Of Mr. Cardwell's fitness for the office of President of the Board of Trade, at least in our own opinion, we could not afford a better proof than in having spoken of him as the only member of the Peelite party who had been 'thought of' for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, except Mr. Gladstone. He also comes with the stamp of Sir Robert Peel's especial approbation, which he first earned as a non-official member of Parliament, by one masterly speech he made in defence of the new Ministerial measures. Mr. Cardwell has thoroughly and practically studied the various subjects that will come under his supervision as President of the Board of Trade. To laborious habits and a capability for application to business, he unites vast practical information, a thoroughly logical mind, a liberal spirit, and a remarkably clear, impressive, and conclusive method of delivering his sentiments, which by superadding the earnestness of sincere conviction to closeness of reasoning, and a very rare lucidity in expression, enables him to elevate his treatment of dry and uninviting topics almost to the rank of eloquence.

The Duke of Newcastle doubtless brings strength to the Administration, as an orator of more than respectable pretensions, and an administrative officer whose value was proved in the difficult office of Chief-Secretary for Ireland, and subsequently, as Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. He, too, was one of the favorite pupils of Sir Robert Peel. If more than one of the Ministers have shown magnanimity in taking offices below their pretensions, the Duke of Newcastle has not the less exhibited a desire to promote the general good, and increase the united strength of the Government, by assuming the direction of the Colonial Office; where some of the ablest and best men of the time have failed to sustain their foregone

reputation, so great are the difficulties presented by the temper of the colonists, the gross ignorance of the public here, and the mischievous influence of a reckless Colonial press. Perhaps the Duke of Newcastle may possess a charm by which to disarm the most hostile of the critics of quondam Colonial Ministers: at all events, he has been at great pains thoroughly to study the questions that must come before him, and it may turn out that under him the Colonial Department will no longer be the permanent weak point of our domestic Government.

With the names of Viscount Canning, Mr. Frederick Peel, and Sir John Young, we complete our list of notable members of the Peelite party who contribute towards the strength of the new Administration. We come to the 'new blood'—to those who have now received their first introduction to official life.

Among these statesmen thus for the first time assuming office, the Duke of Argyll naturally takes the first place, although to the reader unacquainted with the antecedents or the character of the noble duke such a preference will seem unjustifiable, in the presence of so many other new members of the Government whose names have long been prominently before the public. We venture to predict for the Duke of Argyll a most distinguished career. Inheriting as he does the highest title of nobility within the gift of the crown, we are tempted to prophesy that he will ultimately attain to the greatest power and distinction that can be conferred by the joint choice of the sovereign and the country. The Duke of Argyll has crowded much development into a brief space of time, and has made occasion wait on his strong will and superior intellect. Although scarcely thirty years of age, he has impressed all who have read his productions or who have seen and heard him in the House of Peers, with a conviction that a singular precocity has not prevented the full and early maturity of his mental powers; and that nature has set her stamp on him as one born to lead and influence his fellow men. His published writings (one of the best essays on the cause of the Church of Scotland came from his pen when he was yet scarcely one-and-twenty years old), as well as his reported speeches, evidence a moderate and liberal spirit, and highly-trained powers, devoted to an enlarged consideration of the public good. When, at rare intervals, he addresses the House of Lords, it is difficult to say whether he most prepossesses by his manly yet unassuming

deportment, the intellectual and spiritual character of his countenance, or the lucid manner in which he delivers the conclusions arrived at by his close reasoning. Although the office he at present holds is not one calculated to afford scope to his abilities, his presence in the Cabinet will not be without its uses in adding to the strength of the progressive element in its constitution, and in stimulating the tendency to sluggish action of some of its members, whose public service dates from nearly half a century back.

Sir William Molesworth is a man better known to the public as a writer in the press and a speaker in the House of Commons. His selection for a Cabinet office was, we need not say, the outward evidence that the new Premier and his allies desired to conciliate the Radical Reformers. Sir William Molesworth had long enjoyed the confidence of the more philosophical Radicals within the House; while out of doors the public of the same persuasion felt towards him a kind of faith, arising from his being always seen in what they considered such good political company. A baronet by descent, and the possessor of large fortune, Sir William Molesworth was not likely to excite the fears of those classes who had regarded with alarm the tenets of the political party of which he was the recognized chief; while the same causes removed the obstacle that would have arisen to an alliance of aristocrats with the more plebeian leaders of the people. It is impossible to overlook this consideration in contemplating the selection of Sir William Molesworth as the representative of the "philosophical" Radicals, and of Mr. Villiers as the representative of Free Traders. They are, to aristocratic eyes, the most presentable of the members associated under those party names. Radicalism and platform agitation do not seem so formidable or so repulsive when they come in the shape of a baronet and the brother of an earl. That the appointment of Sir William Molesworth has strengthened the Government and conciliated the movement party, there can scarcely be a doubt. He has for years been the advocate of many measures of practical reform, which are necessary in order to yield to the British people the full fruits of their free institutions; he is also the trusted champion of the most active party in the several colonies. On the other hand, if important interests are thus conciliated by his presence in the Cabinet, he holds certain opinions as to organic reform in our Constitution, which are not likely to be palatable to his new asso-

ciates, and which will leave him a mark for the assaults of the opposition press. If Sir William Molesworth's natural position would seem to be at the Colonial Office, he cannot fail to discharge with ability the duties of the less important office entrusted to his care. His extensive theoretical knowledge of colonial subjects, and his reputed favor with the colonists, must have their influence in the Councils of the Government: while the clearly-pronounced character of his political opinions on domestic subjects will re-act favorably in the opinion of his quondam associates, in the event of a policy being adopted which they may consider too slow and cautious. We should infer, from many symptoms that have appeared from time to time, that Sir William Molesworth will develop into a good administrative officer: the logical character of his mind, and the confidence inspired by long acquaintance with parliamentary business, will render him very useful to his party as a debater in the House, on occasions when he may be brought into collision with the advocates of democratic theories or measures.

Although not new to office, Lord Cranworth for the first time assumes a high political position. As a Lord Chancellor, elevated by his legal merit, not by mere political service, he presents a favorable contrast to most of the appointments made by the Whig party to the highest law office. Lord St. Leonards could scarcely be said to be a political Chancellor: his successor will afford another instance of the practical benefit derivable from having in that high office men elevated for their legal merit alone, and thus prepare the public mind for the ultimate and natural division of the functions now performed by the chief judge in equity, and the official keeper of the royal conscience. Lord Cranworth's previous career affords throughout a salutary exception to the too prevalent practice of raising a partisan lawyer to the peerage and the highest judicial office. From the Solicitor-Generalship he was raised to a Puisne Judgeship, usually a kind of *cul-de-sac* in promotion; but his intrinsic merit as a lawyer was remembered, and we have seen him gradually elevated from this unenvied post to a Vice-Chancellorship, a Lord Justiceship, and now, in defiance of long-standing custom, to the Lord Chancellorship. As a lawyer, Lord Cranworth commands the respect of the profession, and of the law lords in the House of Peers; as a politician, he has been a consistent liberal, never in extremes, but always ready to promote measures of prac-

tical usefulness and a policy of steady progress. It would be unfair to our estimate of the administrative strength of the Government, as well as to the individual minister, were we to omit mention of Viscount Canning; a nobleman who has already filled with ability the office of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who was at one time named as the successor of Lord Palmerston, and who was also, during a brief period, first Commissioner of Woods and Forests. He was one of those rising men on whom Sir Robert Peel set the stamp of his approval; and if he be without the oratorical genius of his gifted father, he at least possesses debating powers of a high order, and his administrative ability has been successfully tested. He is understood to enjoy in a great degree the personal favor of the Sovereign; it will not be forgotten that when Lord John Russell made his first ineffectual attempt at resignation, it was Lord Canning who was made by Her Majesty the medium of communication with the seceding minister and his probable successor.

Sir Alexander Cockburn resumes his natural position as Attorney-General. Mr. Bethell, the Solicitor-General, though new to official life, has already successfully proved his ability. If it be unusual for a lawyer to take the first step in official promotion within a year and a half of his first entrance into Parliament, in the case of Mr. Bethell there can be no pretence of undue political preference. His brilliant career at college, his steady rise to the highest non-official position at the bar, his standing as Vice-Chancellor of Lancaster, and as Counsel for Oxford University,—all point him out as a man even more entitled to be advanced to the foremost rank than those successful partisan speakers out of whom ministers so often make the cadets of the legal department of the Government. The appointment of Mr. Villiers to the important office of Judge-Advocate-General recalls to mind that although that gentleman has been a platform orator, and the avant-courier of the Manchester free-traders in the House of Commons, he has been for six-and-twenty years at the bar, and that for many years past, and during the whole of the Anti-Corn-law agitation, he discharged the often laborious duties of an Examiner of Witnesses in the Court of Chancery. He was also one of the original Commissioners of Poor Law Inquiry. Mr. Villiers certainly has more the air of a laborious Chamber Counsel than of a platform orator: his debating powers, which are dis-

tinguished for a forcible logic and tenacity in argument, have scarcely yet received their due meed of praise. The office of judge-advocate-general, it will be remembered, was not long since held by Sir George Grey, subsequently one of the most energetic and able of those who, from Lord Melbourne's time to the present, have held the office of Home Secretary.

Mr. Bernal Osborne has fairly earned, as a matter of political *status*, a position which, on any other score, he would not have cared to attain. His specific value as a debater had been demonstrated in a series of philippics against the Derby Administration, of which the humor, if sometimes a little coarse by comparison with the refined and polished sarcasm of Mr. Disraeli, was never marred by malignity. Mr. Osborne has the peculiarly English merit of 'knowing how to give and take;' and although he often hit hard, his blows were regulated by the laws of that science which enables public men fiercely to oppose each other without sacrificing their personal friendship or the amenities of private life. At present it is impossible to affirm that he will develop into a good administrative officer, but the practical character of his mind, and the average experience of English gentlemen and officers in public affairs, lead to the confident hope that he will be inferior to few, if any, of his predecessors. He will always be an effective ally as a partisan debater; while the confidence placed in him by one of the most important constituencies in the kingdom renders his accession to the Ministry a source of strength, more especially with the extreme popular party.

Last, but not the least important in the list of new Ministers introduced to official life in the English branch of the Government by Lord Aberdeen, comes Mr. Lowe, Secretary to the Board of Control and member for Kidderminster. The present position of this gentleman affords a cheering and convincing proof of the quickness with which men of real talent may rise in this country. Without any antecedents of birth or connection to lead to his advancement, we find him, within six months after his first election to the Imperial Parliament, offered an important appointment under the Government. It is true that, as in the case of Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Lowe's more appropriate sphere of action would appear to be the Colonial Office, seeing that his practical experience of public affairs was gained while in the Legislature of Australia; but he is a

man of such an order of mind, combining so much practical knowledge with so philosophic a spirit of statesmanship, that his services must be valuable in any department of the State. The selection of this gentleman by Lord Aberdeen is justifiable on the sole ground of the abilities developed by him in the House of Commons: if, as is understood, he is also one of the most powerful of contemporary journalists, his appointment attests the abandonment of an old and untenable prejudice, and points to the hope that some of the most valuable talent in the country may no longer be under a ban when there is question of employing it in the public service. The qualities of Mr. Lowe's mind eminently fit him for official life; and it may be presumed that he will render good service to the State when the great question of the future government of our Indian empire comes before Parliament.

The Irish branch of the new Ministry has more than all the rest been the subject of adverse criticism. That criticism, however, has addressed itself rather to the principles of the individuals composing the Government than to their abilities, which seem to be admitted.

Whether Lord St. Germans will, as a Lord-Lieutenant, be more acceptable to the Irish than Lord Eglinton is a matter of small specific importance. The mere personal qualities of a ruler are less to be thought of than his principles of government. Lord St. Germans professes impartiality, and must of course calculate on reaping as his reward the detraction of the ultras of both parties in Ireland. There is, however, a large and important class of moderate men in that country, who look to the measures of the Administration, rather than to the manner in which the festivities of the Castle or the courtesies of the Vice-Regal lodge are conducted or dispensed; and to those Lord St. Germans, who is a man of sense and ability, trained under the late Sir Robert Peel, and whose name is associated with one great effort to assuage the animosities of rival factions, will be an object of respect.

Sir John Young will have a more difficult and less agreeable part to play. He commences his career as chief secretary with the respect of all parties in Ireland; and his official antecedents have been such as to warrant that respect. But it is impossible to deny that in the present exasperated state of men's minds in the sister island on religious questions, he will have to bear the brunt of assaults from the bigots of both

creeds and parties. He is a man of nerve, experience, and official ability, and, with the confidence of the Government, he will doubtless weather the storm.

Mr. Sadleir as a Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. Monsell as Clerk of the Ordnance, are good selections, both being men fitted for the offices they hold. Their appointments, however, are chiefly significant in connection with the course the Ministers are expected to take with regard to the Irish Catholics.

Mr. Brewster's standing at the Bar fully warranted his nomination as Attorney-General for Ireland; and although faction has protested against Mr. Keogh's appointment to the Solicitor-Generalship, a fair review of his Parliamentary career would establish his title to the post. As to his professional abilities, we believe there is not a second opinion; while those who object to the incorporation in the Government of one who made so determined a stand against the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, must at least admit it to be politically just that those in whose cause he had so successfully labored while in adversity should remember him in the hour of triumph. Mr. Keogh has been from the first consistent. He was elected as a supporter of Sir Robert Peel; and in so far as the exertions of the body known as the Irish Brigade contributed to that dead-lock of parties which brought about the present fusion, and gave the successors of Sir Robert Peel the preponderance in the new Ministry,—thus far was Mr. Keogh fully entitled to be included in the Irish law appointments. Ready in debate, full of courage and aptitude, and of a character to inspire sympathy in opponents as well as in friends, he is as yet but at the commencement of his career, and although the range is comparatively limited for an Irishman, he is fairly entitled to aspire to any honors and distinctions his profession may afford.

In this cursory glance at the claims of the members of the Ministry, we have been compelled to limit ourselves to the most superficial record of the salient points on which they may fairly claim the respect of the public. The excellent choice made by Lord Aberdeen may partly be attributed to the abundance and the high quality of the materials. All that remains is to employ such an array of talent in the manner most calculated to benefit the country, and we have no doubt that every effort will be made to meet the sanguine expectations of the people.

A NEW HERCULANEUM, ON A SMALL SCALE.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum*, writing from Naples, thus mentions a recent and interesting discovery.

One of the most important and interesting archaeological discoveries that has for some time been made has been effected in that part of the Kingdom of Naples commonly known by the name of Puglia (Apulia), which formed a portion of Magna Græcia. I believe it is known to many that Cavalier Carlo Bonucci, Architect and Director-General of antiquities and excavations in this kingdom for twenty-five years, has recently discovered near Canosa, founded by Diomedes, a subterranean necropolis, quite entire. Its principal entrance is decorated with four Doric columns, two niches for statues, and a second line of Ionic columns, all of slight and elegant proportions, and of a workmanship which recalls the best age of Art,—that between Pericles and Alexander. This elegant entrance was painted in various colors, which produced an effect not less pleasing than surprising. This specimen of the polychromatic architecture is valuable for its high state of preservation, its freshness, and for the classic time to which it belongs. Entering the city in question, over which Time and Death have spread an eternal silence, we find streets which lead to various groups of dwellings. The gates are decorated with elegant Ionic columns, whose capitals present the accessory ornament of a festoon. Signor Bonucci tells me, that on entering the chambers he found everything arranged in its place as it had been left twelve centuries ago. The walls were covered with linen embroidered in gold :—garlands of flowers, withered it is true, but preserving all their forms, hung in festoons from the ceiling. All kinds of furniture and precious vases were distributed about in the most varied and graceful manner. Here were to be seen statues of marble,—busts of deities and priestesses in terra cotta, beautifully painted,—vases of “creta” of an extraordinary size, on which are represented the most interesting scenes of private life, and the most classical traditions of mythology. Of these I spoke in a recent letter as having just arrived at the Museo Borbonico. They are not yet arranged, but yesterday I was favored with a nearer and

a longer inspection. On the larger vase, which is of gigantic size and is still unpacked, though lying exposed, Homer is painted with the lyre in his hands as if he were singing some passage of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. In the midst of all these treasures and miracles of Art of every form, lay the mistress of the house reposing tranquilly as though she slept. So great was the illusion, that one might have almost said “she is not dead, but sleepeth.” She rested on a gilt bronze bed, supported by friezes, figures, and genii, exquisitely carved in ivory. In the adjoining chambers, which were all filled with the same wealth, lay her daughters and servants. These young girls were still clothed with dresses embroidered with gold. Their heads were surrounded with garlands of gold which represented the sacred flowers of Proserpine,—in the midst of which were sporting, as it were, birds and insects. Other garlands there were of roses :—some wore diadems covered with precious stones finished in the highest style of Art. One of these I saw yesterday in private hands, —and nothing can exceed its extreme beauty. The ears of these children of death were all ornamented with pendants of various forms, and their necks with necklaces in which emeralds and hyacinths were interwoven with chains of gold. Two of these, which were obtained by contraband means, I have also seen. The arms were ornamented with bracelets of a spiral form, or, winding as a serpent. An abundant and sumptuous table was laid by their side. The fruits consisted of pomegranates, pines, the corn of the fir pine, and apples,—whilst the flowers were narcissuses, hyacinths and asphodels, apparently fresh. They were made either of painted “creta,” of colored glass, or of rock crystal. Their styles were made of metal threads, with green smalt, or simply gilt. The plates, basins, cups, and every other article necessary for dinner, and the lamps which were to shed their light upon it, were of an extraordinary size, and all of glass. This glass was formed of a kind of paste worked in mosaic, with the most beautiful designs,—in which were interspersed small bits, or dice, of gold. On some of the plates were painted landscapes,—and others were ornamented with lines of gold

representing elegant and sumptuous edifices. These discoveries were terminated only about the middle of last year; and it has occurred to me that, now which we are seeking for all the wonders of Art with which to adorn the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, it is right to make known to the British public the above extraordinary facts. The plans and the designs are all in the hands of Cavalier Carlo Bonucci:—and I am not aware that they came under the notice of the Commissioners from

the Crystal Palace Company during their hurried visit to the capital.

In sending you the above notices, I feel almost as if they would be received with incredulity;—indeed, as I write it appears that I am wandering again amongst fairy scenery. But I have seen at the least a portion of the objects which have been recovered; and surely nothing so extremely graceful have I ever beheld.

THE EMBELLISHMENTS OF PARIS.—The completion of the great square of the Louvre, so often talked about, is now begun in earnest; with the addition of a noble street in continuation of the Rue Rivoli extending beyond the Hotel de Ville,—together with the widening of many of the transverse streets and a grand projected street from the Ecole de Médecine to the Jardin des Plantes. The river front of the Louvre has also undergone a thorough renovation,—as well as the exterior of Notre Dame. The Pont Neuf is undergoing repair; and I notice that an arched sub-way is being formed beneath the footpaths,—probably for the gas and water pipes. The tower of the “grosse horloge,” in the flower-market of the adjoining buildings, is also under repair,—being partly indeed rebuilt; and the magnificent clock has been re-gilt and painted in the style of the 15th century. The lines of the electric telegraph present a curious sight; being carried over the houses and river from one high point to another,—so that all the public buildings are brought into instant communication with each other. At the Louvre some fine additions have been recently made. Not to speak of the formation of a museum of all the regal antiquities in the kingdom, to be brought together (the Bayeux Tapestry not omitted), the splendid Salon d’Apollon—second only to the great ball-room of Versailles—has been restored; a well stored museum of American antiquities (so essential for the unravelment of the great enigma of the early occupation of the New World,

and of which the recent works of Mr. Squier and the publications of the Smithsonian Institute have given us numerous instances, but of which our own Museum is almost destitute) has been formed. Another long gallery filled with sculpture and inscribed stones from Algeria has been opened,—together with an extensive suite of rooms devoted to sculpture of the Middle Ages and of the period of the *Renaissance*. In the former are placed casts of the grand Bruges fire-place, and of the tomb of Charles V. and Anny of Brittany from the cathedral of the same city:—(shall we have casts of the Fontevrault regal statues—now at Versailles,—or of the Rouen Champ de Drap d’Or, in our new National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture?) A grand square room adjoining the long picture gallery has also been opened; and in this are placed some of the more valuable recent acquisitions,—including the Virgin of Murillo. A “Salle des Bijoux” has been formed, containing an extraordinary collection of gold and silver decorated works of all ages—many of the articles richly ornamented with precious stones,—and a “Salle des Emailles,” for the reception of the enamels and other allied objects. In these two rooms are some articles of extraordinary delicacy and interest. Some minute carved wood-work is quite equal to the Duke of Devonshire’s famous Holbein necklace, exhibited in the Museum of the Middle Ages formed at the Society of Arts two years ago.—*Correspondence of the Athenæum.*

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE principal issues of the press during the past month are included in the following list :

Earl Grey's defence of the Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's administration, in 2 vols. has been issued, but not reviewed as yet.

Mr. Layard's new work, *Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon*. This work has been looked for with considerable interest for some time, and is to be re-published by PUTNAM. The *Athenæum* assures its readers, that however high Mr. Layard's previous works have raised their expectations, they will be amply realized in this production,—the subject-matter of which is full of most valuable and suggestive materials. Mr. Layard's more recent investigations have not been limited to the seat of his original discoveries. His wanderings have spread over a wide tract ; extending from the Black Sea to Niffer in the low marshy country between the Tigris and the Euphrates, thirty miles south of Babylon,—and in an easterly direction to the mountainous district Shemdena, on the confines of Persia :—the lines of his route diverging to every locality either known or supposed to contain ancient remains. That Mr. Layard should have accomplished so much with the limited means at his command is in the highest degree creditable to him.

Private Journal of F. S. Larpent, Esq., containing numerous personal anecdotes of Lord Wellington and incidents during the Peninsular War. Edited by Sir George Larpent, Bart. This important work contains a great variety of incidents respecting the Peninsular career of Wellington.

The *Globe* thinks : "An unexpected and perfectly unintentional Boswell has posthumously turned up to do justice to the Duke's every-day life, and the minutest details of his campaigning career from 1812 to the close of the war in Spain. The multiplicity of minor facts and illustrative scenes can only be fully estimated by a perusal of the book, which will rank alongside Napier's great military record as the best civilian account of the occurrences of that memorable episode in modern European history."

The Grenville Correspondence : Two more volumes of these important political papers have been issued. These Memoirs relate to the last eighteen years of the eighteenth century, a period including the administration of Lord North, the close of the American War, the formation of the coalition ministry, and the breaking up of the Whig party, the King's first illness, and the contests on the Regency question, the French Revolution, and the War with France, the Irish Rebellion, and the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. On the hidden movements and secret history of some of these great public events, considerable light is thrown by the correspondence of those who acted a prominent part in the politics of the time. The letters are chiefly those of the three brothers, George, Thomas, and William Wyndham, sons of the first George Grenville, Secretary of State under Lord Bute, and afterwards Prime Minister from 1763 to 1765. The correspondence commences in 1762, when Lord North's administration was tottering under the odium of the American War.

Baron Muffling's work, *Passages of my Life*, with memoirs of the campaign of 1813 and 1814, attract considerable notice. Baron Muffling was a distinguished general and diplomatist in the service of Prussia. He died at his estate near Erfurt, in January, 1851, at the age of seventy-seven ; and left behind him in a state fit for immediate publication the manuscript of a work bearing the title given above. Baron Muffling was ac-

tively engaged in the campaigns against the French in Germany in the early years after Napoleon became emperor ; and the first part of the present translation contains the Baron's reminiscences of that period. In the great campaign of 1813-14, Baron Muffling held the distinguished and responsible appointment of Quartermaster-General of the Prussian army ; and in that capacity was a leading adviser and mover in the great military events which led to the first expulsion of Bonaparte from France in 1814. With a memoir of this portion of the Baron's career the larger part of the original work, and of the English version now before us, is occupied.

As regards authenticity, means of information and the character of the writer, the *Athenæum* thinks these Memoirs appear to possess the highest advantages.

Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III., by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

Amongst the subjects traced to their springs and followed to their final issues in this work will be found the great struggle that took place, towards the latter part of the last century, between the Crown and the Parliament ; the administration of Lord North ; the formation of the Coalition ministry, and the breaking up of the Whig party ; the King's first illness, and the contest on the Regency question ; the French Revolution, and the War against France ; the Irish Rebellion of 1798 ; and the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. There is scarcely a single individual of celebrity throughout the period from 1782 to 1800 who is not introduced into these pages. Amongst others, besides the King and the various members of the Royal family, are Kingtonham, Shelbourne, North, Thurlow, Loughborough, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Burke, Portland, Sydney, Fitzwilliam, Tierney, Buckingham, Grenville, Grey, Malmesbury, Wilberforce, Buriott, Fitzgibbon, Grattan, Flood, Cornwallis, the Beresfords, the Ponsonbys, the Wellesleys, &c.

The first part of the first volume of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is issued, containing Professor Dugald Stewart's Dissertation on the History and Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy since the revival of letters in Europe. The first volume is to comprise the preliminary dissertations by Dugald Stewart, Sir James Mackintosh, Professor Playfair, and Sir John Leslie, with the additional dissertations by Dr. Whately, Dr. Whewell, and Professor James D. Forbes. In point of typography and external appearance the re-issue of Professor Stewart's dissertations promises well for the style of the publication of this new edition of the 'Encyclopædia,' the projected arrangements for which we lately noticed.

The Literary and Scientific Register and Almanac for 1853. By J. W. G. Gatch.

The *Times* considers this as perfect a compendium of useful knowledge in connection with literature, science, the arts, and such things as it is necessary everybody should have acquaintance with, as can be compressed into a pocket-book ; and it is, in fact, what its title assumes, viz : a Literary and Scientific Register.

A new contribution to the Junius question has been made in a pamphlet, entitled the *Ghost of Junius*, by Francis Ayerst, who says that he has ascertained by "unmistakable and irrefutable evidence" the authorship of Junius. The same has at different times been said with regard to the claims of the Duke of Portland, Lord George Sackville, Mr. Burke, Colonel Barré, Lord Shelburne, Mr. Dunning, Sir Philip Francis, Mr. Maclean, Lord Chesterfield, and last of all, Lord Lyttelton. Of late years there has been a general acquiescence in the authorship of Sir Philip Francis, not from any di-

rect proof, but from the circumstantial evidence being greater for him than for any other name before the public. The authority of such men as Canning, Mackintosh, Lord Campbell, Macaulay, and Lord Mahon, who all have pronounced in his favor, has gone far to silence further controversy. Mr. Ayerst thinks that the veritable Junius was Sir Thomas Rich, Bart. whose sister married the first Lord Lyttelton, and who was thus intimately connected with Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton.

History of the Origin of Representative Government in Europe. By M. Guizot. Translated by Andrew R. Scole. The substance of this work, of which an English translation is here presented, first appeared in the *Journal des Cours Publiques*, in reports of the lectures delivered by M. Guizot, as Professor of History in the College de France, in 1820-22. The first part of the work gives the history of representative institutions in England, France, and Spain, from the fifth to the eleventh century. The second part gives in greater detail the history of representative government in England, from the Conquest till the reign of the Tudors. The accurate research and profound philosophy of the author are apparent in every portion of the treatise.

Third Series of the Correspondence, Despatches, &c., of Viscount Castlereagh are about to be issued. These volumes include the Congress of Vienna, the Battle of Waterloo, &c.

Twenty-Seven Years in Canada West; or, the Experience of an Early Settler. By Major Strickland, C. M. Edited by Agnes Strickland. The *Literary Gazette* calls this a very meritorious and useful work.

Bulwer's new work "My Novel," gets universal praise. The *Athenæum* says, "in spite of its extraordinary length,—in spite of its unpromising commencement,—in spite of twelve initial chapters to its twelve books full of self-assertion and self-praise humorously masked, yet still to be read by him that runs,—"My Novel" is a work of Art, as distinguished from a work of accident,—a work of thought, and as such engaging to the thinker,—a work of characters, to test whose reality we must engage in the fascinating occupation of analysis,—a work full of shrewd sayings, and containing some sayings deep as well as shrewd,—a work full of individual views concerning the questions of the day,—a work, finally, possessing scenes and combinations,—lacking which a novel is no novel, but a treatise, an *extravaganza*, a poem, or a pamphlet, as may be."

AMERICAN BOOKS.

Mr. Lanman's Private Life of Mr. Webster has been republished. The *Athenæum*, after depicting in genial terms Mr. Webster's character, says that the book has given it "some pleasure, not unmingled with disappointment and regret. Mr. Lanman's share of the work, to say the best of it, will do him no literary credit in this country."

The *Athenæum* would seem to be in an unusually unamiable mood towards American authors. A single number of that journal despatches several of our recent publications in the following style:

"Influence; or, the Evil Genius, by the Author of 'A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam,' is a pretty, pathetic story of several young ladies who are rather mercilessly tried during the progress of the tale,—one wild young gentleman, whom poetical justice overtakes long ere the close,—and the established comforter on such occasions, who has to wait for his reward almost as wearily as poor Dobbin in Mr. Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair.' 'Influence' is smoothly, earnestly written; but others must decide whether it will in these days have power to command the attention and retain the sympathies of those ready to receive a new fiction of unexceptionable tendency.

"The Children of Light; a Theme for the Time. By Caroline Cheseboro.—Why not a *Tale* for the Time?—but this American tale is full of affectations from its first to its last page. It is a story of art, passion, class distinctions, sympathy, restless women,—and about a Mr. Gregorias, a sort of transcendental Lovelace.

Everybody is in spasms or on stilts;—everyone talks like a book—supposing the book an American one belonging to the family of 'Richard Edney.'"

"Cap Sheaf; a Fresh Bundle. By Lewis Myrtle.—Here again is a title which may go into *Notes and Queries*, there to be explained for the use of the un instructed. But Mr. Lewis Myrtle is far more moderate in his 'Bundle' than Mrs. (or Miss) Cheseboro is over her Theme.—The little miscellany of stories of sentiment and speculation thus whimsically presented to the public resembles, at some distance, the sketches of Irving and the short stories of Hawthorne,—and displays more sense, simplicity and feeling than a title so conceited might lead the world to expect."

"Romance of Student Life Abroad. By Richard B. Kimball.—Mr. Kimball is another American author, new, so far as we can recollect, on this side of the water, who, taking for his framework the sayings and doings of a knot of young medical students in Paris, has put forth a miscellany of short tales—in which, as his title will have prepared the reader to expect, that which is terrible and moving has a larger share than that which is facetious. It is not the worst miscellany of its quality that has come into our hands."

"Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table. By L. Gaylord Clark.—The introduction to this book describes it as a republication of *factiæ* which during nineteen years Mr. Clark has contributed to American periodicals. We have turned over the pages in quest of a joke or anecdote likely to prove palatable when transferred to the *Athenæum*,—but have found none."

"The Pilgrims of New England: a Tale of the Early American Settlers. By Mrs. J. B. Webb.—In this story 'an attempt is made to illustrate the manners and habits of the earliest Puritan settlers in New England.' The principal incidents woven into the narrative, however, 'are,' the authoress says, 'strictly historical, and are derived from authentic sources.' We question the propriety of such a plan, executed after the method here adopted, for awakening a supposed increase of interest in the fortunes of the Pilgrim Fathers—interesting enough in the guise of plain history. But the authoress writes with feeling; and her story will be relished—by young readers particularly."

Mr. Hildreth's history is spoken well of by the *Literary Gazette*. It says that it "doubts whether sufficient interest will be felt in Mr. Hildreth's history to justify its being reprinted in this country, but it is one of the most valuable works hitherto imported from America."

Messrs. R. CARTER & BROTHERS have enriched their excellent list recently by the following works, mostly reprinted from English works:

The Children of the Manse—a delightful little portrait of domestic life, containing the conversations held with her children on various subjects of education and thought, by a mother who felt the delicacy and responsibility of her duties. They are unusually suggestive and interesting.

John Angell James' new work, the Young Woman's Friend, a counterpart of a previous work, the Young Man's Guide,—a kindly, wise, and thoughtful book, well fitted to impart sober and rational views of life, and to develop a graceful and attractive character. We know of but few works professedly hortatory, so free from pretence or dogmatism, yet so true to the requirements of the occasion. Its influence could hardly be otherwise than happy.

Archbishop Whately's ingenious and most erudite work, *Historic Doubts concerning Napoleon Bonaparte*, has been republished. It has no equal as a successful *reductio ad absurdum*, turning the tables upon skeptics with greatest effect.

A new and very neat edition of a celebrated theological work, Charnock on the Attributes. As a profound and elaborate discussion of the various doctrines related to the Divine Being and character, and as an exposition of the principal theories of the Calvinistic system, probably this work has no equal in the language.

Its republication will be more than acceptable to theological readers.

Christian Titles is a little volume of practical discourses on the various titles bestowed upon believers in the Scriptures, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Tyng. It is earnest, graceful and impressive.

Startling Questions, is another series of hortatory lectures, written in an unusually abrupt and original style, by Rev. J. C. Kylie, whose previous essays have now no little celebrity.

Mr. REDFIELD has republished in two neat volumes Macaulay's Speeches in Parliament—a work so characteristic of the genius, learning and eloquence of its author, as to need neither characterisation nor recommendation.

Mr. Brodhead's elaborate and erudite history of New York under the Dutch dynasty has been published by the HARPERS.

Mrs. Gore's well-received tale, the Dean's Daughter, and Miss Kavanagh's last work, Daisy Burns, have been reprinted in neat form by the APPLETONS.

Miss Sinclair's spirited and graphic tale, Beatrice, has been published. DEWITT & DAVENPORT.

Villette, the last issue of Currer Bell, appears from the HARPERS, in several different forms.

A stirring centennial story, entitled the Society of Friends, has been issued by Mr. DODD, reprinted from a London edition.

A very fine translation of the late Dr. Vinet's elaborate and suggestive treatise on Pastoral Theology, has been furnished by the Rev. Professor Skinner of New York, and published by the HARPERS.

ITEMS.

Through intelligence received at the Foreign Office, from Tripoli, and communicated to us by the Chevalier Bunsen, it is our melancholy duty to announce the sudden death of Dr. Overweg, one of the travellers employed in determining the boundaries of Lake Taad. Three weeks since we gave a brief account of the researches of Drs. Barth and Overweg in Central Africa, and made known to our readers that the application of these gentlemen for scientific assistance had been generously responded to by the Government. Dr. Vogel, a gentleman well known for his astronomical labors in connection with Mr. Bishop's observatory in Regent's Park, volunteered to join them, and on Sunday last he left Southampton with two sappers and miners, and a supply of the best instruments for magnetic observations, uninformed of the events which we have this day to record. Dr. Overweg was seized with fever on the 20th of September last, at Kuksa, owing probably to his having been too long exposed to the influence of the rainy season of that place, shortly after he was rejoined by Dr. Barth, on his return from Baghirmi. Hoping to benefit by a change of air, Dr. Overweg proposed to leave Kuksa for a healthier spot, ten miles nearer to Lake Taad. It was not, however, till the 24th that he was enabled, with the assistance of three persons, to reach that place. The most dangerous symptoms manifested themselves on his arrival, his speech becoming gradually unintelligible; and he lingered till the 27th of January, when he died. Thus, at the early age of thirty, sharing the fate of Dr. Richardson, fell another hearty traveller of vigorous enterprise, a victim in this particular service of African exploration.—*Athenæum*.

The leading scientific men of London are vigorously following up the movement in favor of the juxtaposition of the Learned Societies. They are unanimously agreed upon the necessity of impressing the new Government with the importance of providing some convenient accommodation for this purpose with as little delay as possible, and have a vigorous address in course of signature.

Another literary ornament of the House of Lords has just departed in the person of Dr. John Kaye, Bishop of Lincoln. The published writings of the Bishop,

whether acknowledged or anonymous, though they abound in evidences of a rare scholarship and are written in a style at once nervous and delicate, are said to be scarcely equal to his intellectual powers,—for even his best works were to some extent only occasional compositions. Dr. Kaye was a somewhat voluminous writer of charges and sermons. Of a more enduring interest than these productions are, his 'Account of the Writings and Opinions of Clement of Alexandria,' and his latest work—part of which is now in the press,—'Athanasius and the Council of Nice.'

The young Earl of Belfast, whose 'Lectures on Poetry' were recently lauded by the papers, died at Naples, after a short illness. There was much in him which promised well; not only an aptitude for graceful arts, which displayed itself in his very successful cultivation of music, but evidences of an ambition to distinguish himself in *belles lettres*,—and, better still, of a wish to make literary interests a link of sympathy and communication betwixt himself and those whom fortune had in some sort committed to his care.

The Chevalier Massimo d'Azeglio, who has for the last five years so ably and honorably guided the liberal and enlightened policy of the Sardinian Cabinet, has arrived in England, on his retirement from public life. From the earliest time of Italian history, the family of d'Azeglio has been distinguished in arts and literature, as well as in politics.

The *Athenæum* thus notices the death of our countryman, the well known naturalist, Prof. C. B. Adams, of Amherst College, Massachusetts: "Professor Adams was chiefly a conchologist. Some three or four years since he made one or two excursions in the interior of Jamaica, accompanied by the Hon. Mr. Chitty, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and collected largely the shells of the land mollusca. Upon returning with his conchological stores to Massachusetts, he published descriptions of the new species in occasional brochures, entitled 'Contributions to Conchology;' and he was preparing to publish a larger illustrated work on the land shells of Jamaica, towards which the Smithsonian Institution had undertaken to print the letterpress."

Our Professor Edward Forbes is likely to succeed Sir Charles Lyell, who retires by rotation, as President of the Geological Society.

The funds raised for the purpose of a complimentary acknowledgment of Dr. Grant's valuable services in the cause of science, chiefly comparative anatomy and physiology, have been devoted to the purchase of a compound achromatic microscope and a small annuity.

Some French savans have resolved to assemble in Paris, in the course of next month, a congress of philologists from the different countries of Europe, to discuss questions relative to different languages, and to prepare the way for establishing, if possible, a universal alphabet, as the first step towards the creation of a universal language. The presence of foreign linguists is requested.

Colonel Von Oesfeld, chief of the Trigonometric Bureau at Berlin, who died recently, has left a manuscript work, unique in its kind—a complete catalogue of all the geographical maps and plans published in Europe from the earliest times up to the 19th century. The manuscript, which is in French, is not complete.

The Rev. Dr. Craig, of Leamington, the proprietor of the gigantic telescope at Wandsworth, is lecturing in London on 'Astral Wonders.'

The inventors of gun-cotton, Professor Schonbein, of Basle, and Professor Bottger, of Frankfort, have made over their process of preparation to the Austrian Government for 30,000 florins, two-thirds of which fall to the share of the former, as having the priority of invention. The money has already been paid in Frankfort.

The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in Paris has elected, by the large majority of nineteen votes out of twenty-two, Mr. Macaulay to fill the vacancy in its list of foreign members occasioned by the death of Dr. Lingard.

The city of London has voted the freedom of the city to Henry Austin Layard, the author of the *Researches at Nineveh*, "as a testimonial of his persevering and zealous exertions in the discovery of the long-lost remains of eastern antiquity, and for securing them in so perfect a state as to demonstrate the accuracy of sacred history, and illustrate the early history of the human race; and for his indefatigable labor and skill, by which this country has been enabled to place such valuable memorials of ancient grandeur amongst the collection of the British Museum."

The Leipzig booksellers are providing an educational institution for their assistants; a sign how high the tide of culture has risen in Germany. The German bookseller, and still more the German publisher, is generally a man of sound and extensive university acquirements, and often a man of special accomplishment.

Charles Dickens hitherto has not had anything like the popularity in France which might have been expected from his immense renown in England and the United States. His 'David Copperfield,' however, has made a decided hit—it is already in its third edition;—and its popularity will no doubt cause the French to receive any of his future works with equal favor, and perhaps even to begin to admire those of the past. The translator of 'Copperfield' is M. Amedée Pichot, the well-known editor of the 'Revue Britannique,' and the translator of Lord Byron; but he has thought fit, for some reason which we do not pretend to understand, to change the title to the somewhat silly one of 'The Nephew of my Aunt.'—*Literary Gazette*.

Some of the friends of M. de Lamartine have proposed to raise a national subscription, for the purpose of relieving him from his pecuniary embarrassments; but the poet and historian has nobly refused to accept anything in the shape of a gift. He thinks that, in time and by labor, he can earn sufficient to pay off every demand on him, and to prevent his family mansion from passing into the hands of strangers; and, like Walter Scott in similar circumstances, he cries proudly, "My own right hand shall do it!"

The chair held by M. Edgar Quinet, the well-known professor and author, in the College de France, at Paris, has been suppressed by imperial decree. M. Quinet was exiled after the *coup d'état* of December, and though elected to his chair for life, was dismissed. The *specialité* of this gentleman's teaching was the languages and literature of the south of Europe. The subject will have henceforth to be treated by the professor of the Germanic languages and literature—M. Philarette Chasles.

In a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Arago announced that Madame O'Connor had forwarded to him, for presentation to the Academy, a mass of letters addressed by Lagrange, the great mathematician to D'Alembert, a treatise written by him in his youth on a mathematical subject, and a number of disquisitions on metaphysics, history, religion, &c. These papers were presented by D'Alembert to Condorcet, who was Madame O'Connor's father; and they have since then been lying neglected in a garret at her residence near Montargis. The letters and papers are of great value—not because they contain any striking scientific novelty, but because they reveal the character and private thoughts of a very eminent man.

Gutzkow, who stands among the foremost of the romance writers of Germany, has contributed several tales to his periodical, which has already reached a sale of about four thousand copies weekly, and the circulation is steadily increasing. Auerbach has published a new volume of *Village Tales*, containing two stories, the first of which is equal in interest, and superior in power, to anything he has ever written; the second tale is not so good. Auerbach's works have now appeared in English, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and French translations. A Fräulein Amalie Bolte, who spent many years of her life in England, has lately published a very clever, but somewhat one-sided book on English life and manners,

under the title of *Visitenbuch eines deutschen Arztes in London* (Diary of a German Physician in London). Kohl, so well known in England from the translations of his travels in England, Ireland, Russia, &c., is now employed on a work about the *Gradual Discovery of America*. Gervinus is at present in Berlin, studying for a new and amended edition of his celebrated *History of Literature*.

Professor Gervinus's new book is producing an extraordinary stir in official Germany. Great pains are taken by the Heidelberg police to find out every purchaser of the volume. It has been seized in Munich and elsewhere; and the Professor is cited before the legal tribunals. Professor Gervinus, following in the wake of ideas proposed by Vico, Montesquieu, Herder, Hegel, Michelet, and Auguste Comte in succession, believes that he has discovered the laws by which the development of nations—the growth of the world—is governed; and these laws he has attempted to explain in the incriminated *Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century*. The book is very abstract, technical, and scientific—all which is natural with a German professor dealing with the abstruse principles of historical philosophy.

The *Revue de deux Mondes* contains a series of lively criticisms on American men and manners, which will appear in the next *Eclectic*.

The word "Vatican" is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which cover a space of 1,200 feet in length, and 1,000 in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of the cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected a humble residence on its site. About the year 1150, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Arragon. In 1305 Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years. But soon after the return of the pontifical court to Rome, an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by the poor Petrarch, and which finally took place in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually enriched it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books, until it became the richest depository in the world.

The Library of the Vatican was commenced fourteen hundred years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syriac, Arabian and Armenian Bibles. The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues, found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome; with paintings by the masters, and with curious medals, and antiquities of almost every description. When it is known that there have been exhumed more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the riches of the Vatican.

The Rev. John Jackson, M.A., of Pembroke College, Oxford, has been nominated to this see, vacant by the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Kay, the late lord bishop. Mr. Jackson is a canon of Bristol, rector of St. James's, Westminster, and chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen. Mr. Jackson's name appears in the first class. "In *Literis Humanioribus*" in the Eastern term of 1833, along with those of Mr. Sergeant Gaselee, Dr. Jelf, Principal of King's College, London; Mr. R. Lowe, Secretary of the Board of Control; Mr. Henry H. Hallford, Regius Professor of Modern History, and others. In 1834, Mr. Jackson obtained the Ellerton Theological Prize, for the best essay, the subject being "The sanctifying influence of the Holy Ghost indispensable to human salvation."

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